Up Went Mcginty - song lyrics

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UP WENT McGINTY.
Written by James McAvoy.

You heard about McGinty at the bottom of the sea,
How he landed long before his time was due;
so I'll tell you of his brother, how he took another course.
You can easily see the difference with the two.
Bruce McGinty be went down and never yet was found.
Off the dock down to the bottom took a drop,
But the other brave and game, to keep up the family's name,
I'll fool them all says he, now I'll go up.

Chorus.
So up went McGinty just as high as he could get,
On the top floor you can bet, for there was no more to let;
bays he who the devil cares, it's eleven flight of stairs;
he carried up his bedsteads, his tables and his chairs.
It took him from the morning 'till the middle of the night;
It broke him up and winded him to climb eleven flights;
He was living there a year and never paid a cent,
'Twas too high for the landlord to go up and get his rent.
If he looked out the window, the folks they stopped in crowds.
With a broom they see McGinty there a-sweeping off the clouds.
It was ninety-five degrees, but he lived there at his ease,
And the only thing that kept him up was eating German cheese.
When he wanted to come down he'd eleven flights to go,
But there was no elevator, and McGinty he says no;
bays he, "I'll never walk it, and I hardly think I'll jump,"
so to show his ingenuity, McGinty was no chump.
So he raised his umbrella, you can bet it was a beaut,
Pot a stick across the handle to see if it would suit.
He straddled and down he flew upon his parachute,
Dressed in his best pair of cuffs.

There was ninety "World" reporters saw McGinty When he dropped
By a lodging-house just seven blocks away;
Although he was not registered, they knew just where he stopped,
For beneath the parachute McGinty lay.
With a broom the neighbors swept him up, as much as they could find,
In a Babbitt's soap box to the morgue he went.
But the parachute, turned inside out, they had to leave behind.
For the landlord kept it for McGinty's rent.

Chorus.
So up went McGinty to the happy hunting ground,
But he couldn't get in heaven for Peter wasn't round,
There was fifty more ahead of him. they said he was too late,
He sat down and took a smoke, and told them that he'd wait.
He waited there an hour, 'till the gale it came ajar,
But before you come in here, they said, just tell us who you are,
I am sorry for McGinty, and I think it was a shame,
He got tangled up and rattled and could not tell his name.
He asked where his brother was, they said they didn't know.
They told him ask the devil, down a "block or two below;
So to get inside MeGinty said he'd do it or he'd die.
The gate was barred and bolted and the fence it was too high,
He heard a band of music, but he couldn't see them play,
So at last he got disgusted, and at last he walked away;
Then down the ladder once again. McGinty he did swoop;
Says he, my name is Dennis, I think I am in the soup,
At last he struck the rolling-mill, they wouldn't let him In,
He picked up his extra baggage and he started back again;
Well, he couldn't get inside and he's sorry that ho tried,
Dressed in his best pair of specs.