It's The Last Time - song lyrics

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

IT'S THE LAST TIME.
Copyright, 1892, by Will Rossiter
Words and Music by J. W. Kelly.

Thro' life we all build upon great expectations.
And make resolutions to win in the race,
But somehow we meet with so many vexations,
That very few of us can count on a place;
Now when I got married I thought I was "In it,"
And said: I'm the luckiest man among men;
But if I were single for one precious minute,
I know that I never would marry again.

Chorus.
It's the last time, the last time;
'Twas highly improper, I see;
It's the last time, the last time,
The last time remember for me.

My neighbor Doc. Smith started early last Sunday
To go straight to church and keep holy the day,
But nobody saw him again until Monday,
And he was so full, not a word could he say;
Then I took him home, for his family knew me;
I thought 'twas a duty that I ought to do:
His wife said that she'd run the butcher-knife through me,
But I took the bet and you bet that I flew.- Chorus.

My wife asked me sweetly one evening to take her
To some nice theatre to see a good show,
And, she being quiet and staid as a Quaker,
I couldn't decide on the best place to go.
So, somehow or other, a burlesque was playing,
Where always before the real drama had been;
The girls were in tights and their figures displaying.
But I didn't know it until we got in.-Chorus.

You know there are people who always will borrow;
They don't seem to have anything of their own;
Their gall is enormous, they cause lots of sorrow;
You'll meet them no matter wherever you roam;
A friend said to me: "Your dress suit let me take it;
I'm only going out for a drive in a hack."
When he returned it, why I hardly knew it.
Both sleeves were gone, and 'twas split up the back.

Chorus.
It's the last time, the last time;
What I've suffered there's nobody knows;
It's the last time, the last time
I'll ever lend people my clothes.

A Jew and his son they had just paid their ten cents.
Were up in the gall'ry to see a great show;
On the stage there were Indians and all sorts of nonsense,
And music so soft, it was too soft to flow;
The boy got excited, he'd not heard such music,
Till all of a sudden he fell through the air;
Then his father looked over and snouted to "Isik" :
"Holy Moses, come up, it's a dollar down there."

Chorus.
It's the last time, the last time;
He's gone from this world of pain:
It's the last time, the last time,
For the boy "never smiled again."

I once knew a man who all summer was resting-
In plain English language, was on the "hog train";
Through troubles of business and all his investing.
He didn't grow sleepless or worry his brain;
He'd only a dime upon his whole outfit-
He wanted a shave and a beer, I think.
Says he, I'll toss up, and let that decide it,
Heads for a shave, and tails for a drink.

Chorus.
It's the last time, the last time
He'll ever do that, I'm sure;
It's the last time, the last time,
For it came down And rolled in the sewer

Now Willie was only for this world a short life,
Ready and anxious some caper to cut,
Found an old mirror, and then with a pen-knife
He scraped off the silver and then eat it up;
His mother was frightened and told the sad story
To her neighbor next door and his friend Mrs. Brown,
She said that her small boy was "going to glory;
"Tas was a cold day for him, when the merc'ry went down."

Chorus.
It's the last time, the last time;
His mother has no one to smack;
It's the last time, the last time.
For Willie "he never came back."

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk