

# I Owe 10 To O'grady - song lyrics

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I OWE \$10 TO O'GRADY.

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I lost my situation twelve months ago to-day,  
The divil a stroke I've done from then till now;  
They had me on half wages, I struck for better pay,  
They fired me out before I raised a row.  
A bran new suit I'd ordered, from a tailor on our block,  
I bought it on the new installment plan;  
I paid him just five dollars, that left me owing ten,  
Pat O'Grady was the little tailor man.

Chorus.

I owe ten dollars to O'Grady,  
You'd think he had a mortgage on my life;  
He calls to see me early ev'ry morning,  
At night he sends his wife.  
He tried to have me pawn my girl's piano,  
I think O'Grady has a dreadful gall;  
Unless he wants to wait, I'll rub it off the slate,  
And divil a cent he'll ever get at all.

A week ago last Sunday I walked around the block,  
To get a pint of German lager beer;  
O'Grady stood there drinking a glass of rye and rock,  
I thought at once he acted rather queer,  
He said I was a blackguard. I said he was the same,  
He struck me, then we rolled upon the floor;  
I whipped him in five minutes, O'Grady wasn't game,  
As he walked away I couldn't help but roar:-Chorus.