

# The Tipping Habit - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE TIPPING HABIT.

Written by W. V. Keeler.

The tipping habit's now the rage, in fact it's played by all,  
It's forced upon you everywhere, in cafe, track and stall.  
And if you fall to do the act-to give the boy a dime-  
You'll find that you are quite alone When you go there next time.

Chorus.

Oh yes, you'll find you're In the cold,  
The boys will pass you by;  
Yes, though you kick and stamp and scold,  
The boys they'll pass you by.

You go into a grand cafe and order something nice;  
There's the waiter, all attention, fills your order In a thrice.  
And when it's down he helps you find your coat, your hat and cane,  
You tip him not-" Alas," says he, "that man must be insane."

Chorus.

But sad 'twould be if you should go  
To that cafe again:  
He'd make you wait an hour or so,  
While he served other men.

Again if you should happen to go early to the track.  
You have a certain horse in view, although he is no crack;  
You seek for information, but for It you do not pay,  
And so when the race is over you can only sigh and say:

Chorus.

Oh, if I'd only thought a bit.  
And tipped the stable boy,  
I'd not have been so sorely hit,  
So short of gold and joy.