

They Found It In Chicago - song lyrics

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THEY FOUND IT IN CHICAGO.

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Words by Harry C. Clyde. Music by Geo. Maywood.

I've travelled over all the world and part of Kansas, too,
It's been my aim to paint each town a bright vermilion hue;
And after trying ev'ry place I found one to my style,
Where all the earth is bottled up and fizzing all the while.

Refrain.

I found it right here in Chicago,
A bubble and sizzle of mirth;
If you're looking for something that is not on earth
You'll find it right here in Chicago.

There is a street in old New York, the Bowery it was named,
All over both our continents for wickedness 'tis famed;
One day the Bowery disappeared, and New York frantic grew,
Until they found that wanderer, that gay old avenue.

Refrain.

They found it right here in Chicago,
By awful calamity crossed;
In a block down on Clark street the Bowery got lost,
They found it right here in Chicago.

One day a young man started out upon a pleasure trip;
he had no money in his purse, and nothing in his grip,
He knew about the awful thieves who rob on land and sea,
he cried: "I'd like to see the man that gets the best of me."

Refrain.

He found him right here in Chicago;
His confidence shifted a cog,
For he stole all his clothes, he went home in a fog;
He found him right here in Chicago.

The Mormons out in Utah by the law were overcome,
For Congress made a little bill to knock their business dumb.
They left their homes and headed for a place in which they knew
A man could marry every time he took a notion to.

Refrain.

They found it right here in Chicago,
And joyfully greeted the boon,
For at breakfast we wed and divorce before noon;
You'll find it right here in Chicago.

A farmer quarreled with his wife, and so she ran away;
The hired man was missing, too, from work that very day.
The farmer followed after them, and in his room that night
Blew out the gas-he climbed above to scenes more fair and bright.

Refrain.

They found them right here in Chicago;
She looks well in mourning, they say.
The hired man mortgaged the farm, and to-day
You'll find them right here in Chicago.

A sinner died and went below to board with uncle Nick;
He told him of a town above that made his place look sick.
Then Satan packed his grip and rang the elevator bell.
He went to find the place on earth that was as hot as h---(fire).

Refrain.

He found it right here in Chicago,
He would not go back down below;
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And now when you die you won't have far to go-
You'll find it right here in Chicago.