Up In A Back Room - song lyrics

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

UP IN A BACK ROOM.

One day I got married, the truth I do state.
When you have heard my sad tale, you will pity my fate,
My wife makes me work both morning and night,
And she swears that I never do anything right.
The first night I got married, it's the truth I am sure,
My wife went to bed, and I lay on the floor.
But now that I'm married, I must do what I can.
So pity the fate of a poor married man.

Chorus.
Up in a back room, boys, up in a back room,
All among the bugs and fleas, pitying my sad doom;
Up in a back room, boys, up in a back room,
I wish I'd ne'er got married to be up in a back room.

Every morning, it's true, to please her desire,
She makes me get up and set light to the fire,
Her breakfast I make, and she has it in bed,
If I don't, why then, pity my poor bead!
I've to wait till she's done, do you think that is fair?
If I say a word, she will growl like a bear;
I'm a tailor by trade, and my name it is Sam,
And she says I'm but the ninth part of a man.
Up in a back room, &c.

I sit on my shop board a stitching all day,
While my wife goes out dressed up so gay;
Six months I've been married, the truth I declare,
But the joys of my wedlock I have not yet shared;
Before I got married, it's true, on my word,
She looked like an angel, and sung like a bird;
But now like a lion she will fly very soon,
If I say a word, she will knock me down with the broom.
Up in a back room, &c

Last Sunday, it's true, now listen to me,
She had the cheek to bring home a big soldier to tea,
I said: Mr. Brown, you know it's not right,
She said: hold your tongue, Sammy, I shall do as I like.
They sat side by side, be gave her a kiss,
I took up my sleeve board, but him I did miss,
He kicked me down stairs, and hurt my back bone,
So I left them together to take tea alone.
Up in a back room, &c.

I ran out of the house, I think I did right,
She bolted the door, I was locked out all night.
Next morning I went home, of course, like a man.
But I found that the soldier had bolted with Fan.
Now they have gone away, I can whistle a tune,
Perhaps they have cut their sticks up in a balloon,
But I don't wish to see her back any more,
I can sleep on the bed instead of the floor.

Chorus.
Up in a back room, boys, up in a back room,

Now my wife has cut her stick, I can whistle a tune;
Up in a back room, boys, I'll do the best I can,
I hope she'll like the soldier, my false deceitful Fan.

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