A Man To Knock Sullivan Out - song lyrics

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A Man to Knock Sullivan Out.
Sung by Leslie and Hardman.

Short folks and tall folks, come listen to me,
Your attention I ask for awhile;
I'll sing you the latest sensation to-night,
And perhaps I may cause you to smile.
Gas bills and board bills have gone away up,
And the boot-blacks are running about,
If you ask what their looking for,
They'll reply, a man to knock Sullivan out.

Talk about sluggers, but he is the darling,
As a smasher now he is a pet;
There's big Herbert Slade on the shelf has been laid
From a slugging which he did get.
Paddy Ryan, so fine, got knocked out of time,
Charley Mitchell got turned inside out,
And Richard K. Fox will have to walk many blocks,
To find a man to knock Sullivan out.

Harry Miner wouldn't do it for he is too fat,
Cleveland smokes too many cigars,
Blaine says he can stand up four rounds
With a driver on a Third avenue car;
Kate Claxton's too thin, Clara Morris is too lazy,
Fanny Davenport is a little too stout;
But I will bet fifty, that Mrs. Langtry
Can knock John L. Sullivan out.