

At It Again - song lyrics

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

AT IT AGAIN.

Words and Music by Arthur Lloyd.

I've just come from the country to spend a day or two,
But I've been so vexed since I've been here, I don't know what to do,
For everybody says the same, no matter where I be,
And no matter what I'm doing, this is what they say to me:

Chorus.

At it again, at it again,
You rascal, I'm looking, you're at it again;
You're a naughty old man, I can see very plain,
You wicked old geysler, you're at it again.

I took a cab frae station, wi' my bandbox and my bag,
And 'cos I'd not pay double fare, the cabby said he'd drag
Me to the police station and to the magistrate complain,
Then the crowd said I was cheating, and cried out, "At it again." -Chorus.

I paid him then to get away, and sneaked off like a mouse.
And being, as it were, upset, went in a public house;
I drank three brandies right clean off, and as the third I'd taken,
A young brat opened the door and cried, "Halloo! at it again." -Chorus.

A comely lass was standing near, said, "Never mind the brat,"
' You take a brandy, love, with me," by gum I did, that's flat;
To kiss her lovely lips then, I no longer could abstain.
When the-same brat shoved his head in and roared out, "At it again." -Cho.

I rushed out to hit him a kick, when, all my woes to crown,
A dandy chap in evening dress by chance I did knock down;
We both rolled in the gutter, for the drink was in my brain,
When a bobby rushed up, seized me and said, "Now, then, at it again." -Cho.

I was taken off to the station, eh, the magistrate did frown,
Fined me two pounds ten, and said, I'd better leave the town;
I think so, too, and so good-bye, I've no wish to remain,
With court house I have done, you'll not see me at it again.

Chorus.

At it again, at it again.
No more will I drink to confuse my poor brain,
And when I get home there I'll remain,
And you'll never bear of me at it again.