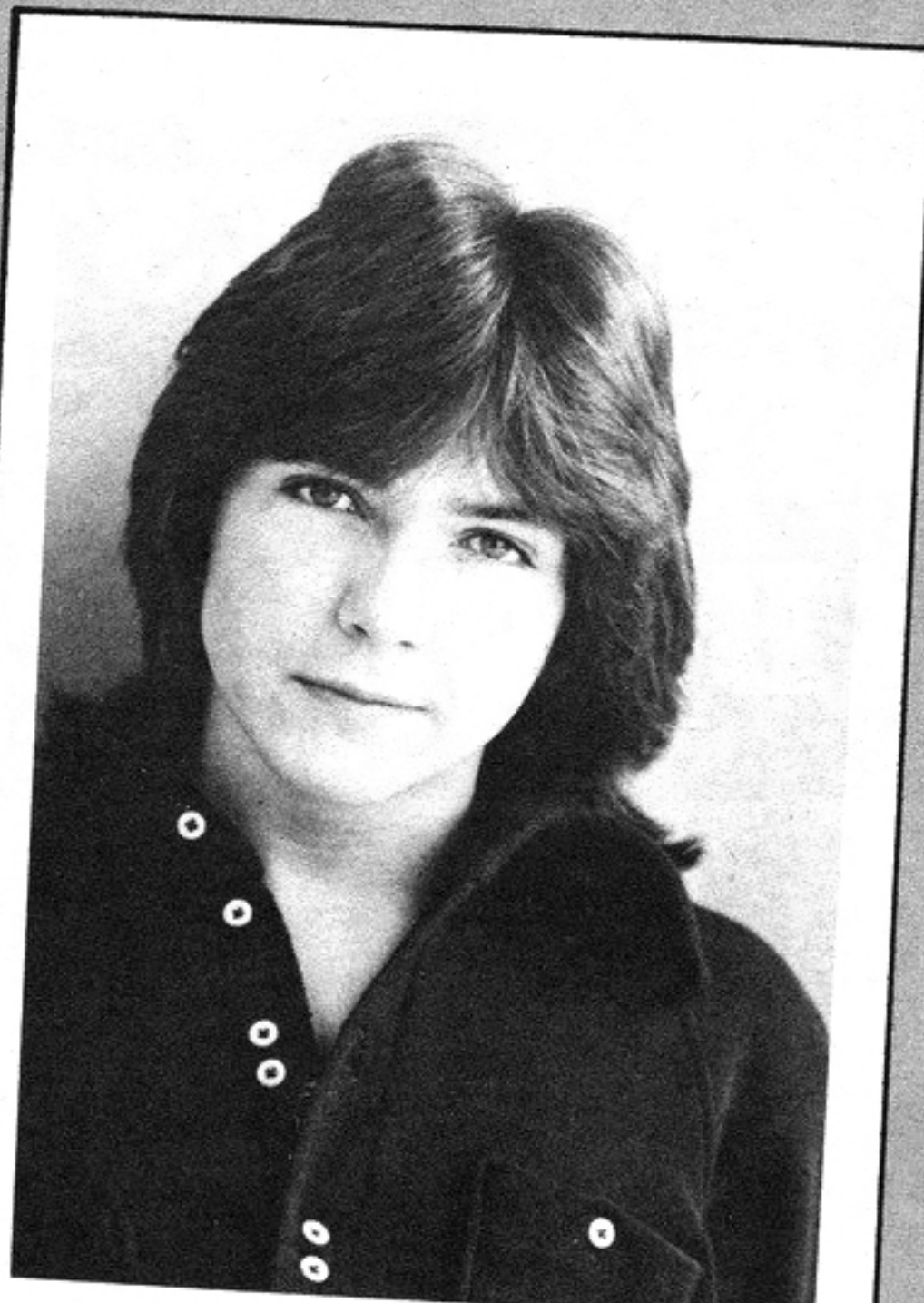


SING ALONG with David Cassidy & Jack Wild

DANDY DING-DELIGHTS!! It's a dazzling, diamond-studded, four facet **Sing-Along!** Yessiree, whatcha see is whatcha get—and whatcha see, shining 'n shimmering on these **SPEC**-tacular pages, are lots 'n lots of lyrics! To warm up your lovely larynxes, you can start by latchin' on to the latest by always delicious 'n dreamy David Cassidy! This terrific tune—his third Bell solo single—is **How Can I Be Sure**, and you can be sure-as-shootin' it's one of David's **best ever!** And—great goosebumps!—your freckle-faced fav from across the Atlantic, jumpin' Jack Wild, has released a brand-new and dandy ditty called **Punch And Judy** on the Buddah label! So get your copy and—sing along!!



HOW CAN I BE SURE

(As recorded by David Cassidy on Bell Records.)

How can I be sure?
In a world that's constantly changing?
How can I be sure—
Where I stand with you?

Whenever I, whenever I, I'm away
from you,
I want to die—cos you know I wanna
stay with you!
How do I know?—maybe you're trying
to use me.
Flying too high can confuse me.
Touch me but don't take me down.

Whenever I, whenever I, I'm away from
you,
My alibi is tellin' people I don't
care for you.
Maybe I'm just hanging around with
my head up,
Upside down—it's a pity—
I can't seem to find someone as pretty
and lovely as you!

How can I be sure?
I really, really, really want to know.
I really, really, really want to know.
How's the weather—whether or not we're
together,
Together we'll see it much better.
I love you, I love you forever!
You know that I can be found!

How can I be sure?
In a world that's constantly changing?
How can I be sure?—Where I stand with
you?

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PUNCH AND JUDY

(As recorded by Jack Wild on Buddah Records.)

I know something about our love
That maybe you ought to know—
It's like a Punch and Judy show!

(CHORUS)

You knock me on the head
For something I might've said—
Oh, no—
It's like a Punch and Judy show!
Creepin' up on me,
You go cacklin' on all day long.
To all the kids on the block—
We're the laughing-stock.
I can't go on!

I'm not a piece of wood—
I want that understood!
So don't pull the strings,
They have no hold on me!
Hey, girl, I'm not a yo-yo,
I know which way I want to go—
This ain't a Punch and Judy show!

(REPEAT CHORUS AND FADE OUT)

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