Gal With The Terrible Feet - song lyrics

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

GAL WITH THE TERRIBLE FEET.
Written and sang by Sam Devere.

Her name was Maria Jane Whittaker Gibbs,
Bow-legged in one of her eyes;
With a fist like a ham, she could fight like a Turk,
Warm any old gal of her size.
A terrible crowd always followed her heels,
Where'ver she went on the street;
You'd swear 'twas an earthquake had tackled the earth,
Whenever she moved her big feet.

CHORUS.
All the bad little boys, how they'd whistle and yell,
Whenever she went on the street;
And all the Dutch shoemakers mopies would bark.
At the gal with the terrible feet.

It took a bull's hide for to make her a shoe,
And she'd pick her big teeth with the horns;
Had a bunion as big as gin head on each foot,
And some cracking, big, beautiful corns;
And when she got mad, hen big ears they got blue,
And her nose turned as red as a beat;
She could kick a big hole through the side of a house,
This gal with the terrible feet.-Chorus.

One day she stepped on a bull terrier pup,
When she raised there was nothing beneath;
And once, when a little girl going to school,
She kicked out an Elephant's teeth;
And if any poor fellow should make her a call,
He'd find it hard getting away;
For she'd put her big foot on the top of his back,
And lord how she'd press him to stay- Chorus.