

The Drummer Of The Sixty-ninth - song lyrics

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The Drummer of the Sixty-Ninth.
Written and Composed by J. K. Mitchell.

The sound of martial music my senses steals away;
Beside a band of music grand. I'd march the live-long day.
The Sixty-ninth's my favorite, they always take the prize.
And off the man who plays the drum I never take my eyes.

Chorus.
For he bangs the drum with a pum-pum-pum in a style that drives me crazy;
And the way he whacks and hangs and cracks will prove he isn't lazy.
My head goes bump when he gives a thump, he's a blooming "Irish "daisy,"
And I dream all night till the broad daylight of the drummer of the Sixty-ninth.

Sometimes I dream my heart's a drum, that ever beats a bang;
I thinks he whacks me with a stick as from his neck I hang.
And when he's banged and hanged until I think that I shall break.
The band will of a sudden stop, and then, of course, I wake.-Chorus.

He is the pride of all the girls, the envy of the men.
And lots of dudes would like to be like him. just five feet ten.
There's no mistake, be takes the cake, and makes the city bum,
For everybody walks beside the man who bangs the drum.-Chorus