

The Spree - song lyrics

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THE SPREE.

Written by Harry S. Miller.

I'm out for a spree, as no doubt you can see,
It's the cause of my wife And I quarreling;
It's a year now or more, since I've been full before.
But I mean to make this one a darling.
I've plenty of money to make the thing funny,
So order a bottle or two;
And drink while you're staying, I'll do all the paying,
And paint the town red, "white and blue.

Chorus.

For I'm out for a spree, for a spree you can see,
And I mean to get there just the same;
I've the boodle here for the wine or beer,
So set them up again.

I'm awfully full, I'm as tight as a bull,
But what's the odds 'long your merry;
I'm out for a spree, and I'll get there, you'll see,
So set up more Mumm's wine or sherry.
I feel like a lobar, care not for a dollar,
I'm out for to blow in my wealth;
So fill up your glasses, we'll drink to the lasses,
And, Fitzy, take something yourself.-Chorus.