

Conductor With The Patent Bell Punch - song lyrics

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

Conductor with the Patent Bell Punch.
Written and composed by Sam Devere.

He seems such a nice polite young man,
He's known both near And far.
He carries in his hand a patent bell punch,
He's conductor on a Flatbush car;
Such nice curly hair, and a blonde moustache,
And he got such a captivating eye,
When he helps the ladies to a seat in his-car,
They blush and say, oh, my!

Chorus.
As he goes through the car to collect his fares,
Of stamps he carries a bunch,
And he never was known to knock down a cent,
For he carries a patent bell punch.

He says, as he waltzes through with a smile,
Your fares, now, if you please!
Then he plays you a tune on the patent bell punch,
And he makes your change with case;
He always keeps his weather-eye peeled,
For the people that he thinks will ride,
For he's always got the same old cry.
There's plenty of room inside. - Chorus.

Move right up, there's plenty of room
Inside! he says, with a yell,
And he packs you in like an old sardine.
Then he gives another yank on the bell;
They say, it's a fact, and upon my word,
You would hardly believe.
He carries a punch for the railroad company.
And another for himself in his sleeve. - Chorus.