The Rollicking Rams - song lyrics

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

THE ROLLICKING RAMS.

Button up your waistcoat, button up your shoes,
Have another liquor and throw away the blues;
Be like me and good for a spree,
From now 'till the day is downing;
For I am a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Come and be a member of the Rollicking Rams,
The only boys to make a noise,
From now 'till the day is dawning.
We scorn such drinks as lemonade, soda, seltzer, beer,
The liquor of our club I'd tell to you,
But I can't for there's ladies here,
Come along, come along, come, come, come, come, come along.

Chorus.
For I am a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Come and be a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Out all night 'till broad daylight,
And never go home till morning.
For I am a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Come and be a member of the Rollicking Rams,
Out all night 'till broad daylight,
And never go home till morning.

When once you're a member of the Rollicking Rams.
All things real, we have no shams,
Except champagne, good champagne
We drink 'till the day is dawning;
In all the pockets of the Rollicking Rams,
Each one puts a bottle of cham,
And on some doorstep sit and drink
'Till daylight in the morning.
With a pocket full of money the police make right,
To what we do they're blind,
Such as pulling down bells and breaking lamps,
For which we should be fined-
Come along, come along, come along.-Chorus.

The milkman in the morning he knows us Rams,
We follow up behind him and empty the cant,
Which down the area he has put,
For breakfast in the morning.
Upset a coffee stall as we go home,
With us our landladies pick a bone,
And get kicked out of house and home,
Without a moment's warning;
But we don't care, we're single men,
Not hampered with a wife:
So now, my friends, if you like the style,
Come and spend a noisy life,
Come along, come along, come along.-Chorus.