

It's All Over Now With The Ladies - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

It's All Over Now With the Ladies.
Sung with great success by Tony Pastor.

I grieve to relate, I've bad news for the girls,
No longer they'll capture the Viscounts and Earls;
Each night at a swellish Fifth Avenue ' PUB,'
Meet the members and heads of the Bachelors' Club.
Monsieur de la Rue, whose wife treated him bad,
In starting the club laid out all that he had;
Married men, single men, at the chambers abound,
And they swear while the founder is standing drinks round.

Chorus.
It's all over now with the ladies,
It's all over now with the girls,
They've treated the men
Rather rough now and then.
And the fellows declare
That they'll stand it no longer,
It's all over now with the ladies,
For Marquises, Viscounts and Earls,
Have sworn on the spot,
To get rid of the lot,
Of the poor little unhappy girls.

They've billiards and pool, banker, cribbage and whist,
To amuse all the members, of games they've a list,
They've taken an oath, and they've solemnly sworn.
If a lady comes near 'em, they'll treat her with scorn-
No mail is allowed in the club to take part,
Unless he's been jilted and broken his heart;
Their waiters are males, and their barmaids are men,
And the members have voted again and again.-Chorus.

To picnics and parties they never repair,
In case they should meet with a young lady there,
To elude and escape them, they constantly try,
For they can't stand the wink of a feminine eye.
If a lady should say, "I am fainting, young man,"
They leave her to get around the best way she can,
To coax or to kiss, would be breaking the laws,
And so no member thinks of the darlings, because-Chorus.

Good gracious alive, what's this? Charles, dear friend,
The bachelors' club has just come to an end,
To-day de la Rue got the toast nice and brown,
Though the breakfast got cold, not a member came down.
He went up to see if they lingered in bed,
Astounded, he found every member had fled,
The beds were all empty, and all he could scan,
Was a note on each pillow, and here's how it ran:

Chorus.
We've had to go back to the ladies,
We've had to go back to the girls,
We dreamt in the night
That our wives were in sight,
And we made up our minds
That we'd leave them no longer;
We went and gave in to the ladies,
And fell on our knees to the girls,
We're with them again,
And we mean to remain
With the dear little, sweet little girls.