

'Twas A Sad Trip Coming Back - song lyrics

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'Twas a Sad Trip Coming Back
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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

Jim Wilson was the cashier in a savings bank uptown,
Where he used to handle other people's wealth;
One day he'd taken all the cash that he saw loose around,
And to Europe took a trip just for his health.
The people wouldn't stand it, so detectives there were sent,
And then very soon they were upon his track;
They collared him and all the money that he had not spent.
And to him it was a sad trip coming back.

Refrain.

'Twas a sad trip coming back, 'twas a sad trip coming back;
Just for such a little thing he got five years in Sing Sing;
'Twas a sad trip coming back.

A maid once to the seaside went, to spend the summer there,
Where she pictured she would be the reigning belle;
She thought she'd catch a nobleman, or else a millionaire,
Or 'most anything, so long as it was swell.
The season now is ended, and the maiden has returned,
And no husband now she's left upon the rack;
For board she blowed the money that she worked so hard and earned,
And to her it was a Bud trip coming back.

Refrain.

'Twas a sad trip coming back, 'twas a sad trip coming back;
Now she's gone back to her trade, making hash, a kitchen maid;
'Twas a sad trip coming back.

My mother-in-law was taken I'll three weeks ago, and died;
I invited all the neighbors to the wake;
I bought some lovely flowers and a pillow, "Rest in Peace"-
'Twas the finest work the florist here could make.
We took her to the graveyard and the fun'ral rites were read,
And we then prepared to plant her in the ground:
Then next we heard her kicking, and up flew the coffin lid-
She'd been only in a trance, as we soon found.

Refrain.

'Twas a sad trip coming back, 'twas a sad trip coming back;
All the mourners laughed with glee, but there was no laugh in me;
'Twas a sad trip coming back.