

The Tenderloin - song lyrics

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THE TENDERLOIN.

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Words by Sidney Rosenfeld. Music by Ludwig Englander.

Shall I name you the spot where all cares are forgot,
in the transport of merriment rare;
It is safe to assert and confession won't hurt,
That you all nearly all have been there.
It's the heart of the town, neither up, neither down,
What title more fit can we coin;
Than the one we employ for this region of Joy,
The famous, renowned Tenderloin.

Chorus.

The Tenderloin, ah, the Tenderloin is the realm go gay,
Where revelers merry are turning night to day;
The Tenderloin, ah, the Tenderloin, will you come with me away.
To find delight and the charm of night in the Tenderloin.

When you're calling a cab you have no need to blab,
As to where you'd be wending your course;
The driver is fly as he winketh his eye.
And cracketh his whip on his horse:
And somehow you think as you notice his wink,
How much better than taking a car;
And when you arrive you are glad you're alive,
And you don't have to ask where you are. - Chorus.

It's the prospering soil for the lobster in broil,
For the saddle rock stately in roast,
For the varior degrees of demoralized cheese,
That entwine around bed-ridden toast.
For the clam that's supreme when it woos with its steam,
And the chicken that's chopped to croquettes.
And the coy little chops that are served with their props,
Wrapped up in their trim pantalettes. - Chor.

And those playhouses vast where the girl with a past,
Wears a dress that's alarmingly red;
To distinguish her quite from the lady in white,
Who's the maiden most modestly bred;
And those music hall shows where the brain finds repose,
While the sons; and dance gentlemen reels.
And the saucy soubrette who's proving your bet,
That her brains have all gone to her heels. - Chorus.

Those athletic clubs brave that now float on the wave.
On a popular clamor of sport.
That are giving as shows that are made up of blows
Of a frantic And furious sort;
And we welter in gore and we clamor for more,
And we shoot for the blow on the jaw;
And the use of the glove proves it's only for love,
And so we comply with the law - Chorus.