

Me And Jack - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

ME AND JACK

Tune "Comrades."

Words by T. H. Tooker.

We're a pair of first-class bummers, my dear comrade, Jack and I;
We've emptied many barrels of rum but still we're always dry;
It's whiskey that compels us to wear old second-hand clothes,
For it's cost me and Jack a fortune to get a big red nose.
Chorus. '

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were bums,
Sleeping in stale-beer dives down in the slums;
Working free-lunch counters to get enough to eat,
I tell you its tough when you get to be an old dead-beat.

Now, nearly every evening when we get full of booze,
We try to find an empty truck to take a quiet snooze;
But the police they won't let us rest, they know us very well,
And many a time they've lauded me and Jack in a cell.
Chorus.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were tramps,
We never drew a sober breath when we had the stamps;
We always were too strong to work, we'd much prefer to beg,
And the only labor that we do is when we drain a keg.

I went into a saloon the other night to get a glass of rye,
I told the man behind the bar I'd pay him by-and-by;
he quickly grabbed a great big axe and at me made a rush,
My comrade's whiskers got the blow-it shaved the dear old lash.
Chorus.

Comrades, comrades, I'll never forget my old chum,
he smelled like a distillery from drinking five-cent rum;
I'll never see his face again, he's in his lonely grave,
Though Jack died to save me, he got a nice clean shave.