

The Hungry Boarding-house - song lyrics

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

The Hungry Boarding-House.

In a Broadway house across the street,
Where till the hungry boarders eat,
At noon they open wide their gash,
To make short work of their soup and hash.
At nine o'clock they slip out of bed,
And fly down stairs to be fed;
They clean the table :is slick as a mouse,
In the hungry, starving boarding-house.

Chorus.

Nobody knows what the boarders eat,
Pass no remarks about the meat;
Just keep mum and close your mouth, -
In the hungry, starving boarding-house.

The cooks they sleep on the second floor,
With a padlock placed on every door.
So the hungry boarders can't get in.
Where was Moses when they douced the glim?
They make them sleep up in the attic,
And all night long they kick up a racket;
They give the chambermaid the run,
And chased her out with a Gatling gun.-Chorus.

A week ago a boarder skipped.
Faith! out of the window he fired his grip;
He lowered his trunk down with a rope,
And then for the freight train he did slope.
Next morning when they called the roll,
The landlord blessed his darling soul;
His daughter squealed out: "Oh, laws!
He's given us the linger for three weeks board." -Chorus.