

The Pennsylvania Tramp - song lyrics

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THE PENNSYLVANIA TRAMP.

There I am, a lonely stranger,
All the way from Pennsylvania;
When I work my life's in danger,
Ladies come and pity me-hi yah!
I have traveled tins world over,
In my pockets not a stamp,
My name's a terror to this nation,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp-hi yah!

Chorus.

Measuring flags' my occupation,
Hunger gives me many a cramp.
Work and me is no relation,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp-hi yah!

From New Haven to Weehawken,
That's the road, boys, don't be talking,
On my back an army walking,
I have a noble sinecure-hi yah!
Barn or wood-shed that's my bed-room,
When the weather's cold or damp,
Robbing hen-coops that's the racket,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp-hi yah!-Chorus.

I am one that's never greedy,
Rob a clothes line if I'm needy.
You will never find me seedy,
I'm an old professional-hi yah!
I am on the hunt for money,
Poverty's my brightest lamp,
A maid with stamps, that's the honey,
I'm the Pennsylvania tramp-hi yah!- Chorus.