

Crutch And Toothpick - song lyrics

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CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK

Copyright, 1880, by L. P. Goullaud.

Written by H. J. Byron.

I'm an aristocrat, make no mistake in that;
I come of a line remarkably fine, for troubles I do not care.
For pleasure's my aim, delight is my game, and I adore the fair.

Chorus.

I'm a swell, you can tell, and behave, of course, as such;
Close-cut hair, elbows square, with my toothpick and my crutch.

With class enclosed in eye, I scan the passers-by,
I've pantomime-cuffs and ready rebuffs for cads familiar.
Although really glad, I say, not bad, when leaving drawl, "Ta-ta." -Chorus.

To your true aristocrat all luxuries come pat.
The driest champagne, the softest La Hose, the tastiest caviar;
Havanna for us especially grows its exquisitest cigar.- chorus.

Though we're aristocrats, at fighting we're no flats.
For when England's fame the foe would defame, swell dandies tho' we be,
In meeting the foe no swelldom we show, so own the enemy.

Chorus.

Staunch and true, red or blue, sure our courage isn't Dutch,
And the sword we can wield with more vigor than the crutch.
I'm a swell, you can tell, and behave, of course, as such;
Close-cut hair, elbows square, with my tooth-pick And my crutch.