You'll Get There All The Same - song lyrics

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You'll Get There All the Same.
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Oh, hark to my song, for I've got some points for you,
And well would it be if the half you only knew;
In wooing a wife oft sweet words will swiftly flow,
But this I will say, you'd better at first go slow.
Better keep single than to wed in a hurry,
Better keep cool than to get yourself in a flurry;
Time will work wonders, only push onward ever,
Then you'll not get left, then you'll not get left, never.

Chorus.
You'll get there all the same, you'll get there the same,
You'll get there the same, yes, you'll get there the same;
You'll get there all the same, you 11 get there the same,
You'll get there the same, you'll get there all the same.

Most folks think it wrong if you sell them chalk for cheese,
But old Uncle Sam small things like this he never sees;
His dollar is short just by ten or twenty cents,
But he that gets burnt is the one that first repents.
Better use greenbacks than to use short-weight money,
Better be just than to be so very funny;
Time will work wonders, only don't you forget it,
Better stop silver, then you'll never regret it.-Chorus.

Bob Ingersoll says there's no place as-well.
Perhaps it is best on those subjects not long to dwell;
But this I may say, he will find out some warm day,
That somehow or other he's going that way.
Robert, oh, Robert, you are much mistaken,
Brimstone you think will not harm you ever;
But the' you say you will go there never,
You'll get there the same, you'll get there all the same.-Chorus.

They say In some States they will sell you not a dram,
But I have found out that it's really a sham;
Though taverns are closed you will find at each drug store
A place for dry people behind the little door.
Belter keep sober than swallow bad whiskey,
Friends, I've been there and I know that it's risky;
Well, too, I know, if you would wet up your whistle,
Quickly you'd prove that all the law was a fizzle.-Chorus.

'Tis said Belva Lockwood will fight for woman's rights,
But only an old maid in such a cause delights;
The pretty girls marry making useful loving wives,
And thus become angels the balance of their lives.
Better get married, so young folks get married,
Don't wait for riches now, young man, if you've tarried;
Dishes are plenty, and so you will find ladles,
And if you want to own a pair of fine cradles.-Chorus.

I bought me a lamp, as my gas bills were so high,
And thought I'd save cash, at least, I was bound to try;
I cut off the meter And thought the trick I'd found,
But somehow the hands kept moving round and round.
Coal oil is cheaper for the folks who will burn it,
But to save gas the how you will never learn it;
Gas bills keep growing, they thrive like mosquitoes,
Two things you can't stop, tongues of old maids and meters.-Chorus.