

When The Brooklyn Bridge Is Done - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

When the Brooklyn Bridge is Done.

I am Senator McCann, an ex-Alderman,
I've refused the President's chair;
I eat Webster's Dictionary for pills,
I've made a fortune bottling air.
If I was President I'd have the Mississippi River run dry,
I'd make girls wear moustaches and pauts;
We'd have moonlight pic-nics in the clouds,
And dance an Irish can-can dance.

Chorus.

I'd make all the Chinese do washing free.
Hang the organ grinders for fun;
Oh! I'll build an iron ladder to heaven.
When the Brooklyn Bridge is done.

I'd put all the old maids upon the police,
In the gas house I'd put Jim Blaine;
I'd have a tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean,
And have a law to prevent snow and rain.
I'd paint the moon, kalsomine the clouds,
Whitewash the stars and sun;
You can live forever, have your breath insured,
When the Brooklyn Bridge is done.-Chorus.