

I'm Sorry, My Boy, You're Too Late - song lyrics

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I'm Sorry, My Boy, You're Too Late.

By Chas. Sully.

I'm one of those fellows you don't often meet.
As you're trudging this life's weary way;
If I had an engagement just over the street,
I couldn't get there in a day.
When a boy, with my books I was going to school,
For me the teacher would wait,
She'd measure the seat of my pants with a rule,
And, why? because I was too late.

CHORUS.

Now, if I was to die and ask Uncle Peter
To open the beautiful gate;
There is no use of talking, he'd spring the old gag,
I'm sorry, my boy, you're too late.

When a youth I went courting, as other youths do,
A maid that was charming to see;
Although her admirers were not very few,
She vowed she loved no one but me.
For she promised to wed me one night as we stood
Down by the old garden gate,
But she married another fellow when the day came round.
And, why? because I was too late. Chorus.

I was most broken-hearted with what had occurred,
So I wanted to lay down and die;
For I never could do the least thing on time,
No matter how hard I would try.
I was seized with a fever, that to all was sure death,
So I thought I had played my last date.
But the doctor informed me with tears in his eyes.
To die, my boy, you are too late.-Chorus.