

Still The World Goes On - song lyrics

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STILL THE WORLD GOES ON.
Copyright, 1S93, by Frank Harding.
Words and Music by Dave Marian.
Arranged by G. M. Rosenberg.

In this and every city you'll find a mighty throng,
The poor man struggles bravely through life to get along;
Then you will see the rich man, the mighty millionaire,
Who has millions at command, and thousands he could spare.
There's the pris'ner in the jail can get no one to go his bail;
He cries that he is innocent, And to this oath he swears.
Where are the ones who shared his joy, who drank his wine, and said,
Dear boy, but now he is despised by all, he has no one who cares.

Chorus.

Millions are lost in one day, the gamblers at the table play;
When they lose you'll hear them say, well, many a time I've won.
Who's that poor old man with step so slow; he lost his home by fire one week ago;
His grief he is too proud to show, but still the world goes on.

The next scene is a mansion, it is a sight to see!
A party in the honor of a girl just twenty-three;
Now we'll say five years have passed, disgrace covers her name,
She cures not how her end will be, her head is bowed in shame.
See her as she'll cross the street, alas, poor girl, her fate to meet;
So deep in thought, she cannot see the maddened horse dash by;
Then there is an awful scream; she's crushed beneath a heavy team;
They rush to her assistance then-they find a lifeless mass.

Chorus.

Some one in the crowd has said, it's a woman, and I think she's dead.
Look out! there comes the ambulance; now lend a hand here, John.
Now the ambulance rolls away, And no one for her soul doth pray;
Poor girl's forgotten in one day, but still the world goes on.

See a miser counting his gold by the bags:
He's denied himself of everything, his garb is made of rags;
As he sits there counting, he's taken unaware -
What's that noise? a burglar! he's coming up the stairs.
My gold, my gold, I like to see; I've saved it all: it's mine, for me;
Ah, you are the ruler in this great world of strife.
Make as little noise here as you can-remember, I'm a desperate man,
And, furthermore, I have come here for money or your life.

Chorus.

My gold, my gold; don't take it away-Stop that noise: hear what I say;
I think this thing will settle you-there, now the deed is done.
You wouldn't do as you were told; you thought with me you would be bold,
So now you've lost your life and gold, and still the world goes on.