

The Organs In The Street - song lyrics

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THE ORGANS IN THE STREET.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

Oh, talk about your parties grand, your ball-room with its swells,
There's none or them that's "in it" with us little New York belles;
When down the block we skip from school, with lots of fun we meet;
Then, heel and toe, we dancing go to the organs in the street.

CHORUS.

Waltzes, mazurkas and Polkas, Mamie and Kitty and Jake;
Over the sidewalk we're "spieling." Ours is the step takes the cake;
It's one, two and three, balance partners; look at us couples so sweet;
If the "dagoes" would play, we'd dance all the day to the organs in the street.

The coppers never say a word, they let us have our fun;
And when the organ goes away, why after it we run;
Our pennies then we all chip in, it makes the "Ginuie" "sweet;
While side by side we do the glide to the organs in the street.- Chorus.

There's Mary Reilly, Kitty Jones, and little Maggie Fay;
Now, if you don't know how to waltz, they'll show you right away;
We give a "soiree" day and night, we'd rather dance than eat;
With step so gay we skip away to the organs in the street.- Chorus.