

Ah, There, My Size, I'll Mash You - song lyrics

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

Ah, There, My Size, I'll Mash You.
Sung by The Four Comets.

While strolling out one evening
I happened for to meet
Two dashing looking fellows
Who dressed so nice and neat;
They stood upon the avenue,
Dressed in the latest fashion,
And every girl that chanced to pass
These two young men were mashing.

Chorus.

"Ah, there, my size, I will steal you,"
That's what the young men would say
To all the dizzy blondes they'd meet
Passing on their way;
"Ah, there, my turnip. I'll mash you,"
Is something that's rather new,
But the latest one of all I've heard is.
"Ah, there, my emon, I'll squeeze you."

Two dizzy blondes Just chanced to pass,
Dressed in the bon-ton style.
They tried to catch a mash on them.
But neither caught a smile;
Determined for to follow them,
These two young men were caught
Behind by two more men.
Who gave these guys a thrashing.-Chours.