

The Pawnbroker's Ticket - song lyrics

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THE PAWNBROKER'S TICKET.

Words by T. H. looker. Tune-"Three Leaves of Shamrock."

While walking down the Bowery in the merry month of June,
I had an overcoat on my arm, which I was to part with soon,
For the weather it was getting warm, and the coat I could not wear;
So I took it to Levy, the pawnbroker, down in Chatham Square;
"I'll give you just two dollars, sir. on that overcoat," he said;
But, for heaven's sake, don't tell my wife, or she surely will drop dead;
I took the two dollars that he gave, and then went on a spree,
And when I got sober all I had left was the ticket he gave me.

Chorus.

Just a little yellow ticket, a pawnbroker's ticket,
Now you've caused all my troubles, my sorrow and my woe;
For I tell you it's no joke when your overcoat is in soak
And you have to wear a linen duster while the cold winds do blow.

Ever since I parted with that coat bad luck has followed me,
And if I only had it now, how happy I would be.
For with the cold I'm shaking, and the wind near takes my breath away;
The Coroner will soon have a job, for I'll freeze to death some day;
When I parted with that overcoat, I must have been insane.
For I never will get money enough to get it out again;
But, no matter what my troubles are, this ticket I'll always save.
And I hope it will be buried with me in my lonely grave.-Chorus.