

Flying Your Kite Too High - song lyrics

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

Flying Your Kite Too High.
Tune- "The Elixir of Love."

When Doctor Franklin went to catch
The lightning by the tail,
He raised his kite high up in air,
A telegraph bob-tail.
When the lightning came down through the string
And kicked him in the eye,
Oh, says he, unto his darkey,
Never fly your kite too high.

A fast young man flings out his kite
In a two-forty run,
And with his daddy's money
Goes in for every fun.
He finds his cash is running short,
With throat and pockets dry;
His daddy says: That serves you right,
You're flying your kite too high.

To catch some wealthy heiress
He gives his kite a swing;
He pays out to an airy height,
And goes his length of string.
The lady she is charmed to see
His bob-tail spreading nigh;
She says: Who is that sweet young man
That's flying his kite so high?

They soon get strung together,
And run out all their cash;
His tradesman cuts his paper notes,
And she can't cut a dash.
With bills for dress, etcetera.
She at him now does fly;
My dear, says he, I can't pay out,
You're flying your kite too high.

He goes to clubs, or somewhere else.
And he comes home rather late:
She finds he's been a drinking,
And she aims to pull his pate.
He strikes a threat'ning attitude.
And utters this reply:
My dear, unless you'd raise a muss.
Don't fly your kite so high.

The girls of young America
Now spread their kites at ten:
Where once they thought of dolls and toys
They now think of the men.
When for the newest fashions,
Newest beaux, and tales they sigh,
Their mammas say: My dearest girls,
Your flying your kites too high.

I went to see a lady dance
At a theatre show,
She showed her stockings up as far
As the law would well allow.
Oh! isn't she an angel?
Said a fellow who sat nigh.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Says I, I guess she must be,
For she flies her kite so high.