

When We Sit In The President's Chair - song lyrics

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

When We Sit in the President's Chair.

Written and sung with great success by John J. Hubin.

We are two politicians, two gutter musicians,
We just got in here from New York;
We're a museum freak, and we got lots of cheek,
They imported us over from Cork.
Just give us a chance to get in our pants,
Then we'll make the people all stare;
We will now tell to you all the things we will do
When we sit in the president's chair.
We will tell you the gag, why the girls use a rag,
And how the dudes get in their pants;
And the bald head so neat, always has a front seat
To see all the pretty girls dance.
So boys never fear, we will all get our beer,
And we'll eat from a large bill of fare;
Vanderbilt and Jay Gould will be out in the cold
When we sit in the president's chair.
We will all have a show, foreign labor must go,
The Chinese and Dagoes must sneak;
We will banish all Turks, give all honest men work,
Now you'll say this is true what we speak.
That thing called free trade we will lay in the shade,
We will see that all things are done square;
And that dear flag of green with our own will be seen
When we sit in the president's chair.
There's our statesman, Jim Blaine, from Europe he came,
And he tells us he don't care who wins;
What would poor Grover do if he heard something new,
That he was the daddy of twins?
The ball clubs may brag, but New York's won the flag,
And they made all the other clubs stare;
And Bellew and Lorillard will put on the gloves
When we sit in the president's chair.