

There Isn't A Law To Prevent It - song lyrics

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

There Isn't a Law to Prevent It.

The ladies now dress
In style of distress,
They try to look just like a man;
Derby hats they will sport,
Wear their hair very short,
They want to be dudes if they can.

Pug dogs take our place,
They kiss their nose and face.
But some day they'll surely repent it;
They'll come around bye-and-bye,
After the boys on the sly,
And there isn't a law to prevent it.

Mr. Whitney's the man,
Who will see if he can
Get a navy that sometimes will float;
He'll do away with old junk,
That always has sunk
If it runs up against an old boat.

Cheap stuff will not do,
We want everything new,
For the Dolphin a million we spent it;
But when Whitney did drop,
Roach he shut up his shop,
And there wasn't a law to prevent it.

There's another funny crowd,
That go around shouting loud,
Promenading up and down the street;
They wear jerseys of red,
With no brains in their head,
And they're dancing the shoes off " their feet.

And the women with poke hats,
Try to mash all the flats,
And their captain a tambourine sent it;
Their music's not charming,
That Salvation Army,
Please give us a law

The Genesta came o'er
From old England's shore,
Thinking our prize she could win;
Sir Richard talked loud,
And his crew felt quite proud,
But to lose our boys thought it a sin.

She's won prizes on all foreign shores,
And to win our cup, John Bull
He sent it;
But our Puritan, so thin,
Scooped the Englishmen in,
And there isn't a law