

# Sure Thing - song lyrics

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

SURE THING.

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Words and music by Felix McGlennon.

In the summer when the ladies go to bathe,  
When they wet their little tootsies in the sea,  
Will they scream in mild dismay,  
When a wavelet comes their way,  
Will they sigh and cry, "Dearie, me:"  
Will the mashers gaily promenade the sands?  
And will they keep their glasses on a sling  
Or will they hold them so, just to see the shapely show,  
Sure thing, sure thing.

Chorus.

Sure thing, boys, sure thing, boys,  
Oh, they come there to stay, for they can't keep away,  
And they look like this;  
And they feel as if they'd like to dance and wing,  
Is there something so sublime in the figure feminine,  
Sure thing, sure thing.

In the winter when the ladies go to skate,  
Will the gentlemen be somewhere hov'ring near;  
Every Willie. Fred and John,  
Tries the skates to fasten on.  
Don't they sigh and cry, "Let me, dear:"  
When the ladies wiggle waggle on the ice,  
Will they to their male attendants firmly cling,  
If they tumble ain't it fun, just to see the mashers run,  
Sure thing, sure thing.

Chorus.

Sure thing boys, sure thing, boys,  
Oh. they come there to stay, for they can't keep away,  
And they look like this:  
And they Hy like little birdies on the wing;  
If a girl falls on the ice, don't the mashers say, "How nice,"  
Sure thing, sure thing.

If you ramble through a gallery of art,  
You will see some lovely landscapes on the line,  
Little bits of azure sky.  
But the people pass them by,  
And they'll say, "Well, yes, pretty fine;  
If around a picture you should see a crowd,  
If in ecstasy in praise of it they sing,  
Is it something extra good, just a study from the nude,  
Sure thing, sure thing.

Chorus.

Sure thing, boys, sure thing, boys,  
Oh, they come there to stay, for they can't keep away,  
And they look like this;  
As to a focus all their glasses bring, bring;  
They admire each curve and line of the female form divine,  
Sure thing, sure thing.

There are students of the drama ev'rywhere,  
But the theatres ain't crowded ev'ry night;  
Skakespeare doesn't always pay,  
And the tragic's had its day,  
Now the public crave for something bright;  
When a manager puts on a gay burlesque,  
When the fairies pirouette, and dance and sing,  
Will the bald-heads be on show in the very foremost row,  
Sure thing, sure thing.

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Chorus.

Sure thing, boys, sure thing, boys,

Oh, they come there to stay, for they can't keep away,

And they look like this;

As they watch each little fairy on the wing;

Do they love the little sprites and the ladies dressed in tights,

Sure thing, sure thing.