

# He Thought He Was In Heaven - song lyrics

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He Thought He Was in Heaven.  
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Words and Music by J. W. Bratton.

A man falls In love with a pretty little girl,  
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels;  
He kisses her, he squeezes her, and fondles her curls,  
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.  
He always goes her courting ev'ry Sunday night,  
She greets him with smiles and apparent delight,  
Then they've the parlor to themselves, And oh, don't he squeeze her tight,  
Oh, he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.

Chorus.  
He thinks he is, but is he? he thinks he is, but is he?  
But how he does swear if her brother comes there,  
he calls him a "name," not an angel.

A Rube went to the race track at Gottenburg one day,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;  
he had a white badge on his vest to show he was no jay,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.  
The touts all tried to sell him tips on a horse called "Go,"  
But he said, "I've no use for tips, for on my farm they grow,  
I've some very fine asparagus, I get tips from that, you know,"  
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.

Chorus.  
He thinks he is, but is he? He thinks he is, but is he?  
He went in a hack, but he had to walk back,  
But he says, "I'm a sport," this jay angel.

A man went to a restaurant to eat the other day,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;  
He bought a fine meal ticket and four dollars he did pay,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.  
When he went out a gust of wind blew it In the street,  
A jay who then was passing had hob nails in his feet,  
He stepped upon that ticket-two weeks board punched out so neat,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.

Chorus.  
He thought he was, but was he? He thought he was, but was he?  
He swears to this day that when he meets that jay,  
In heav'n there will be a jay angel.

A bunco man once started out to find some Reuben Jay,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;  
He met him in this city in the very same old way,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.  
He takes him to the pool room and sells him lots of checks,  
The poor jay wins the first time and feels he's right on deck,  
But wait until the next hand, he'll get it in the neck,  
And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.

Chorus.  
He thinks he is, but is he? He thinks he is, but is he?  
This poor jay so rash lost all of his cash,  
And the bunco's still looking for angels.

An Irishman got on a car to take a ride one day,  
And he thought so was in heaven with the angels;  
His face was full of spinach, in his mouth a pipe or clay,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.  
A man said, "Put out that pipe;" says he, "I'm not smoking,"  
"But the pipe is in your mouth, there is no use for talking."  
Says Pat, "I have my shoes on, but sure I'm not walking,"  
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And he thinks he is in heaven with the angels.

Chorus.

He thinks he is, but is he? He thinks he is, but is he?  
Pat laughed so, they say, that he died the next day,  
And he's now painting clouds with the angels.

A little coon was passing by a stable-yard one day,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels;  
He chanced to spy an old mule standing chewing hay,  
And he thought he was in heaven with the angels.  
The coon says, "Golly, here's fun," And picking up a stick,  
He then commenced to tickle the old mule, which made him sick,  
The mule he once stopped chewing And he gave just one swift kick,  
And sent him up to heaven with the angels.

Chorus.

He thought he was, but was he? He thought he was, but was he?  
No more he'll annoy that poor old mule coy,  
In heav'n there's a strange jet black angel.