

If I Was The Man In The Moon - song lyrics

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If I Was the Man in the Moon.

If I could transform myself, what I would do,
I'd be the man in the moon;
What curious sights every night I could see,
If I was the man in the moon.
I'd see all the people down by the sea shore,
I'd see all the fellows and girls by the score,
Do their kissing, squeezing, and lots of things more,
If I was the man in the moon.

Chorus.

Oh, boys, what a lark it would be,
Every night from July up to June;
Your mouths would water at what I should see.
If I was the man in the moon.

I'd peep through the keyhole and look up the stairs,
If I was the man in the moon:
I'd watch the old women all saying their prayers,
If I was the man in the moon.
Who knows, I might see one take off her cork leg,
And hang up her tresses of gold on a peg;
And discover her cranium as bald as an egg,
If I was the man in the moon.-Chorus.

On the evening of Sunday I'd see the young girls.
If I was the man in the moon;
In their sealskins and satins, feathers and cutis,
If I was the man in the moon.
Next day I should see them make short morning calls,
To Houses where hang out three big golden balls;
With bundles as big as the dome of St. Paul's,
If I was the man in the moon.-Chorus