Life's Highway - song lyrics

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

LIFE'S HIGHWAY.
Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.
Arranged by John S. Raker.
Sung by Tony Paster.

In joy and in sorrow we ramble through life,
From when our existence begins;
When first in our cradles we smiling are seen,
We all look us like us two pins.
A girl grows to maidenhood-still in short frocks
She giggling and larking is seen;
But as she grows older a change we observe,
And when she's about tweet sixteen-"

Chorus.
She's very shy and bashful, modest, and so good,
Says, "Now, don't you kiss me, for you know it's rude!"
Screams out, ' Oh, you mustn't!" whispers then, You may "-
Fond of romping with the boys on life's highway.

From girlhood to womanhood's but a short step.
She stands at the altar with pride;
Her husband looks fondly as she says, "I will,"
And kisses his newly-made bride.
'Midst hearty good wishes, 'midst slippers and rice,
They're off on their honeymoon sped;
He thinks her an angel and everything nice,
But when she's a year or two wed-

Chorus.
She's sneaking all the bed-clothes, saying, "Goodnight, Jack!"
Warming her cold tootsies on her husband's back.
"Don't you hear the baby? get up, nurse him, pray-
You're a nice 'un for a dad on life's highway.

But husbands are not always what they should be;
A wife very soon finds it out.
A woman's chief weapon's her dear little tongue,
And, oh, when she's vexed can't she shout.
Her husband goes out with his bachelor friends,
Says, "I shall come home when I like."
She nurses her wrath and the poker as well,
And when he returns she's on strike.

Chorus.
She's waiting for her husband-one or two a. m.-
Waiting with the poker-" Take that, oh, you gem!
Running thro' his pockets, collaring his pay-
'Tis the usual married dodge on life's highway.

The love that a fond mother bears for her boy
Is the tenderest feeling on earth;
His tottering footsteps she lovingly guides;
Her eyes beam with pleasure and mirth;
But, ah! when her boy has to proud manhood grown,
A sword he is yearning to wield.
My country's in danger; the poor mother sighs
As he starts for the grim battle-field.

Chorus.
"Heaven bless you, darling; tho' it breaks my heart,
England wants brave soldiers, from you I must part."
See her when the news comes -fallen in the fray,
'Tis a mournful episode in life's highway.

Old Time has rolled on, and his fingers have traced
The furrows of sorrow and care,

And grandmamma sits at the cosy fireside,
With dim eyes and silvery hair;
Beside her is grandpa, once sturdy and strong,
But now he is feeble and slow;
But grandma still loves him and clings to his side,
As she did in the days long ago.

Chorus.
Clinging to her husband, none on earth like him,
Thinking of by-gone days, ere their eyes grew dim.
Kissing him so fondly, tho' he's old and gray,
Side by side they near the end of life's highway.

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