Strange, But True - song lyrics

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STRANGE, BUT TRUE.
Copyright, 1892, by Frank Tousey.
Written by Tom Conly. Composed by Felix McGlennon.

As I stood on my nose, with my feet in the gutter,
I witnessed some wonders that never took place;
A policeman was robbing a boy of his stockings,
Because he wore freckles all over his face.
A lady was skating through ice cream and butter,
The butter gave 'way and the girl tumbled in;
I took off my coat and I tied up my trousers,
Then went home to bed and sat down on a pin.

Chorus.
It may seem so strange, but it's certainly true,
Each time you say something you speak;
The man that sat down on the boiling hot glue,
he hasn't sat down for a fortnight.

A youth with no ears sold his whiskers for two cents,
Then for a policeman somebody did call;
They sentenced his nibs to a fortnight's hard labor,
Which shows that your whiskers are not yours at all.
As you journey through life you should always steal something,
Set fire to a house, or sneak somebody's cat,
It's an ill wind that blows your hat under a street car;
If you cannot grow thin, why, then laugh and grow fat.

Chorus.
It may seem so strange, but it's certainly true,
The back of your head's all behind:
The man that eat hob-nails and French Irish stew.
We buried him last Thursday morning.

A man falling, held by the skin of his eyebrows,
Because he'd no teeth to hold on by the skin;
The lady who fainted cried, "give me some water,
Some boiling hot water and plenty of gin."
A tramp who was starving got hold of a sausage,
"May heaven reward thee," the vagabond cried;
But that sausage that day had been struck by forked lightning;
he took one good bite, then he strangled und died.

Chorus.
It may seem so strange, but it's certainly true,
Your feet always walk on the ground;
The man who sold pork to a black-whiskered Jew,
He's pushing the clouds along now.

How nice is the snow when your coat's vaccinated,
Your trousers are baggy and full of large holes,
You haven't a penny, so can't get a 'tater,
The tops of your boots come away from the soles,
He bathed in the sea and he poisoned the fishes,
They laid him to rest in the village bone-yard.
How pleasant's the sight of a humpy-hacked father
As he washes the baby with soft soap and lard.

Chorus.
It may seem so strange, but it's certainly true,
It's wet every time that it rains.
Poor Johnny McCann said, "I'll die, love, for you,"
With a pistol he blew out the candle.