

# Now I Come To Think Of It - song lyrics

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

NOW I COME TO THINK OF IT.  
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I'm a hardy handed son of toil,  
With trouble, and a lot of it,  
Now I come to think of it;  
There may be happiness in life,  
I've very little got of it,  
Now I come to think of it.  
They talk to me of honest toil,  
Well, I do not think much of it;  
I'm told that if I work for wealth,  
I'm sure to earn a lump of it;  
Well, I've been working all my life,  
And now I've got enough of it.  
Now I come to think of it.

It seems to me, the upper classes  
Always get the best of it,  
Now I come to think of it;  
Ain't they got their palaces.  
Their clubs and all the rest of it,  
Now I come to think of it.  
If a workingman thinks something's wrong,  
And wants to go and speak of it,  
The liquor store must do for him,  
There's not the slightest doubt of it;  
And when he's had enough to drink,  
They come and throw him out of it,  
Now I come to think of it.

If he goes out on the spree, he lets you know it.  
You'll allow of it,  
Now I come to think of it;  
He don't seem to enjoy himself,  
Unless he makes a right of it,  
Now I come to think of it.  
He first begins to argue,  
Then he does get excited at it;  
Perhaps he'll kick a copper  
When he's in the very height of it;  
Gets a month without the option,  
Then he feels he's had a night of it,  
When he comes to think of it.

The copper says, I've got to go.  
He's told me once or twice of it,  
Now I come to think of it;  
I'm going to have a quiet drink,  
I find I've got the price of it,  
Now I come to think of it.  
They talk about the workingman,  
His rights and all such stuff of it;  
I s'pose life's smooth enough for some,  
I only get the rough of it;  
And now I think I'll give it up,  
You must have had enough of it,  
Now I come to think of it.