

The Chicago Police Patrol - song lyrics

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The Chicago Police Patrol.

Chicago's a place where most every race
Can be seen on the street every day;
And down on the "Levee "there's always a bevy
Of ladies and gents most too gay.
Their conduct will border oftimes on disorder,
As home in the morning they roll;
And before I am through, I'll just show to you
How they're stopped by the police patrol.

A man's brain will whirl when a nice little girl
Will ask him to pilot her home;
When he takes a few drinks, the poor sucker thinks
He'll be a Roman while he is in Rome.
She soon blows him in for all of his tin,
In his pocket he finds a big hole;
And he kicks like a steer when the collar draws near,
And loans him the police patrol.

They don't take your fare, for that they don't care,
And it's real, though they give you the cell;
And the very same day, if your line you don't pay,
They lodge you out in the Bridewell.
All the gambs are afraid since the last little raid
To answer the call of the roll;
And it's twenty to ten, that sometime again
They will ride in the police patrol.

You often can see in the lowest degree,
A man stupid drunk on the street;
Unable to stand, in the gutter he'll land,
With his head lower down than his feet.
The police comes along, and he sees what is wrong,
He don't have to club the poor soul;
He don't smash his face, but saves him disgrace,
By calling the police patrol.