

The Gal With The Gainsborough Hat - song lyrics

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The Gal with the Gainsborough Hat.
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You never could miss her, she's all over town,
With a hat like an umbrella spread,
Comes hopping along like a thing upon springs,
She seems to be nothing but head.
She rolls up her eyes like a calf in distress,
At flirting she's sly as a cat,
Just where you don't want her she's bound to be poked.
The gal with the Gainsborough hat.

Chorus.
She bangs and she frizzles her hair,
While it hangs from the back of a chair,
Walks on her toes, and powders her nose,
Poor silly men to ensnare;
What place she may ever be at,
Either church or theatre, it's flat,
You'll wish someone had her, you'll want a step-ladder
To see through her Gainsborough hat.

If you happen to sit by her side in a car,
She'll drop a little caramel sigh,
With the toss of her head and the edge of her hat
She'll give you a dab in the eye;
When one of her feathers will tickle your ear,
She pretends she's unconscious of that-
Well, now I should suicker if she ain't a dose,
The gal with the Gainsborough hat.

Chorus.
Too awfully awful brand-new,
Too utterly utter too too,
AEsthetically silly, dead gone on a lily,
But ready to tackle a stew;
Of cheek she has plenty of that,
She tortures poor girls with her chat,
I'd give the whole town if I could sit down
On the gal with the Gainsborough hat.