

Stuck On Our Shape - song lyrics

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

STUCK ON OUR SHAPE.

As sung by Lester and Allen.

We are two swells, we are worth twenty millions,
The ladies say we are so sweet,
We are as handsome as clothing store dummies,
We can put a baby's pair of shoes on our feet;
They tell us we are terrible mashers,
We ought to make plenty of cash,
When we wink at the girls they do go crazy,
To see us trying to raise a mustache.

Chorus.

When we walk on the street just for pleasure,
' They look at each other and gape.
They holler out loudly from the windows,
"There is the swells, we are stuck on their shape."

Our pictures are for sale through the country,
They all think we are a duke and a king,
At a ball or a high-toned reception,
All the girls ask us to sing;
We are going to marry the queen of Chicago,
And drive a big four in-hand,
We'll have all the nobility at our wedding,
And be serenaded by a sheet-iron baud.-Chorus.