Beans - song lyrics

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

BEANS.
Written, composed and sung by Sam Devere.

In Boston City lived a nice young man,
He was awfully fond of beans;
His salary was small, but his appetite large,
And he lived beyond his means.
He had beans for breakfast, beans for dinner.
And cold baked beans for tea;
Bays he, how I wish I was a great big bean, .
How happy I would be.

He'd stand and gaze, for hours and hours.
In the window of a bean-i-ree;
The most dog gondest cur for beans
That ever you did see.
His mother said, when be was young
He'd never eat cakes or creams.
But was sure to wake up in the middle of the night,
Crying: Mammy, I want my beans.

This bean destroyer was now content,
He's got a bully job;
He's head bean-slinger in a dining saloon.
He is, so help me, Bob;
Where his rich, sonorous voice is heard,
Now daily, as he screams,
at the top of his voice, with his mouth chock full
Of beans, beans, beans.