

# The Comet Of The west - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Comet of the "West.

I'm the comet of the West,  
In the shade I put the rest.  
All others are my satellites you see.  
But mooning's not my game,  
I've won my way to fame,  
And they all have to stand aside for me.

Chorus.  
Shout, boys, shout, and let's be jolly,  
Stand aside and let this swell go past;  
I like to do the grand, with a short cane in my hand,  
For, by Jove, you see the comet's come at last.

In Belgravia I shine,  
With this taking way of mine,  
And if in Rotten Row I chance to ride,  
My horse holds up his head,  
As though he proudly said,  
"The comet comes! you fellows, stand aside.-Chorus.

At a theater or a ball,  
Or supper, one and all.  
To stand aside for me they find it best;  
For my most impressive way,  
Puts them down and seems to say,  
"Stand aside! I am the comet of the West."-Chorus.

If by chance I'm at a race,  
In the stand I get a place,  
No matter what the crowd, or who are there;  
It will always be my pride,  
That I make them stand aside,  
There's no resisting my important air.-Chorus.

Ev'ry green-room do I know,  
'Hind the scenes I often go,  
And I always come off better than the rest;  
The ballet all know me,  
And each pretty star you see  
Is attracted by the comet of the West.-Chorus.

Though other stars may fall,  
I shine brighter than them all,  
And the comet's shining splendor is its pride;  
Your applause then kindly lend,  
For my tale is at an end,  
The comet of the West, comes-stand aside!-Chorus.