

Out At The Fair - song lyrics

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OUT AT THE FAIR.

By Dave Dillon.

With your kind condescension I now will unfold
My tale of misfortune, and how I've been sold.
While walking up State Street without any care
I took the "L" Road and went out to the fair.

When I entered the grounds what a sight met me eyes-
To see Buffalo Bill selling lemonade pies.
And our Carter H. with it big rolling chair,
And he wheeling Frank Lawler 'way out at the fair.

When I started to go down the Midway Plaisance
I was met by a "deacon" ; with "Please take a chance
On a book for the heathen." he embraced in prayer
As he went through my pockets, while out at the fair.

The next thing I met was a damsel so fine,
Whose eyes were entrancing although she was crying,
Her papa had left her, her purse it was spare-
And my diamond pin slumbers now out at the fair.

To be treated like this, well, I thought It was hard,
So I quickly informed a Columbian guard;
he called me a swindler and arrested me there.
Five dollars and costs for being out at the fair.

Oh, my poor heart is broken as sadly I roam,
A world's fair "relic" without any home.
My friends they won't know me, my clothes are so bare;
Oh, get onto the Zulus from out at the fair.

Now all my misfortunes you plainly can see;
If I don't leave Chicago it's dead I'll soon be.
I'll ride in the Ferris Wheel up in the air.
And I'll never come down again-out at the fair.