The Wrong Man - song lyrics

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THE WRONG MAN.
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Written and Composed by Harrington & Le Brunn.

One night my beau was rather late in calling round for me.
So when I heard a loud tat-tat, thinks I "that must be he,"
So I rushed in the passage and, no chance of courtship missing.
All in the dark I kissed him twice, then found that I'd been, kissing
The wrong man, the wrong man-was that not awful rum?
The wrong man, the wrong man, oh! Jerusalem;
I never was in such a fix before, pity me if you can,
I thought I should fall, for I'd given them all to the wrong, wrong man.

A fellow once, for love of me, would sing on our back wall,
"What, there again, young man," I thought your cheek shall have a fall;
So I got a pail of water, and the form below I covered.
Then I let go the pailful, and I found I'd almost smothered
The wrong man, the wrong mail-was that not awful rum?
The wrong man, the wrong man, oh! Jerusalem;
I never was in such a fix before, pity me if you can,
For there on the spot I emptied the lot on the wrong, wrong man.

A fellow once called me a false, deceitful little flirt;
I went and told my sweetheart Joe, and he was awful hurt.
Says I, "He lives at number six." Says Joe, "He'll get a milling";
And when I followed Joe, I found him pretty nearly killing
The wrong man, the wrong man-was that not awful rum
The wrong man, the wrong man, oh! Jerusalem;
I never was in such a fix be fore, pity me if you can,
He was spoiling the clothes and punching the nose of the wrong, wrong man.