

The Actor's Boardinghouse - song lyrics

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THE ACTOR'S BOARDINGHOUSE.

By William Jerome. Tune-"Hey, Rube."

I'll sing you of an actor's boarding-house that's run by a Dutchman, Her
It's No.22 Great Jones, and the price per week is just 6 bones, [man Kruse,
It's run upon the just-out plan, by this Michael Pheana Dutchman.
Who wants you to settle in advance, and so to heat him there's no chance.
I'm up eleven flights of stairs, and in my room there are no chairs,
No signs of gas or a candle light-in fact, my room is out of sight.
We sleep eleven in one bed, and in the morning six are dead.
The first one up is the best one dressed, to-day I lost my coat and vest.
Some other actor stole my shoes, and took them out to get some booze.
They feed on hash three times a day. and the serlo-comics all chew hay.
The house is full of museum freaks, for a season of just forty weeks.
They are a dizzy-looking troupe, and the turtle boy fell in the soup.
They all have English pugs to pet, and their picture's in the Police Gazette.
They say there's one 'em mashed upon, but not on your life, says John.
They played Delaware and Water Gap, and other towns not on the map.
Then comic songs all night they sing.
And when they hear the dinner bell, oh, how like Indians they do yell.
Around the table sit in pairs, and read the gauzy bill of fares.
Oh. the beefsteak it is awful tough, but at it we all make a bluff.
To day I took a great big chunk to make some hinges for my trunk.
The coffee it is awful weak, it hasn't strength enough to speak.
With the butter it fought two rounds, but had to settle on its grounds.
We had some steak called Laughette, I ate some and am laughing yet,
And then they gave me ox-tail soup, made from the leg of old Bill's boot.
But when they passed the custard-pie, oh, me! oh, me! oh, me! oh, my!
Upon my piece I found a hair, for things like that I did not care.
But a boarder next to me named John, he ate the pie with jo-Jo's on.
When we got thro' we said our prayers, and wish'd we could climb the
We have a party every night, that always busts up in a fight, [gold'n stairs
Pound parties are the fad, you see, at the one last night they pounded me.
Then Christmas was the game they played, with their stockings on a line
I had none, but to get a chance, upon the line I hung my pants, [array'd
Some got presents, oh, so fine! some son-of-a-gun got into mine.
Then to my room I bade retreat, and went to breakfast in a sheet.
Ta-la la-boom-de me, since it was enough for me,
I'd sooner be in Kankakee, Tata, ta-ta, boom-de-ree.