

# Standing On The Platform - song lyrics

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

Standing on the Platform.

Going down to Long Branch, one fine day,  
I chanced to miss the train,  
I turned my head around and there I saw,  
A sight which turned my brain.  
For there I saw a charming girl,  
The prettiest I'd ever seen;  
Her voice was sweet, her dress was neat,  
She was a fairy queen.

Spoken-Yes, she was the prettiest creature that I'd ever met in  
the whole course of my existence, and I considered myself very  
lucky that I happened to be-

Chorus.

Standing on the platform, waiting for the train,  
I met this darling girl, who winked at me so plain;  
Bright blue eyes so sparkling, teeth were pearly white,  
She was just the pink of fashion, and just the girl you'd like.

"Pray, sir, can you tell me how long the train will be?"  
Said I, "I'll ask the guard;"  
"I thank you for your kindness, sir!" said she,  
And looked at me so hard.  
We waited but a little while,  
For the train it soon was there,  
And then into one of the cars  
I handed this lady fair.

Spoken-I was sorry to part with her, but she had to go one  
way, I had to go the other, and of course I couldn't detain her all  
day, a-Chorus.

She kissed her hand to me and said, " Dear sir,  
Farewell, 'till next we meet,"  
And, oh, the look she gave me as the train went off,  
I assure you was a treat;  
Yet, oh, some day I hope to meet  
This charming creature divine.  
And when I do, I'll tell you all  
About this love of mine.

Spoken-Yes, she said that she would meet me again, but that,  
it would not be-Chorus.  
I'm a Broken Down Man.

I'm a broken down man, without money or credit,  
My clothes are all tattered and torn,  
Not a friend have I got in this wild, dreary world,  
Oh, I wish I had never been born;  
In vain I have searched for employment,  
Sleeping out on the ground, cold and damp,  
I am stared in the face by starvation,  
Oh, pity the fate of a tramp.

Chorus.

They tell me go work for a living,  
And not thro' the country to stamp;  
But still, when I ask for employment,  
They'll say there's no work for a tramp.

Oh, the rich man at home by his bright cheery fire,  
So sheltered and snug with his store,  
Has often refused me, with sneers and contempt,  
When I asked for the crumbs from his floor;  
And because of the cravings of hunger,

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

With scorn I would turn to decamp,  
He'd at once set his dogs loose upon me,  
Because I was only a tramp.-Chorus.

It was only last night on the railroad,  
A man both tired and footsore,  
Spied an empty box-car standing still on the track.  
So he got in and closed to the door;  
But he had not gone far in this empty boxcar.  
When a brakeman came round with his lamp.  
He was thrown from his resting place And killed per force,  
Because he was only a tramp.-Chorus.

But the day will yet come, when the rich man and I  
Shall be laid in the same mother earth,  
Earth's joys and its sorrows will then have an end,  
And I hope better times come to both:  
But, kind friend, you must sometimes remember,  
That every poor man's not a scamp,  
For there's many a true heart still beating  
Beneath the old coat of a tramp.-Chorus.