

Faces - song lyrics

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FACES.

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As we go thro' life's busy path, we see some curious things.
And hens And roosters all broke up, with weather-beaten wings
And faces that would charm you, make a chill run down your back.
And faces that would scare a locomotive off the track.

As you go 'round dif'rent places, you'll see many sights and faces,
There's the faces of the tough voting man and faces of the jay;
It would pay a man good salary for to start a big rogues' gal'ry
With the facet that you meet upon our streets here ev'ry day.
There's the tramp that's always bracing, on their coats there's no silk facing.
But they wear long linen dusters, cov'ring multitudes of shins;
And the girls wi'h turned-up noses, always mashing, holy Moses,
One good look from them would knock our John L. Sullivan off his pins.
Faces of the drummer, whether in winter or in summer.
They keep a set expression on their monumental cheek;
If you drive them from the basement, they'll drop thro' an upper casement,
And they'll el) you if they have to stay and chin you for a week.
Faces of the big black coon, that look all round just like the moon;
You must light a match to And them, they're as dark as they can be,
Saffron-colored niggers, with high collars and cut figures.
That promenade on Thompson Street all hours after tea.
Then there's your next-door neighbors, who are always asking favors;
When you get through your work, come home, sit down to sup your tea.
Then in comes Mrs. Fowler for six cents to fill the growler.
With a countenance upon her that would set old Ireland free.
It's nice to lead a quiet life and have a handsome little wife.
With her face to brighten up your life, you're happy as a king;
She'll send up for her mama to come down and spend the Summer,
And her ma comes with a face on her that just queers everything.
You've seen those fresh young mashers, with incipient mustaches,
That promenade on Broadway; they're all wool and three yards wide!
With toes that come out to a point, and arms and legs all out of joint.
And one side of their face just like a good toboggan slide.
Gents that after marriage have to push the baby carriage;
While his wife is dressed in satin, for suspenders he'll use strings;
And at night he has to stir up to deal out the soothing syrup.
And the wind blows through his whiskers while unto the kid he sings.
To leave you here I know is rough, but still I think I've sung enough;
By looking a; your faces I can see the song's too long-
I know you want me for to chase, so now I guess I'll close my face- 4
I won't say good-bye to you, but I'll bid you all so long.