

For Trying To Be A Good Fellow - song lyrics

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For Trying to Be a Good Fellow.
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Some time ago I knew a man who would not take advice,
He'd turn his back on one who said, "Some day you may think twice."
The one who used to make him smile and fill his heart with joy
Was he who'd slap him on the back and say, "Drink up, old boy."

Chorus.
You'll see the tears now come to his eye whenever the past he goes over;
He treated his comrades like gentlemen the days that he was in clover,
He squandered his cash and over a glass good-naturedly with them he'd bellow;
But since then he's seen what a fool he has been for trying to be a good fellow.

He had but little time for home-in fact, he had no home,
That is, the ties of loving ones he severed just to roam.
For days his room he'd seldom see, and then come in half tight;
But often since he's longed for it, yes, only for one night.- Chorus.

He's broke in health, he's broke in wealth, and just to let him sleep,
The barroom where he spent his cash he's glad enough to sweep.
Good fellow has been snubbed and shunned, the end is near at hand;
And this same tale is told in life each day all o'er the land.-Chorus.