

The King- Of The Swells - song lyrics

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THE KING- OF THE SWELLS.

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Words by M. J. Cavanagh. Music by Isidor Witmark.

You can see at a glance I'm a model of grace, perfection itself attire,
My bright glossy tile is the acme of style, no other my fame can acquire.
In dress I'm recherche, not vulgar or loud, my manners are quite debonnaire,
I am the attraction whenever I'm out, you can hear them remark ev'rywhere:

Chorus.

I am the dandy, I am the king, the dude is the thing of the past.
In mute admiration the ladies look on wherever my glances are cast,
I am the net. I am the dear, I am the ador'd of the belles.
My graceful pose at party or play proclaims me the king of the swells.

I am up to all games for pleasure or coin I'm never in want of the brads,
I can handle the cue for a bottle or two, but never mix up with the cads;
The mashers and dudes are not in the race when I stroll alone upper Broadway,
My elegant air makes the darling sail stare, if you listen you'll hear them all say: -Chorus.