

The Walking Mania - song lyrics

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THE WALKING MANIA.

Sung by America's favorite, Tony Pastor.

About O'Leary's all the talk,
And how Sport he did from Bridgeport walk.
And since Lepper Hughes first toed the mark,
We've got the walking mania.
Brains in New York is played out,
It's only the legs they care about;
With a pretty girl you've now no power,
If you can't do six miles an hour.
If to win your darling's love you dream.
So kindly she'll upon you beam,
If she only finds you've got the steam
To keep up the walking mania.

No girl does for a sweetheart care.
Striped stockings now they will not wear,
A ten-mile walk by it they swear,
Since they've got this walking mania.
Even married men, it's turned their head,
All night they're walking round the bed,
As if they had the jim-jams got-
Going round and round in a regular trot;
In vain the little baby cries,
The wife gets up and does likewise-
It has taken this town by surprise,
Has this great walking mania.

The parsons now no more they preach,
But the way to raise your muscle teach,
Sweet Jordon's banks are out of reach,
All thro' the walking mania.
The Herald will tell you what to eat,
Madam Anderson's dose it can't be beat;
Her digestive powers will take the shine
From a bushel of oysters and a basket of wine;
The only ones that don't increase
Their regular speed, is our police-
Except a bribe their palm does grease,
Then they catch the walking mania.

Men and women now nothing mind,
But to beat the champions almost blind;
They must be worked by steam behind,
They've got such a walking mania.
Old maids whose dream of love is fled,
Have given up men and all thoughts bad,
They now their powers of youth retain.
By discarding love and going into train;
I must away on my practice walk
A ten-mile breather around the park.
Don't call me back and my purpose balk,
For I've got the walking mania.