

Coal Oil Tommy - song lyrics

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

COAL OIL TOMMY.

I'm just from Pennsylvania, some city sights to see,
And you may bet your boots I'm going to have the biggest kind of spree :
With my pockets lined with greenbacks, and a skin full of old rye.
Among the oyster cellar swells a bully boy am I.

Chorus.

For Coal Oil Tommy is my name,
Coal Oil Tommy is my name,
Good for any game at night, boys.
Good for any game at night, boys;
Coal Oil Tommy is my name,
< 'oal Oil Tommy is my name,
Good for any game to-night, boys.
Hi 1 ten strike, set 'em up again.

Upon the road I drive the spiciest of drags,
Behind a pair of thoroughbred four thousand dollar nags.
That never won't allow me to take no one else's dust,
I'd sell 'em both for cats' meat if they weren't always fust.-Chorus.

In the doings of the fancy I'm up to everything;
I'd go a thousand miles to see the heroes of the ring,
If you want to bet your money, I'll give you a lively turn,
And for any sum you name I'll go my pile on Joe Cobnrrn.-Chords.