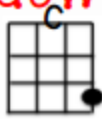
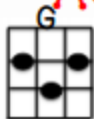
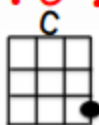
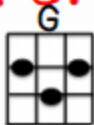


As I was walking down the street,



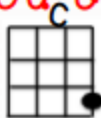
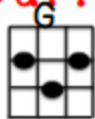
down the street, down the street,
a pretty girl I chance to meet,



under the silvery moon.

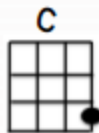
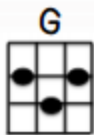


Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight,



come out tonight, come out tonight?

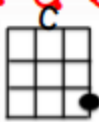
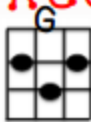
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight,



and dance by the light of the moon.

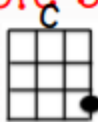
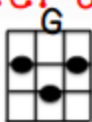


I asked her if she'd stop and talk,



stop and talk, stop and talk.

Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,



she was fair to view.

