

Mamie, Me Pet - song lyrics

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MAMIE, ME PET.

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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

Oh, Mamie's de pride of me life.
And some day I'll call her my wife;
She's a sister to Pearl, the Bowery girl.
And ain't she it "beaut" on a hike, see!
Her voice it ain't sweet, but it's loud,
Wherever she sings there's a crowd;
Oh, she sets them loony, sings sweet "Maggie Mooney,"
And just push, but don't shove the clouds. Yes-

Chorus.

Mamie's a beauty, you bet; she works in a fact'ry
and makes cigarettes;

A reg'lar New Yorker, and she is a corker,
The finest that ever you met, you bet.

Mamie's a beauty, you bet, she works in a fact'ry
And makes cigarettes;

A reg'lar New Yorker, and she is a corker,
The finest that ever you met, you bet.

She'd fight at the drop of a hat.
And make a good showing at that;
She lives with her Ma, her sister and Pa,
And always knows where she is at, see!
Her head it ain't swelled not a hit,
Here's the ring and won't it make a hit!
It's good and it's weighty, it cost me three-eighty,
When she sees it she'd have a fit. Yes- Chorus.