

The Swell Up To Date - song lyrics

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THE SWELL UP TO DATE.

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Words and Music by Harry S Miller.

I'm a swell you see-quite naturally, I dress in style to perfection.
Although not rude. I may intrude, but in a pleasant way.
My style, as shown, 'tis all my own, I say without deception;
And ladies fair, most ev'rywhere, they always smile and say:

I am the swell up to date, boys: doesn't his style plainly show it?
Yes, I'm a swell, bona fide swell, the gay, dashing belles they all know it;
I dress in the height of the fashion; chappies all say I will rue it,
But I have the stuff, And can keep it up, for I got the money to do it.

At the races say, I'm there each day: I'm the centre of attraction.
With turn-out fine, I'm dead In line, the envy of the beaux,
I name the horse, upon the course, that wins to satisfaction,
And always get the straightest tip, by that it plainly shows:

Chorus.

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Yes, I'm a swell, bona fide swell, the gay. dashing belles they all know It;
I dress in the height of the fashion; chappies all say I will rue it,
But I have the stuff, and can keep it up, for I got the money to do it.