

Perhaps She's On The Railway - song lyrics

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Perhaps She's on the Railway.

Behold in me a wretched man, quite broken down by woe,
I've lost my wife and can not find her any where I go;
At first she robbed me of my heart, and now she's flown from me
And taken all my furniture, wherever can she be?

Chorus.

Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell so fair,
Perhaps she's up in a balloon, flying thro' the air;
Perhaps she's dead, perhaps alive, perhaps she's on the sea;
Perhaps she's gone to Brigham Young, a Mormonite to be.

She read so much of Mormonites, of nothing else she'd talk,
And with a sanctified young chap each day she used to walk;
She said he was a Mormon saint from far across the sea,
I have not seen her for a week, wherever can she be?
Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell, &c.

She can't respect the marriage vows, that faithfully she swore,
I only hope her Mormon spouse has fifty wives or more;
I hope he'll thrash her every night when he comes home to tea,
I hope they'll always row and fight wherever they may be.
Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell, etc.

I hope she'll have a lot of hungry, squalling brats to keep,
I hope they'll cry all night, and never let her go to sleep;
I hope her chimneys all may smoke, her lodgers never pay,
And German bands and organ men annoy her all the day.
Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell, &c.

If she is in the railway train. I hope that it will smash;
If up in a balloon, I hope she'll fall out with a crash;
If on the road to Salt Lake, then I hope she may get drowned,
Then I'll get another wife, and quickly I'll be bound.
Perhaps she's on the railway, with a swell, &c.