

# What's Your Name Where Do You Live - song lyrics

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WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

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Written and Composed by Michael J. Cavanagh.

Sung by Chas. H. Patterson,

It isn't so often I'm on a spree, it's lucky for me it's so,  
It seems, when I go on a bit of a bat that every one's in the know;  
Why, even the kids are on to the fact, if late at night I'm out,  
Tho' not at all full, wherever I go, there's someone sure to shout:

Chorus.

What's your name? where do you live? if you tell us we'll take you home.

You know it's too late for a chap like you to be running about alone;

The "copper" is waiting to take you in, your wife is fretting, too.

So tell us your name and where you live, and we'll all go home with you.

At McAllister's ball I met a girl, And I spent my cash for wine,  
There was nothing too good In the house for her, this angel I thought divine;  
When we were alone I fell on my knees, and asked her for to wed,  
I felt like a chump, when before them all she laughed at me And said:- Chorus.

One morning I went to Rockaway beach, to take my annual bath,  
The costume they gave me was awfully tight, 'twould scarcely fit a lath;  
I thought that my figure would catch the girls, who were out to take a dip,  
But oh! how they roar'd and hollo'd at me, When they saw my trousers rip:-Cho.