

My Name Is Charles Livingston Brown - song lyrics

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My Name is Charles Livingston Brown
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Words and Music by Chas. D. Crandall.

My name is Charles Livingston Brown,
And I am the talk of the town;
A daisy, born lazy, some say I am crazy,
My whiskers have gained quite renown.
When walking along on the street,
The people whom I chance to meet,
They turn in surprise, and roll up their eyes,
Crying, "There goes a genuine dude."

Chorus.
Dude! dude! dude! I think it is awfully rude,
When I'm passing by to have people cry:
"Oh! there goes a genuine dude."
Dude! dude! dude! his pants to his legs are glued,
Not dollars and cents, pounds, shillings and pence,
Is the money now used by the dude.

When I step into a cafe,
The young fellows come forward and say:
"Why, how are you, Brown, when came you to town?
And, what will you take to-day?"
I will take an 'alf and 'alf, they raise up a horrible laugh;
Say, "take something straight,
For that drink we hate,
Why, that is the drink of a dude." -Chorus.

At Macy's they wanted a clerk,
And as I was then out of work,
I tho't I would see if they would take me,
And I put on a beautiful smirk.
When the manager looking me through,
Said, "an English dude won't do,
And a German dude would be no good,
But a Yankee dude'll do."

Chorus.
Work! work! work! for I am a dry-goods clerk,
I smoke cigarettes, and make foolish bets,
And Sunday I spend in the park.
Cash! cash! cash! the prettiest girls I mash,
With a smile so sweet the darlings I greet,
But I never do anything wrong.