

Oblige A Lady - song lyrics

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OBLIGE A LADY.

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Written by J. P. Harrington. Arranged by Callaboe. Sung by Tony Pastor.

In a crowded car, on a rainy day, yours truly sat inside.
When a maiden sweet looked for a scat, but they all were occupied.
Said I, "My dear, you can have my lap!" but the girl preferred to stand
Then I heard this cry from the lips of our conductor, close at hand:

Chorus.

"Blige a lady! 'blige a lady! 'blige a lady, sir!"

Said I, "Old chap, she can have my lap, but I couldn't get wet for her"

Then a little fat voice, from a little fat man in the opposite corner, cried

"If she ain't satisfied with a full-sized lap, let the lady ride outside."

As a compromise with a maiden fair, I rose, and gently said,

"As you won't sit on my lap, my dear, why I'll sit on yours instead"

Then, all at once, came another girl in, and so woebegone looked she;

While I sat there on the first girl's lap, I said, "You sit on me!"-Chorus.

now the people laughed and joked and chaffed-a rare joke, on my life-

I enjoyed it much, till, bless my soul, in popped my own, my wife;

When she saw me there, she said, "Great Scott! I know you're a brainless elf

Who'd think you'd thus in a public car make a sandwich of yourself." -Cho