

Swim Out, You're Over Your Head - song lyrics

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

Swim Out, You're Over Your Head.

At the Battery I landed one morning in May, boys
A stranger unknown in this land,
The same as Christopher Columbus, the hero,
Who no one would take by the hand;
I've worked, I've struggled, I've labored,
By the sweat of my brow to get bread,
Now I'm tould by the young generation,
To swim out, I'm over my head!

Chorus.

They say, shoot the hat upon Sunday,
Take a walk round the block, go to bed,
Part your hair in the middle, McNally,
Swim out, for you're over your head.

I belong to an organization of nine, boys.
Who surely refuse you a drop,
Unless you were taken wid terrible cramps.
Whin you drink till ould death makes you stop;
But since I have became a mumber,
I'm always confined to my bed,
Now I'm tould by the grand committee.
To swim out, I'm over my head.-Chorus.

They say I have plenty of chin for to give you,
I never mind wasting my breath,
I'm acquainted wid all of the bould undertakers.
Who'd plant you whin I talk you to death;
By heavens! I never will tumble,
I'll drop to the bottom like lead,
They say, take a moon on a jumble,
Swim out, for you're over your head.-Chorus.