

Isaac Cohen's Home - song lyrics

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ISAAC COHEN'S HOME.

Tune-"Maggie Murphy's Home."

Written by Isidore Hyatt. Sung by Joe Lynn.

Beside a little clothing store, in a single tenement,
I live with my wife Rachael and sometimes pay the rent;
A bedstead and ' table, that is what we own.
And you're invited every evening at Isaac Cohen's home.

Chorus.

On Saturday night I stand outside and try to pull customers in,
As they pass by, you hear them cry, oh, Cohen you're a big skin;
Your brother made a million dollars, you are trying it, too,
But he always treated his customers right, and he didn't skin like you.

My daughter works in Ridley's, she's a nice young lady, they say,
But all I know, she wants fine clothes, and never gives me pay;
She's got a young man they call Cohen, and Cohen is her name, too.
And you're invited every evening by Isaac Cohen, the Jew.-Chorus.

Every night they take a flight, away from the house they go,
They got a bunk where they get drunk-where that is, I don't know;
They come home twelve o'clock at night, and start to kick at the door.
But when I get up to open it, with me they begin to roar:-Chorus.

But now I'm glad my daughter's wed, how happy I will be
That do one will come home at night, from my sleep trouble me;
But now my daughter went away, and left us all alone,
And you're invited every evening at Isaac Cohen's home.-Chorus.