

# The Boarding-house - song lyrics

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THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

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Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

We've got a room in a boarding-house too small to wash your face;  
We're too lazy for to leave it for to get another place;  
We never see a chainber-maid from morning until night,  
And the landlord, too, that keeps it he is a beauty bright;  
There's 14,000 rats and 19,000 cats come in and out as often as they please;  
They play hide-and-seek and tag round the wood-shed for a gag;  
Every one of them has bunions on his knees.

Chorus.

Through the hallway the tom-cats flicker,  
Where they scratch and fight and weep;  
And the landlord's wife, the kicker, she won't let no one sleep;  
When the daughter sings the boarders they yell, come off the perch;  
When she sings that chestnut called "Comrades "they tell her go to church.

There are thirteen boarders In one room; they sleep on two bed-slats;  
They're all barefooted, for they threw their boots and shoes at cats;  
The porter's always full of ale; they use him for night-clerk;  
he lost his sight one foggy night a-looking after work.  
The landlord's daughter, Floss, her face Is full of Irish moss,  
With her fellow in the parlor starts a fight;  
The boarders jump like apes and fly down the fire-escapes,  
And on the sidewalk yell till broad daylight.

Chorus.

Twinkling stars are laughing at us, for we are not dressed;  
They holler to a half-starved boarder:  
Chuck me down my pants and vest.

The cook she tries to run the place; she makes an awful bluff;  
She has a cheese-knife in her hand to make us think she's tough.  
We get beans that are thirty-five years old, blue-molded mush and buns;  
The regular boarders look to me like walking-skeletons;  
If you'd ever mention pie, they'd all take sick and die,  
"Twould insult them if they'd get a decent meal;  
The steak is tough as leather, and, when they get together  
In an operated Chorus how they squeal.

Chorus.

No soup-then we don't get any;  
Don't touch the cheese,-they let it lay there;  
And as soon as they all smell the butter-  
Ah, there I cover it and stay there.

There's a couple sleeps next door to me-oh, how they scrap and fight;  
I'd give a dollar-bill to see their faces in daylight;  
They fight four hours every night, ten minutes to each round-  
At the wind-up you would fairly think the house was falling down.  
The wife she goes to bed with cracked ice on her head;  
The husband shoves his eye back into place.  
When I try to close my eyes, in walks a gang of flies  
And help the 'squitoes chew the whiskers off my face.

Chorus.

And how the flies and 'squitocs come early there to chew!  
I'd give a million dollars to sleep an hour or two;  
We are ossified already-we are hungry-now we'll stop.  
If we board there one week longer, we'll both die standing up.