

# They're On To Me Everywhere - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

They're On to Me Everywhere.  
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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

I'm out to-night, got on my best,  
Pretty colored girls to charm;  
All the coons are lighting jealous,  
Swear they'll do my body harm;  
Hunt all their homes when they know I'm around,  
They put 'em under lock and key.  
I smile and look cunnin', then the wenches come a-runnin',  
If I win 'em, all the coons blame me.

Chorus.  
The flags are unfurled when I come to town, it's a holiday while I'm there:  
The people in pain on the public squares gather, blockading the thoroughfares.  
I walk down the street with my shoulders back, chest away up in the air;  
Fix my hat so, then a sailing I go, they're on to me ev'rywhere.

Make no mistake 'bout who I am,  
Tell you I'm a high-bred coon;  
I was raised on milk and honey,  
Fed me with a silver spoon.  
Prowl as a peacock When I'm walkin' 'bont town,  
I spread myself on moonlit nights;  
I'm light as a feather, swell from hat to patent leather,  
And the brightest of the dark bright lights.- Chorus.