

Later On, Later On - song lyrics

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

LATER ON, LATER ON.

Girls won't flirt and mash upon the sly,
Later on, later on;
And they won't wear hats that will reach up to the sky,
Later on, later on.
Their hair they won't bang and curl,
And set each poor fellow's heart in a whirl,
And you can tell which is the bustle and which is the girl,
Later on, later on.

Everybody in New York will pay their back debts,
Later on, later on;
And all the hod-carriers smoke cigarettes.
Later on, later on.
And the boys won't grieve over money they have spent,
And a Mormon with one wife will be content,
And Jim Blaine give up trying to be our president,
Later on, later on.

The boy now-a-days won't be played for a gawk.
Later on, later on.
When they take a young lady on the street for a walk,
Later on, later on.
They treat them to supper so very, very neat,
Everything they see they want to eat,
And he hasn't got a cent when he gets into the street,
Later on, later on.