

Near It - song lyrics

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

NEAR IT.

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A man should always be precise
In what he says thro' life.
And I am most precise
In all I say to my dear wife;
Twas late last night when I roll'd in
To my domestic bunk-
"You're drunk, "my wife said,
I replied "My dear, I am not drunk,"

Chorus.

But I was near it, precious near it,
Tho' I assured my loving wife
I' not been drunk in all my life;
But near it, jolly near it,
Not drunk enough to tell the truth,
But near it.

I also am a modest man,
And at the seaside
I hate to see men stare while girls
Are bathing in the tide.
Oh, I am not a hypocrite,
I practice what I preach.
And whilst the girls are in bathing
I am never on the beach.

Chorus.

But I am near it, nice and near it,
I seek a still secluded place,
And thro' my glasses view each face;
Quite near it, oh, so near it,
Not near enough to give offence,
But near it.

I went into a "sample room"
To get a glass of stout,
But there was no one in the bar,
And no one near about.
The landlord and his man came down,
And shouted with a will;
But why did they make such a noise?
I was not at the till.

Chorus.

But I was near it, awful near it,
The landlord gave me such a whack-
Well, not exactly on the back,
But near it, very near it,
They called a savage dog,
And left me near it!

We have a pretty servant maid,
And so has Jones next door;
Now though I treat our servant, Jane,
Politely-nothing more,
My wife declares I took the girl
To Buff To Bill's last night;
I said, "My dear, by all that's good,
I swear you are not right."

Chorus.

But she is near it, frightful near it,
I did not take our girl, I'm sure,
You see I took the girl next door;

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

How near it, awful near it.
My wife, of course, was wrong,
But she was near it.

Without a verse called "topical."
Of course, a song won't do;
And so, of names political,
I'll mention one or two.
Friend Grover Cleveland's "second term"
Has vanished into air;
And many others didn't get
The Presidential chair.

Chorus.
But they were near it, very near it,
Yet everything went wrong, somehow;
They don't stand in the White House now,
But near it, jolly near it,
Where'er they have an axe to grind,
They're near it.