

The Same Old Game - song lyrics

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

THE SAME OLD GAME.

When I was quite a lad,
And the darling of my dad,
I was troublesome as troublesome could be;
If I saw a little boy
With a fancy little toy,
I was sure to make him turn it up to me;
And if he said to me nay
I would upset all bis play,
A proceeding, which was sure to bring me blame;
And tho' my cheeks were dripping,
With the scolding and the whipping,
I would carry on the same old game.

Chorus.

The same old game, the same old game,
I'd a spirit which the old one couldn't tame;
For it mattered not to me how I suffered for the spree,
I would carry on the same old game.

As I grew up in life
I was urged to take a wife,
And was introduced to one of fashion's pearls;
Not for Joe, I said,
So I kept a level head,
For I wasn't to be caught with paste and curls;
She found it was no go,
My wild oats I would sow,
In sports and rackets that I need not name;
So in spite of frieuds or foes,
With fine horses and fine clothes,
I carried on the same old game.-Chorus.

Now I'll tell you something new-
I was feeling rather blue,
So I went to Coney Island for a spree;
As I stepped upon the pier,
I spied a little dear,
Who slyly threw a kiss across to me;
Thinks I, by jove! a mash,
I must look out for my cash,
As I offered her my arm and asked her name;
But she, blushing, hung her head;
So to myself I said,
Here's a chance to work the same old game.-Chorus.

To the Brighton then we went,
Where my cash was quickly spent,
On oysters, wine, cigars and lager bier;
But judge of my surprise,
When a rough with blood-shot eyes,
Came up and roughly shook my pretty dear;
Then turning round to me,
You are rather fresh, says he,
To rob me of the girl that bears my name;
But I did quick reply,
With finger to my eye,

It's been played before, the same old game.-Chorus.

And this thro' life you'll find,
There are games of every kind,
And life is nothing but a game of skill,
Where each one does his best,
For his selfish interest,
And leaves the beaten one to foot the bill;
Whilst he who holds the cards,
Is sure of his reward,
No matter fair or foul, it's all the same;
For it's beat, and rob, and cheat,
On Fifth avenue or Wall street,
Oh! everywhere, the same old game.-Chorus.