

Up To Here - song lyrics

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UP TO HERE.

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Words by J. Harrington. Music by Harry Randall.

I always was a man who liked his clothes to be a fit,
I never wear my garments tight, for fear they'll bust or split;
To make these pants a decent pair, my tailor I beseeched.
But when he sent 'em home last week, upon my soul they reached
Up to here, up to here! (Indicate Shoulders.)
With that tailor I felt just a hit severe;
Sent 'em back to get 'emshrunken, but the blessed snip was drunk,
Look how he's sent 'em home now, up to here! (Indicate up to Knee.)

I used to wonder how it was that men could take on drink,
And turn their gully-holes into a sort of little sink;
I always was each day from the first hour that I 'rose,
The pink of strict sobriety, right from my very toes
Up to here, up to here, (Indicate Forehead.)
Till I learned the way to shift a glass of beer,
Now I've altered, so to speak, and well, seven times a week,
I roll home, absolutely, up to here! (Indicate up to Mouth.)

'Twas In the prime of summer-time, one morning calm and sweet,
Some pals of mine were wobbling in the briny sea, a treat!
And didn't swim, I watched their clothes and sat down by some caves,
But, lor! you should have seen my pals, with all the blooming waves
Up to here, up to here. (Indicate Overhead.)
And they didn't seem to have a bit of fear;
They began to laugh at me, well, then, I went in the sea,
Took off my boots and dived in, up to here! (Indicate vp to Ankles.)

The girl that lives next door has charmed this giddy heart of mine,
She's what they call a something in the millinery line.
There's one thing I will say of her, she never drinks or flirts,
And she's so modest week days that she only holds her skirts
Up to here, up to here.
Well, she's got holes in her stockings, pretty dear,
But on Sundays, all a-don, when she's got her railways on,
Well, then you ought to see her up to here!