

To Be There - song lyrics

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

TO BE THERE.

As sung by Tony Pastor.

I've had my ups and downs like others here,
And experience has taught many things;
I wedded once the sweetest little dear,
Alas! each day more trouble to me brings.
Now when I was a bachelor so free,
My married friends would joyfully declare,
"There's nothing half so sweet as a wife so nice and neat,"
We all know what it is to be there.

Chorus.

To be there, to be there!
Now I know what it is to be there;
It's nothing new to me, tho' to others it may be,
For I know what it is to be there!

When first I went to see her, long ago,
How I lingered at the gate half the night;
Her eyes were like the stars that glow,
I held her little hand and squeezed it tight.
I hadn't called her my wife for many days,
When in her tantrums she would rave and tear,
She yelled for the police, I was held to keep the peace
Oh, I know what it is to be there.-Chorus.

I've often wandered sadly down the street
In a duster when the snow lay around,
And not a friend I'd ever chance to meet,
When needed they are rarely to be found.
But soon a gilded sign has caught my eye,
And to my "uncle's "mansion I'd repair,
My purse it would grow fat, if I gave up the "collat,"
For I know what it is to be there.-Chorus.

I love to lead a very quiet life
In the bosom of my home, day by day,
I never yet was fond of noise or strife,
And sleepless nights are anything but gay.
But now I often have to walk the floor,
With squalling twins a tugging at my hair,
While in her little bed, lies my wife's peaceful head,
Oh, I know what it is to be there.-Chorus.

Now when you take your wife out for a walk,
When the bonnet shops have got all the styles,
Don't linger at the windows just to talk,
Because you'll find how cunning are her wiles.
Unless you've got a fortune in your purse,
Don't let her at the latest fashions stare,
For if she wants to stop, and to go inside the shop,
Oh, you'll know what it is to be there.-Chorus.

I've often gone to sleep with lots of cash,
And in gentle dreams I've slept all serene;
My money has oft faded like a flash,
The midnight and morning hours between.
My pockets have been lovingly explored,
My letters all perused with special care,
My wife would look so meek when about my loss I'd speak,
Oh, she knows what it is to be there.-Chorus.