

They Cannot Keep The Working Girls Down Town - song lyrics

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

They Cannot Keep the Working Girls Down Town.
Originally written and composed by James McAvoy.

I will sing you of the latest things that happen every day.
Also many things that happens in the night;
And many things I'd do myself if I only had my way.
When you hear me you'll agree that I am right.
The poor man works eight hours, the rich drinks whiskey sours,
They stop police from sleeping on his beat;
They can stop a horse-car driver from eating two square meals,
They can stop conductors from walking on your feet.
They can keep a bum from drinking, they can keep the people thinking.
They can keep a married man from running round;
They can keep a dog from barking, and a tom-cat from skylarking.
But you cannot keep the working girl down town.

They can stop a flea from biting, and Sullivan from fighting.
And an alderman from going to Sing Sing;
They can keep a scandal quiet, if they want a thing they'll buy it.
If you tell a chestnut gag a bell they'll ring.
They can stop the kid from squawking, and your mother-in-law from talking,
They can stop you with a growler full of beer:
They can say your wife was flirting with some gilly while out walking,
And they can whisper something funny in your ear.
They can stop a barber chinning, and a gambler from winning.
They can make the smartest lawyer act a clown;
They can make a pretty lady think her husband is a baby.
But you cannot keep the working girl down town.

They can set an old maid crazy, if they tell her she is a daisy.
They can make you pay for what you never got;
They can put you on a racket, of you have the stuff to back it.
They can fix you so you never will be caught.
They can make a copper chase you. they can make a bummer mace you.
They can marry and divorce you in a day:
They can make you feel so funny, you must give her alimony,
When the old fifteen dollar a week you have to pay.
You can stop a train from going, you can stop a rooster crowing.
You can chew upon a sausage weighs a pound;
Take a regiment of soldiers with Gatling guns on their shoulders,
They could not keep the working girl down town.