Pins And Needles - song lyrics

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

PINS AND NEEDLES.

Uf you'll listen to my story
I will try und tole you someding
Vat you see most every day-time,
As you valk along de street:
Now und den you meet a fellow
Mit a voice he loud does bellow,
Vone of whom, when I describe him.
You did often meet;
He vill holler out so loud
To his audience (a crowd),
Und he gave such great inducements
In his own peculiar way.

Spoken-Und dis is vat you'll hear him say-

Chorus.
Pins und needles by the dozens,
For your uncle, aunts, and cousins;
A blane gold ring, a vedding ring,
Und a locked-dot's immense;
A receipt for making chowder,
Und here is some fine tooth-powder;
' Take de lot, I sell to you
For dwendy-seven cends.

Selling if it rains, or shining.
You vill never find him pining,
But as habby as an oysder
He does always seem to be;
Telling jokes dot are so funny-
Anyding to raise de money
From his audience around;
An eye to business-see?
If a boliceman moves him on,
In a minute he is gone.
But upon some oder corner
In dwo seconds he will be.

Spoken-You can't drive him away; he's like a jack-in-the-box.
He's like a flea, vone minute here, de next dere, still crying his old
song of-Chorus.