

# It's Only Artificial After All - song lyrics

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It's Only Artificial After All

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Written and Composed by Arthur West.

The world is not a bed of garden flow'rs, don't yer know!  
As well as sunshine we've to take the show'rs, don't yer know!  
And the shams we meet our temper often sours, don't yer know!  
While the road of life we wander through;  
For instance take a masher on the stare, don't yer know!  
Who looks as if he was a millionaire, don't yer know!  
But his head is empty and his pockets bare, don't yer know!  
He's a member of the hard up crew.

Chorus.

Say, boys, don't you see the style? with his shining hat so tall.  
An his India rubber collar, in his pocket half a dollar;  
So he's only artificial after all!

The ladies in the ballets of to-day, don't yer know!  
With witching looks entice our hearts to stray, don't yer know!  
You must buy them presents or a nice bouquet, don't yer know!  
Or they're sure to say you are no good.  
They've pretty blushing roses "on their cheeks," don't yer know!  
And some of them have roses on their beaks, don't yer know!  
Lots have diamonds on five dollars too, a week, don't yer know!  
How 'tis done, to tell I never could!

Chorus.

Say, boys, don't you see the style? pray observe the "Grecian fall;"  
While your eyes are getting bigger you say, "what a lovely figure;"  
But it's only artificial after all.

The politicians now are flinging mud, don't yer know!  
The language that they use oft stirs the blood, don't yer know!  
And the arguments they pour out like a flood, don't yer know!  
But the spoils they're after, ev'ry one!  
And whether 'twill be Grover C. or Blaine, don't yer know!  
Or Grandpa's hat will fill the chair again, don't yer know!  
It will make but little difference, I maintain, don't yer know!  
And affairs will just as smoothly run.

Chorus.

Say, boys, don't you see the style? politicians great and small,  
In their sleeves are softly laughing, and the dear fool, public, chaffing;  
So their game is artificial after all!

Our parsons have been going it of late, don't yer know!  
Their servants can some funny tales relate, don't you know!  
But it's time we stopped them taking round the plate, don't yer know!  
If they work it on this system long.  
Some or them have so little work to do, don't yer know!  
With lots of ready cash to help them through, don't yer know!  
Thro' sheer weariness they join old Satan's crew, don't yer know!  
Then "another good young man's gone wrong!"

Chorus.

Say, boys, don't you see the style? bad enough to raise St. Paul.  
And you must make this confession, tho' religion's their profession,  
That it's only artificial after all!