

That's Swell, Aw'fly Swell - song lyrics

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THAT'S SWELL, AW'FLY SWELL.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

One sees a queer lot in a walk on the street,
, That's swell, aw'fly swell!
The dude with a cape and vests on his feet.
They're swell, aw'fly swell!
And there is the girl with a string to a pug.
She'll call it sweet, pet names and give it a hug.
While hubby, at night, will sleep on a rug,
It's swell it's swell!
While hubby, at night, will sleep on a rug.
It's tough, but it's swell!

You stroll with your girl to the "Hoffman Cafe,"
That's swell, aw'fly swell!
You think that ice-cream is the bill you will pay,
That's swell, aw'fly swell!
You're wrong, she orders an "omelette Souffle,"
Some "truffles on toast "and a "Perrier Jouet."
She feels out of sight, and you are the jay.
That's swell, that's swell!
She feels out of sight, and you are the jay,
That's swell, that's swell.

The latest thing is the "society star,"
She's swell, aw'fly swell!
To travel around in a big special car.
It's swell, aw'fly swell!
A duke or a prince she'll manage to get,
And then she'll play Shakespeare without a net.
Just because she is society's pet,
That's swell, that's swell!

The theatre-two chappies-full dress-back seat!
They're swell, very swell!
There's the girl, in front-large hat-so sweet,
She's swell, very swell!
"I say, old chappie, " says one, "don't you know,"
With his face just as red as the roses that grow,
"I can't see a thing of the blooming old show,
But it's swell, aw'fly swell.