

The East And West Side Of Town - song lyrics

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The East and West Side of Town.

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Written by Norton Atkins. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

The East side and the West side have their manners and their fashion-
We'll take a little glance at each as through the town we dash on.
Up there's a restaurant high-toned, where swells flock in to dinner,
And here's a hash-house where you'll find the bill-of-fare much thinner.

Refrain.

"Aw, waiter, brwing some sherwy here!" that's West side.

Young feller give us schooner beer!" that's East side.

Nice quail on toast before the guest they place When one dines in the West.

With pork and beans they change the scenes down East side.

The contrast, too, in making love is likewise very funny,
For one goes in for honest worth, the other oft for money;
The stylish fellow takes his girl out riding in his carriage,
The other down the Bowery strolls and talks of love and marriage.

Refrain.

"Wilt thou be mine, sweet little dove!" that's West side.

"Come 'long, git hitched! I'm dead in love!" that's East side.

And when to serenade they go, "Oh, she's my sweetheart, I'm her beau!"

And "She's My Annie, I'm Her Joe!" that's East side.

Then glance within a ball-room, see, the West side couples stately,
With white kid-gloves and silks and diamonds, seated 'round sedately;
Then view the girls in calico, their eyes with pleasure glancing.
Who drop into some East side hall just ripe for fun and dancing!

Refrain.

"Oh, may I waltz, fair one, with thee!" that's West side.

"Ketch on, Kate, come along wid me!" that's East side.

Then in the dreamy waltz they swing, and happy as a queen or king;

Oh, jigs and break-downs are the things down East side.

In matters that belong to dress the contrast is quite glaring-
One trots around-a tailor's sign, the latest fashions wearing;
The other, oft without a coat, and hat on one side tilted.
Walks with an easy swagger in a suit that's badly wilted.

Refrain.

"Excuse me, sir, beg pardon pway!" that's West side.

"I'll do yer up! What d'yer say?" that's East side.

champagne they sip, and wines the best, just over in the side called West;

They rush the growler-like that best-down East side.