

Out For A Racket - song lyrics

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OUT FOR A RACKET.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

Out for a racket, racket up to here;
Out for a racket, racket up to here;
Out for a high old frolic, strictly alcoholic;
Wine and whiskey, ale or lager beer;
Out for a racket, racket up to here;
Out for a racket, racket up to here;
Out for a high old frolic, strictly alcoholic;
Out for a racket up to here.

Widow.
In me a modest maid you see;
Of course you know I'm college bred;
I've learned to calm my ecstasy,
To worldly joys seem dead;
This air demure is all put on;
I love to romp and make a noise;
My mamma thinks I'm an angel, but
You ought to see me with the boys;
I love to romp and make a noise.
And you should see me with the boys-Ah!

Although, you see, I'm scarce of age,
I love to have a high old time;
Just now this seems to be the rage.
To me it is divine;
A cigarette, a glass of wine,
With lots of fun and lots of noise;
I would not be an angel when
I have a night out with the boys;
I love to romp and make a noise,
And you should see me with the boys-Ah!