While The Blue Laws Are In Force - song lyrics

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

While the Blue Laws are in Force.
Written and sung by Sam Devere.

Model town of Gotham
Changing all our ways,
Old-fashioned Sunday blue laws,
The latest religious craze;
The old deceitful devil,
We'll leave him in the lurch.
We'll never again be naughty,
We're going to join the church.
We'll pray for all the heathens,
Likewise the tramps and bums,
Bid good-bye to rock and rye,
Hot toddy, rum and gum;
Oh, the new code is a corker,
Twould paralyze a horse,
We're a happy set of Christians
While the blue laws are in force.

Policemen in a muddle,
Judges a little mixed,
Bully job9 for lawyers
Until the thing is fixed;
Members of legislature,
Heads are made of wood,
Couldn't make a good law,
And wouldn't if they could.
Barbers got a holiday
And a chance to save their breath.
Tired of scraping sinners
And talking them to death;
Preachers in their glory.
Suits them all, of course,
We're a happy set of Christians
While the blue laws are in force

Don't speak above a whisper,
You'll disturb the Sabbath day,
Awful wicked newsboy,
Cheese it and keep away;
If they collar the daring bootblack,
To prison he must go,
The baker is hot as an oven,
For all his cakes are dough.
They'll arrest the butchers tor skinning
The gay and festive calf,
But the sheenies on the Bowery
Are the boys that have the laugh;
Keep open on a Sunday,
Ve sell clothing, vy, of course,
We're a happy set or Christians
While the blue laws are in force.