Street Car - song lyrics

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STREET CAR
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Words and Music by John de Witt.

If you're feeling very tired after working hard all day.
And you buy an evening paper just to while the time away.
And you hail a passing street-car, where you get a corner seat,
Ten to one some clumsy lubber will then tread upon your feet.

Chorus.
This is real, 'tis not talk, while your riding by the way.
In a city like New York, such things happen every day.

Or a man with an umbrella, ent'ring briskly by-and-by,
Makes you nervous while you watch him, lest he jab you in the eye;
Or fat women with their baskets, whom you thought that you'd escape,
Will get on and lean against you, pressing you all out of shape. - Chorus.

Or a very stately matron will get on at a side street,
And remark to some one near her, "In that corner there's a seat."
Or a woman wild a baby will do all that she can do
So draw from you loudest praises, while it wipes its feet on you.-Chorus.

Or a lovely elder maiden, clutching at a hanging strap,
Is somehow precipitated on your unoffending lap;
Or a (hic) fellow, razzle-dazzle, will get (hic) on to the same car
And insist (hic) that you shall listen to a (hic) member of the bar.-Chorus.

So that you will dream of future, hoping for some kind of car
With compartments that are private, place to smoke a good cigar,
Rack to hold your paper handy, place to put your feet upon,
But you bet you'll never get it till your work on earth is done.-Chorus.