That Young Man Across The Way - song lyrics

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

That Young Man Across the Way.

Well, I wouder what's the meaning,
Always looking over here,
When I'm at the parlor window,
He is sure then-to appear;
Every evening as I sit there,
Just before the close of day,
There he is, with roguish glances,
Watching me across the way.

Chorus.
So let him stare, I do not care,
I shall not go away;
Young men who live across the street,
Must look across the way.

He has brown hair, dark and waving,
And his eyes, I think, are gray,
But I know whate'er their color,
Often do they look this way.
And one tender twilight evening,
I'm quite sure that he did this-
Just before I left the window.
Unto me he threw a kiss.-Chorus.

From the other side, one evening,
To our door he found his way,
After that, 'twas very often
That he came across the way.
And while sitting by our window,
There was much he made me say,
And, 'mong other things, I promised
That I'd live across the way. - Chorus.