

I Was On It - song lyrics

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

I WAS ON IT.

Written by Wal Pink. Arranged by Edmund Forman.

There's been a lot of fan outside, and folks have had a hunt
To catch a horse that made a bolt clean through an oil-shop front,
The people laughed until I thought their sides would all have cracked,
And I should have laughed myself at the mad horse, but for the fact

Chorus.

That I was on it, I was on it!
Holding on with might and main
As he went through the window-pane;
He got a licking, started kicking.
And threw me in a barrel full of paraffin oil.

This morning I was gasping, but was fairly "stony broke,"
I saw two men inside a ' pub, " and thus to them I spoke:
"There's such a row outside, there'll be somebody killed I fear,"
They rushed outside to see it, but they left their pot of beer-

Chorus.

And I was on it, I was on it!
Blew the froth from off the top,
Swallowed every blessed drop;
They came back swearing, for beer preparing.
But found I'd shifted all the lot and took my hook.

Last night to me a jailer of his prison duties said
A lot of things-he introduced the oakum, skilly, bread!
"And now, " said he, "shall I explain the treadmill? " I said "No!"
I understand the treadmill, for not very long ago

Chorus.

I was on it, I was on it!
I only stole a pound of lard,
Still they gave me "six months hard!"
The bread and skilly drove me silly,
While the treadmill brought my bunions up like hard-boiled eggs.

I had to journey to Boulogne, so got on board a boat,
We started off and, when we'd been some fourteen hours afloat,
I called the steward, said, "I s'pose we'll soon be at Boulogne?"
"Boulogne, " said he, "you must be mad, this boat goes to Hong Kong!

Chorus.

And I was on it, I was on it!
Stuck on board an ocean liner,
Off, away I went to China';
When I got there, found it hot there,
I had to live on bird-nest soup and boiled bow-wow.

I went to see my girl one day, I thought her dad was out,
But up he came behind me and he gave me such a clout:
He opened wide the front street-door and, as I turned to go.
He very gently lifted up his hobnailed boot, and oh!

Chorus.

I was on it, I was on it;
My feet scarcely touched the floor,
As I went flying through the door-
Oh, he had got a large-sized trotter.
And knew the place to put it where I feel it most.