

The Smile - song lyrics

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THE SMILE.

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Written by Alfred J. Morris. Composed by Geo. Le Brunn.

There are people you can understand exactly what they mean
By their smile, by their smile;
And others that you can't make out, and nothing seems to gleam
By their smile, by their smile.
There's the friend who tries to bluff you as he tells a clever lie.
Or another who will nudge his pal and wink the other eye;
You're going to lend them twenty-five, when suddenly you spy
That they smile-such a smile.

Chorus.

Such smiles as that you can't forget when once they have been seen;
You understand immediately exactly what they mean
When they ask you for a dollar; you declare your out of collar,
And you smile-such a smile.

Have you ever seen a tough with his girl upon his arm,
Don't he smile, don't he smile;
He'll shove her in the jaw for love, and don't she take it calm-
See her smile, see her smile.
See 'em down at Coney Island, there's Maria and 'Rorty Ted.
See 'em in a swing, devouring clams or fish and bread.
And if the works go wrong and Ria comes down on her hand,
Don't he smile-what a smile.

Chorus.

Such smiles as that you shan't forget when once they have been seen;
You understand immediately exactly what they mean,
But if instead of Ria, it is Ted who comes the flyer,
Don't he smile, don't he smile.

When a dirty gutter urchin snots an old gent drop a dime,
Don't he smile, don't he smile;
And when he grabs it up and murmurs, "Now I'll cut a shine "-
Mark his smile, see him smile.
Then he ponders for a moment, gives a knowing kind of wink:
"Shall I speculate or save it," you can almost hear him think;
He spins it up-well, heads or tails? hard luck-it's down the sink-
Then don't he smile-what a smile.

Chorus.

Such smiles as those you can't forget when once they have been seen;
You understand immediately exactly what they mean;
You can't hear what he stutters, but you guess the word he mutters
By his smile-what a smile.

When a fellow asks his sweetheart, and she names the happy day,
Don't he smile, don't he smile;
And on a pleasant honey-moon he carries her away
With a smile, such a smile.
For one long year they've married been, and never had a row,
He a loving husband, she true to her marriage vow;
And when the nurse says, "It's all right, sir; you're a father now"-
Don't he smile-what a smile.

Chorus.

Such smiles as those you can't forget when once they have been seen;
You understand immediately exactly what they mean
When she says, They're just like you, sir; why, don't you know there's two, sir;
Don't he smile-what a smile.