

Weary Mike Who Made The Strike At Klondike - song lyrics

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Weary Mike Who Made the Strike at Klondike.
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Words by Ed Gardenier. Music by Wm. E. Slafer.

You've often heard of Weary Mike, who's always on the blinc,
And dead in love with all hard work, and water. I don't think;
You see that individual now all free from care and woe;
I'm geared up to the limit with 'most ev'ry kind of dough;
I was grub-staked to Alaska when things "began to boom,
And I've lived on roasted snow-balls where golden nuggets bloom;
I'm back again with gold to melt when riding on my bike;
The girls say I'm the ripest peach that ere came down the pike.

Chorus.
I'm weary Mike, the millionaire, full of gold dust ev'rywhere;
In me whiskers, in me hair, I'm covered with nuggets bright;
There's nothing too good, I've got the price, and that's the
thing that cuts the ice;
I'm Weary Mike who made the strike at Klondike.

My gold mine up at Klondike yields two hundred to the pan;
It's called, for sake of bygone days, the old tomato can;
A tenderfoot he sold it for a quart of Holland gin;
It's so chock-full of gold-dust, boys, it's ground into my skin;
The boodle that I'm worth to-day I couldn't even hint;
My overalls I sold them for live thousand at the mint;
At the Walsdorf, where I'm stopping, when through my bath and rub,
The servants all get scrapping for the gold dust in the tub.-chorus.