

Sausage Of Paradise Alley - song lyrics

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SAUSAGE OF PARADISE ALLEY.

Parody on-"The Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

Written and Sung by Gus Williams.

There's a little snide street, that you cannot call sweet,
Where the Board of Health often will rally;
It's about a yard wide, and the law is defied-
The police call it Paradise Alley.
There's a girl living there, with cross eyes and red hair,
And her front name, they tell me, is Sally;
Every day on the street she sells Frankforters sweet,
That's the sausage of Paradise Alley.

Chorus.

Every Sunday, even in rain or snow,
With her Frankfort pudding, 'long the street she'll go;
All the boys then say, in a whisper low,
There goes the sausage of Paradise Alley.

When O'Brien's little boy used that girl to annoy,
They all thought that she would not go near him,
But she caught him one day, broke his jaw right away,
Just to show them that she didn't fear him.
When the young man got well, to a friend he did tell
How a red-headed girl they called Sally
Had hit him with a bone that was harder than stone-
'Twas a sausage of Paradise Alley.- Chorus.

How her hair it got red, by the neighbors 'tis said
That, at one time, 'twas black and unsightly,
And young Tommy Killeen said that once it was green,
And then changed to that color so brightly;
So we guess, by the by, that she uses hair dye
In a manner like Mrs. McNally,
And I now do proclaim that tie color's the same
As the sausage of Paradise Alley.-Chorus.