Perhaps - song lyrics

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

PERHAPS.
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Words and Music by Joseph Hart.

I married such a lovely girl, so handsome, tall and fair.
And life to me seemed' but a blissful dream;
Ton never know just how you stand-take my advice, beware I
Or, like me, you'll be in the soup tureen;
I went down town one morn, came back and she was gone
With a drummer, and a note she left for me
Said, "Good-bye, ducky dear, no more from me you'll hear."
I wonder where on earth now she can be.

Chorus.
Perhaps she's gone to Germany, perhaps she's gone to France,
Perhaps she's gone to Letty Lind to learn the gaiety dance,
Perhaps she's gone to Panama, or some place that is hotter,
Perhaps she's gone to steal Kyrle Bellew from Mrs. Potter, per-sauce!
Perhaps she's on a ferry-boat, perhaps she's on the slip;
As she went with a drummer, perhaps she's got the grip,
Perhaps she's gone to Russia to influence the Czar,
Perhaps she's on the corner a-waiting for a car.

Chorus.
Perhaps she's gone to help Jay Gould because she knows he's poor.
Perhaps she's waiting for her change in a corner dry-goods store,
Perhaps she's cutting off the heads of chickens by the peck;
If she is cutting off their heads, they'll get it in the neck;
Perhaps she's gone to Wanamaker, perhaps she's gone to Quay,
Perhaps she's gone to see the seals in San Francisco Bay,
Perhaps she's gone to Italy to get some macaroni.
Perhaps she's flew to Kalamazoo with little Annie Rooney.

Chorus.
Perhaps she's waiting for her race tip to come true,
Perhaps she's in a restaurant eating an oyster stew.
Perhaps she's with Ben Harrison and his old gratia father's bat;
Well I do hope, for her sake, that it is not as bad as that.
Perhaps she's gone to Davie Hill, perhaps Davie has kissed her;
Perhaps she's gone to be one of the seven Southerland sisters,
Perhaps she's gone to Jersey-if so, she is lost.
Perhaps she's gone to Washington to get some Chili sauce.