

Nobody Knows - song lyrics

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

NOBODY KNOWS.

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Words by J. J. Jackson. Music by Charles Van Leer.

Now, why do rude creatures make fun of us swells?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
And why call us dudes and at us ring chestnut bells?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
We are polite to the ladies and do what is right,
We give ma four dollars each Saturday night,
Why should you guy 'cause mince pie-makes us tight?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Now, you have no idea how real hard I try,
Nobody knows, nobody knows
When people are cross to me, never to cry,
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
What sets the girls laughing when I try to dance?
I am sure I waltz splendid with all of my aunts,
But why should you guy 'cause ma makes my pants?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Now, why are all lovers so fond of the dark?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
And why do thin men the girls like to spark?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why is it when couples go out for a ride,
If married, the cab-seat is never too wide,
But if single there is plenty of room on each side?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Why do men stand at corners on a wet, rainy day?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Are they watching that girl thro' the mud pick her way?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why do boxes obstruct the most public sidewalk?
Why do bores pull your buttons when they stop you to talk?
Why does reading the signs make you look like a gawk?
Nobody, nobody knows.

What makes some rich men up in Canada stay?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Will Uncle Sam pass a bill that can bring them away?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why does a great artist draw less than a freak?
Why stand off your wash bill till some day next week?
Why kiss a girl's lips instead of her cheek?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Why do policemen frequent the back streets?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Do they watch the back doors to saloons on their beats?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
On street crossings, to ladies, he is such a love,
If a man passes by he will give him a shove,
But when he leads pretty girls why does he take off his glove?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Why are bald-headed men all so proud of front rows?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
And also young men who wear such tight clothes?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why don't they like lectures about women's rights,
And why are they absent on prayer meeting nights,
But all come to the opera when the chorus wear tights?
Nobody, nobody knows.

Why do ladies with new hats come to the show late?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Do they think they look better at nine than at eight?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
Why is it that 'tween acts men go out in droves,
And when they come back there's strong smell of cloves.
What makes them object to sit near the hot stoves?
Nobody, nobody knows.

How many new verses to this song must I learn?
Nobody knows, nobody knows;
Are they swearing out there while awaiting their turn?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
If I sing any longer they'll not think it right,
The last car will be gone and you'll walk home to-night,
What excuse will you give if your wife says you're tight?
Nobody, nobody knows.