

The Boss Tramp - song lyrics

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THE BOSS TRAMP.

By Peter J. Rooney.

Give me a corned beef sandwich, a horse-car run down my throat,
Or give me a whiskey straight, or surely I will choke;
Once I was married and miserable, and had a loving wife.
And I thought no more of spending a cent, than I did of taking my life.
'Way over in the wilds of Jersey, where you'd sink in the mud to your knees,
I had a cross-eyed daughter, and she was just the cheese;
Mushes! why, she had them by the barrel, each owned a brown stone brick,
But they were mostly Jersey farmers, and she said they made her sick.
When along comes a Bowery actor, a regular free lunch tank,
He said he was a song and dance man, and had lots of money in the bank;
Well, it's the same old gag, on which many a one got tripped,
He got her to pawn my Sunday clothes and then to the river skipped.
Now the poor thing near turned a serio comic, for she had a terrible fail.
And when I got out of jail that day, she up and she told me all;
I took her to my aching heart, I smashed her in the smeller,
Then I swept the floor with her and threw her in the cellar.
Now you can all laugh and chew tobacco, and say whatever you like.
But I'll tramp 'till I find that bum actor, if it takes until Saturday night.