

# Winking At Me - song lyrics

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

WINKING AT ME.

Kind friends, your attention I'll ask for awhile,  
And I'll try to amuse you in my simple style;  
To sing to you nightly it's a pleasure, I see,  
For the gents in the house all keep winking at me.

Chorus.

Winking at me, winking at me,  
Now, how can I sing while you're winking at me?

There's a gentleman sitting down there at the right.  
He came here to-day in a terrible plight;  
He's lately been jilted by a fair one you see,  
And now he comes here and keeps w-inking at me.-Chorus.

Mr. ----, our leader, as every one knows,  
Has lately contrived to let his moustache grow;  
He's got a nice wife and big children three,  
Now, how can he play while he's winking at me?-Chorus.

There's a gentleman there now, who should be at borne  
Rocking the cradle of babes he does own.  
Spoken-Yes, that gentleman there who wears the blue cravat  
and has a rose in his buttonhole.  
No wonder you blush, sir, married man as you be,  
To sit there all night and keep winking at me.-Chorus.

There's a gent sitting there, dressed with elegant taste,  
By the side of a lady, his arm 'round her waist,  
An artful deceiver I fear he must be,  
For while he makes love to her, he keeps winking at me.-Chorus.

And now to conclude with my silly rhymes,  
I hope I've not offended or wasted my time,  
Twas meant in a jest, for you plainly can see,  
There's a boy in the gallery keeps winking at me.-Chorus.