

# The Dude - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE DUDE.

Who strolls the Ave. each afternoon;  
Who whistles airs all out of tune;  
And dons short coats cut quite too "soon"!  
The Dude.

Observe his form.. You can, for he  
Wears pants aa tight as tight can be-  
(And pants for notoriety)--  
The Dude.

Who's stiff as statue cut in wood;  
Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could:  
A sort of nothing 'twixt the bad and good?  
The Dude.

Who wears his hair all nice and banged,  
And says, "By Jove, that Mrs. LangtRy's  
chawming quite, or I'll be hanged"?  
The Dude.

Who drives a tandem through the park,  
Says, "Life's, aw, such a jolly lark"  
(Perhaps the Dude's the long-sought "Snark")?  
The Dude.

Who goes to all receptions, teas;  
Who smirks a smile at friends he sees,  
And, for his health, sips saugarees?  
The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style,  
Declares: "The weathah's thimply vile,"  
And lisps some dainty swear, the while?  
The Dude.

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage,  
This funny speck on nature's page-  
Conundrum of the modern age?  
The Dude.

Who, then, can work the puzzle through-  
Tell what it's for-what it can do?  
Guess what it is, I'll give it you.  
The Dude.