

# The Man Who Never Tumbled - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Man Who Never Tumbled.

Sung by the prince of sable humorists, Billy Birch.

There was a fellow, his name was Jake,  
For nerve he did take the cake,  
He combed his hair with a farmer's rake,  
And like an earthquake grumbled;  
He'd come to your house and make you sick,  
He wouldn't care if him you'd kick.  
His head was just about three feet thick,  
This man that never tumbled.  
He'd visit you, and your wife he'd kiss,  
A chance for a drink he'd never, never miss,  
And if he thought you had a dime  
He'd give you the brace every time;  
If a free lunch he would spy,  
He'd eat it all or he would die.  
He'd see a pretty girl on the street  
And pass remarks about her feet,  
He'd give a bartender the wink,  
And never was known to pay for a drink.  
He died of enlargement of the jaw,  
When he tackled his mother-in-law;  
When he died he wouldn't admit,  
And made the undertaker have a fit.  
When he was buried, what do you think?  
He got out of his grave to get a drink;  
His ghost went wandering through the street,  
He met a cop on his beat,  
He stole his coat and great big stick,  
And called the cop a Chinese mick,  
And when he got hit he grumbled.  
And though his head in two was broke,  
He thought it really was a joke,  
And never a word by him was spoke.  
For he was a man that never tumbled.