

We All Wear Cloaks - song lyrics

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

We all wear cloaks.

When I came to town lately I found, 'tis no joke,
Men, women and children were all wearing cloaks;
So I says to myself, do as other folks do.
And to be in the fashion we'll wear a cloak, too.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

Why not! for I'll prove, in the course of life's pother.
We all of us wear a cloak some time or other;
For there's none but must own, however great is their pride,
There are some things 'tis sometimes convenient to hide.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The dandy in military still wears his cloak,
And thinks a cigar is the tiffy to smoke;
With his fine frill And wristbands he makes a great show,
But take off his cloak, 'tis all dickey, you know.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

Young Miss with her beauty, her airs and her graces.
In the hood of her cloak often carries two faces;
Her lover declares she's an angel uncommon,
Till she throws off her cloak, when she finds she's a woman.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The lover, till wed, seems to court beauty's sway.
And says be but lives her commands to obey;
But once tightly noosed in the conjugal yoke,
"Do as I tell you. madam!" for off goes his cloak.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The lawyer a cloak wears as well as the lover.
So many old suits he has always to cover;
his cloak once thrown off, shows a great deal of evil,
For instead of the lawyer, oh, there is the d---l.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The doctor will boast of his skill, and the way
To lengthen cut life and cheat death of his prey;
He has a grand panacea for every ill.
And when he's no lancet he'll bleed with a bill.
For we all wear Cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

Some clergymen there are, of the hypocrite slock,
Who care more for the fleece than they do for the flock;
You may always know such before you instal.
For the larger the salary, the louder the call.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.

The singer will sing a song for your pelf.
With his eye on your purse, and his thoughts on himself;
The ring of the spelter is his key-note, I choke.
So, I pray you excuse me, and I'll keep on my cloak.
For we all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks,
To be in the fashion we all wear cloaks.