

SA Sister Susie's sewing in the kitchen on a Singer,
SA There's miles and miles of flannel on the floor and up the stairs,
TB And father says it's rotten getting mixed up with the cotton
TB And sitting on the needles that she leaves upon the chairs,
All And should you knock at our street door, Ma whispers, Come inside.
All Then when you ask where Susie is, she says with loving pride.

CHORUS *Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers,
Such skill at sewing shirts our shy young sister Susie shows
Some soldiers send epistles, say they'd sooner sleep in thistles
Than the saucy, soft short shirts for soldiers Sister Susie sews.*

TB Lots and lots and lots of shirts she sends out to the soldiers
TB And sailors won't be jealous when they see them not at all
TB And when we say her stitching will set all the soldiers itching
TB She says our soldiers fight best when their back's against the wall
SA And little brother Gussie, he who lisps when he says (yes
Mike ~~Says where's the cotton gone from off my kite? Oh I can gueth.)~~

All I forgot to tell you that our sister Susie's married
All And when she isn't sewing shirts, she's sewing other things
All Then little sister Molly says (*sopranos only* Oh sister's bought a dolly
She's making all the clothes for it with pretty bows and strings)
All Says Susie, Don't be silly, as she blushes and she sighs
All Then mother smiles and whispers with a twinkle in her eyes.