

If The Fair At Chicago's A Frost - song lyrics

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If the Fair at Chicago's a Frost.
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Words and Music by W. R. Williams.

Now wouldn't New York have a glorious time,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
They'd join with St. Louis in champagne and wine,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost:
Then over this country their big bluffs they'd shoot;
With joy they would pull out their hair by the root,
To think that Chicago was 'way in the soup.
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

And every one's heart would be heavy as lead,
If the fair at Chicago's a frost;
They'd use them for tomb-stones, now 'that's on the dead,'
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
Every one now in charge they've got a soft job,
Each salary's enormous, that city they rob,
There's many a one that will carry the hod.
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

There's one class of people that will meet their fate.
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
The ones that blow thousands in old real estate,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.
And When the crush comes it will turn every brain;
They'll not know enough to go in if there's rain;
The entire gang will be on the ' hog train
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

Now maybe a girl I will marry some day,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
But then, till that great time, I'll have to chew hay,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
Her parents expect to catch ' English, yer know,
But when they find out there is nothing but blow,
To Tom, Dick, or Harry they'll then 'let her go,'
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.

Maybe the river will turn into ice,
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost;
Then for a skating-rink it would suffice,
If the fair at Chicago's a frost;
We'd tell 'N. Q.' people, 'take a skate' at your ease.
The strength will support any rocky old knees,
Twill even bring blushes to a strong ' tan-yard breeze,'
If the Fair at Chicago's a frost.