It Dont Belong To Me - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

IT DONT BELONG TO ME
As sung with great applause by C. P. Hyland.

When I was but a little boy I used to go to school,
I was so very good some said I was a fool;
But no, I'd never claim a thing that didn't belong to me,
And now I'm just as honest and as truthful as can be;
While walking down the street one day, by a policeman I was stopped.
Who said, " I think this purse of gold from your coat-pocket dropped;"
Now as I never carry one-I've so little cash, you see-
Like an honest man said I at once, " It don't belong to me."

Chorus.

It don't belong to me, it don't belong to me,
You'd better inquire of somebody else, It don't belong to me:
I never saw that purse before-it can't be mine, you see,
I know nothing whatever about the thing, it don't belong to me.

My wages being very small I live in humble style,
But with the girls I lardy-dar and the agony pile;
I tell them almost anything, for I've got lots of cheek,
They little think I do the swell on fifteen dollars a week.
One day I bought a bioater, which I popped inside my bat,
For I saw a lady coming along who I knew would stop and chat;
My hat blew off, the bloater fell, the street boys laughed with glee.
But when they brought it back said I, " It don't belong to me."
It don't belong to me, it don't belong, &c.

I occupied a front room in a house away up town.
And in the back there lived a girl-a Miss Jemima Brown:
Where'er I chanced to meet her, well, I'd pass the time of day.
And have a little gossip in a friendly sort of way.
The other night when I got home, oh, what a dreadful scene.
The landlord, raving, asked of me, " What does all this mean
Miss Brown has gone but left behind this infant, so you see,"
bays I, "You quite surprise me, but it don't belong to me."
It don't belong to me, it don't belong, &c