# Squinty Dan - song lyrics

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

SQUINTY DAN.

l I'll tell you of a nice young man,
And of a maiden gal;
The neighbors called him Squinty Dan,
And she Long-legged Sal.
They lived down on Centre street,
And loved each other well;
And it's of a dismal history
That now I'm going to tell.

Now Squinty Dan he had red hair,
And looked two ways for Monday;
He peddled clams around the street
On every day but Sunday.
But Sundays, Squinty Dan would go
To court Long-legged Sal,
And take her to ride in his clam-barouche
On the banks of Gowanus Canal.

He used to feed her on clam soup,
Clam chowder and clam pie;
And send her lots of long necked clams,
For her to roast and fry.
Till the neighbors' gals, through jealousy,
Made up a horrid plan,
To freeze the love in the bosom of
Her darling, Squinty Dan.

When Squinty Dan heard the news,
He climbed to a chimney top;
He pulled a pound of powder out,
And down he let it drop.
It flashed up with a fearful roar.
And blowed him so far on high.
He never came down, and that is the last
Of this mournful history.