

Not A Word - song lyrics

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

NOT A WORD.

Copyright, 1893, by Frank Tousey.

Words and Music by Gus Williams.

I was born out in the country, on a quiet little farm,
And knew nothing of the city and its ways,
Until about a year ago an incident occurred,
That showed me that experience always pays.
I got a "green goods" circular in which the writer said
I could be rich, if on him I would call:
I did so, and I bought the goods, but when my home I reached
I found it was green paper after all.

Chorus.

Now, there's not a word, not a single word,
That was strong enough to rail me, don't you know;
But upon my word, if there was a word,
'Twould have been a treat to've heard me let her go.

In company with ladies once I entered a street car;
It was crowded, and we hung on by the straps:
A burly looking fellow, who was evidently drunk,
Used language vile, to say the least, perhaps.
Of course, in such a place like that, and with the ladies, too,
I could do naught but look on him with scorn:
My temper it was ruffled when this great, big, burly brute
In going out stepped "bang" upon my corn-Chorus.

I was informed some time ago that on a certain night
I was to be presented with a watch;
I wrote a speech, a good one, too, in which I thanked my friends,
And studied it, so not to make a botch.
'Twas. "When I saw the face of it, to me it would recall
My friends, and that the hands would then explain,
The hands grasped in good fellowship," but when the night arrived
I thought I'd die, for they gave me a cane.-Chorus.