Sandy-haired Mary In Our Area - song lyrics

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Sandy-Haired Mary in Our Area.
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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by David Braham

I board with Misses Dooley, I have an attic room,
There's a little Irish lady, that sweeps it with a broom-
Her name is Mary Daley, and when the supper's ate,
She's titivated gaily beside the area gate.

Chorus.
She's a duck, she's a dove, she's the only one I love,
She's a jewel, she's a lily, she's a fairy;
She's a pet, you can bet,
She'll be Misses Grogan yet,
Fair sandy-haired Mary in our area.

She-flirts with ev'ry M.P. patrolling on the beat,
The milkman in the morning, he has his tete-a-te;
The Dutchman in the groc'ry, he gives her double weight.
And lugs her heavy baskets down to the area gate.--Chorus.

The man who carries letters, a certain Mister Flynn,
He hollers in the area, "Is Mary Daley in?"
It makes me aggravated to see her drop a plate.
And smile upon the postman, who meets her at the gate.-Chorus. '

The iceman and the butcher, the baker with the bread.
The plumber and the glazier, have nearly turned my head;
A dreamy undertaker has finished me complete,
He marries her next Sunday, we close the area gate.-Chorus.