Mcmanus And His Spike-tail Coat - song lyrics

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McManus and His Spike-Tail Coat.
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By M. F. Carey.

More power to McManus, for he was the one
Who distinguished himself above all;
Did you see the burlesque in the shape of a coat
That he wore at the Hibernian ball;
The tails of the garment hung down at his sides.
Like fenders they have on a boat;
And when he whirled 'round, you could play forty-fives
On the tail of McManus's coat.

Chorus.
Then all waltz around the room, everybody float;
You should see McManus then-he never missed a note;
Where was Ward McAllister-he'd surely cut his throat,
For McManus paralyzed them all with his spike-tail coat.

When McManns received his invite to the dance,
He at once gave his clothier a call;
Says he to McManus, I'll show you a coat
You can wear at a prize-fight or ball;
The tails of it can be detached from the rest,
A point in its favor you'll note;
Be gob, says McManus, I'll wear it to both.
And he purchased the wonderful coat.-Chorus.

When McManus togged out and jumped Into the whirl,
Sure he took every one by surprise;
Get on to McManus, the young fellows cried,
Why don't he take off his disguise;
He collided with some one, the tails got unloose,
But of this sure he never took note;
At last one fell down and disclosed a big patch,
Right under McManus's coat.-Chorus.

When the music had stopped and the dancers sat down,
It was then that the leader arose;
Says he, here's a rag that was found on the floor,
'Tis a section of somebody's clothes.
It's mine, says McManus, who jumped to the front
And grabbed the poor man by the throat,
And bad luck to the spieler, who ever he was,
That waltzed on the tail of me Coat.-Chorus.