

Vat's De Brice Of Peans, Jake - song lyrics

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

Vat's de Brice of Peans, Jake?
Written and sung by (Jus Williams).

Dough peans you can see I sell,
Und I've got a few;
I makes money, too, as veil,
So help me gracious, too!
Put de poys make fun of me
Ven I do go out;
I can't valk along de shtreet,
Put I hear dem shout:

Chorus.
"Vat's de brice of peans, Jake? vat's de brice of peans?"
I vonder iff dey dinks I vas a dem oft horse marine;
"Vat's de brice of peans, Jake? vat's de brice of peans?"
Iff I only catch dem vonce, I find out vat dat meau9.

Von night dey shtole my grey mare,
I vent to de shudge;
I tolt all de beobles dere
It vas Peter Studge.
Den de jury did got out,
Put come back right avay;
Ven de shudge says: "Now speak out!"
De foreman did say:-Chorus.

I'd have married long ago,
Only for dat crowd;
Von night I vas mit my beau,
Dey yelled dat out loud.
Katty kicked me right down shtairs,
Tvas dwelve o'clock at night;
A fellar slitruck me unavares,
Und ve had a fight.

Spoken-Yah! I vas kicked out of an elghdeen shtory tenement
house, right off de ground-vaik, und ven I got dere a fellar hit me
on de head mit a glub vat veighed dree hundred pounds; und ven
he knocked me down he asked me iff I wanted a&y more. I tolt
him dat I vas no hog, und dat I had enough. He tolt me den I
could go, und ahust as I vas leaving he cried out:-Chorus.