

# Mulcarthy, The Dude - song lyrics

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MULCARTHY, THE DUDE.

As Sung by Eugene De Marbelle.

Oh, my name it is Mr. Mulcarthy,  
I get a great laugh from the gang;  
And at night, when I stand on the corner,  
They guy me with their new-fangled slang.  
They holler, "Get on to his sluggers!"  
"His pants are so tight they are glued!"  
And they say When I'm mashing the ladies,  
"Mulcarthy, you look like a dude."

Chorus.

"Aint he too "-too they do holler, "by a blacksmith he ought to be shoed;"  
"Is it a man or a sidewalk: get on to Muicarthy, the dude."

Sure I can't help myself if I'm pretty,  
I try to dress up like a swell;  
But they tell me I look like a hat-rack,  
And my photographs I ought to sell.  
I am only one man and I cannot lick forty;  
Like Johnny L. Sullivan, I'd fight;  
But they'd bring a Dutch band to my window.  
And holler and shout all the night:- Chorus.