

# Malone At The Back Of The Bar - song lyrics

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Malone at the Back of the Bar.  
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I keep a saloon on the corner, my boys,  
And, faith! I've a nourishing trade;  
I've brought out my cousin, Nathaniel Doyle,  
The money on whisky I made.  
I could sell to you now, a nice "Pusse Caffay,"  
Or a "Rhino Victoria" cigar;  
No slate, chalk or pencil is kept in the house.  
When Malone's at the back of the bar.

Chorus.  
Tra la la, tra la la,  
When Malone's at the back of the bar.

I never was stood tip for brandy or beer.  
My role hi to never give " tick; "  
When a bum's at the store on a cold Winter's morn,  
It's meself that is making a " kick."  
I set out a lunch on the table so neat,  
Fat herrings preserved in a jar;  
I'd cut oil the hand of a snoozer O1 vag,  
That grabs when I'm back of the bar.-Chorus.

The till I keep here in my pocket so safe,  
I light up my kerosene lamps;  
At daylight I put up my shutters so tight,  
Then go in to count up my stamps.  
I'm open all day on a Sunday so gay,  
To the young girls I " tra la la la!"  
They say, as they pass by my window, so sweet-  
Malone's at the back of the bar.-Chorus.