

# Waiting, Waiting, Waiting - song lyrics

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WAITING, WAITING, WAITING.

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Waiting, waiting, waiting, was a friend of mine one night.  
For a girl he loved most dearly, And to her he used to write;  
He had arranged to meet her, but, alas! in his despair,  
In a note he said, meet me to-night, but forgot to mention where.  
And he was waiting, waiting, waiting, he had on his Sunday suit.  
he stood waiting, waiting, waiting, till a policeman told him scoot

Waiting, waiting, waiting, was her husband with a club.  
For the girl he met was married, and it was a pot-up Job;  
She was peeping through the shutters, the rain came pouring down.  
He never took a tumble, but stood there like a clown;  
She left him waiting, waiting, waiting, and he took a terrible chill.  
He waited, for he was a waiter from old Waitersville.

Waiting, waiting, waiting, was the tailor that made his clothes.  
He mysteriously vacated, where he's gone nobody known;  
He paid a small installment, then away from here he shot.  
The tailor got his measure, and that was all he got;  
He left the tailor waiting, waiting, the dude he was too> fly.  
And I think he'll keep him waiting, waiting till the clouds roll by

Waiting, waiting, waiting, was a driver of a hack.  
But the fellow he was waiting for he never did come back;  
He- got out and went into a saloon to get a drink or two.  
But the back door it was open, out the alleyway he flew;  
He left the driver waiting, waiting for two long hours and a half.  
He never smiled while waiting, it wasn't his place to laugh

Waiting, waiting, waiting for her lover to name the day.  
But the lover tried to shake her, And he hadn't a word to say:  
She knew that he had money, but he wouldn't have it -. .  
She's been trying hard to marry him since twenty year! ago;  
She'-.!,-, a waiting, waiting, waiting, and her time is nearly due.  
And I think he'll keep her waiting till nineteen ninety-two.

Waiting, waiting, waiting for him to give her a divorce.  
But the husband wouldn't do it. and it made her mad, of course;  
She's dead on to the husband, and he's dead on to her.  
She wants to wed another, but I think it won't occur;  
He keeps her waiting, waiting, waiting through clear and stormy weather.  
But the other fellow doesn't care because they're not living together

Waiting, waiting, waiting, was a lady for a car.  
She waited for an hour, and then she said. oh, pshaw'  
'Till a policeman thus addressed her: Miss, I'm sorry for to say.  
The last ear that you're waiting for has gone the other way.  
She waited, yes. she waited until it was too late.  
She thanked him very kindly and then she took a skate.