

Casey's Boarding House - song lyrics

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

CASEY'S BOARDING HOUSE.

Mr. Case? started a boarding house down here in Cherry street,
About twenty sailors came to board, his shanty was so neat,
he gave them feather beds and bolsters,
Laid them out just like a mouse;
In Summer time you'd be eat with bugs
At Casey's boarding house.

Chorus.
That's where you could get your plum duff
And apple sauce,
Pigs' feet pies, and cod-fish eyes
At Casey's boarding house.

Casey came to us one morning, and this is what he said:
"Can't ye spare the butter, boys. there's plenty of fresh bread;
Butter costs me money, bread is so awful cheap.
There's plenty of cigar lighters there for to pick your teeth." -Cho.