

Skin-tight Pants - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

SKIN-TIGHT PANTS.

Sung by Jack C'onroy.

I'm Mrs. Muldoon, the solid man's wife,
On that I've no reason to blow;
But I've got a son, who's a son of a gun,
And to work sure he never will go;
He is following his father's examples,
Looking for every chance;
But every one knows he's a big overgrown-
While he wears his skin-tight pants.

Chorus.

His head is as red as the ginger-bread;
I'm afraid he will never advance,
Or go to the front like his father, John,
While he keeps on the skin-tight pants.

My sister from Kerry, she's an aunt to Jerry,
Told me a tale one night;
She said he was a pivoter,
She was told by Andy Wright;
I know it's true, yes, every word,
For he goes to every dance,
And he wears his father's long-tail coat
To hide his skin-tight pants.-Chorus.

If John gets the nomination
For alderman next Fall,
I'll buy my Jerry a bran new suit,
Like the paper on the wall;
And then we'll have a raffle,
At fifty cents a chance;
May the best man throw high or low.
To win poor Jerry's pants.-Chorus.

My Jerry will go to a boarding-school,
To join the college grade,
And when he's there a year or more,
Of course he'll learn a trade;
Then I'll send him to speak the French,
I will pay his passage to France;
When he goes he can turn up his nose
To those that made fun of his pants.-Chorus.