It Doesn't Belong To Me - song lyrics

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IT DOESN'T BELONG TO ME.
Copyright, 1893, by Frank Harding.
Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

One night I dropped into a club where oft I make a call,
So hung my brand-new topcoat on the coat rack in the hall;
I stayed quite late, then thought I'd go straight home and right to bed,
But somebody had sneaked my coat and left me his instead.

Chorus.
It doesn't belong to me, I don't know that's about it,
Tickled to death I'd he if I could get without it;
If there is half a chance, you can guarantee
I'll pass it off on somebody else-it doesn't belong to me.
(Singer snaps his fingers.)

The inside pocket "took the cake," 'twas full of stale bread crumbs,
And then there was an old clay pipe, the "bummiest" of the bums;
Another pocket brought to light a faded piece of silk.
And a bottle with a tube inside for giving babies milk.-Chorus.

At first I felt inclined to cry, I searched and searched until
I found a secret pocket and a hundred-dollar bill;
I went to drink the owner's health and spend some of the tin,
But the greenback was a counterfeit and so they run me in.- Chorus.

When safe inside the police station, they in the lining found
A lot of stuff called dynamite, it nearly weighed a pound;
They said I was a Fenian, refused to take my bail,
The judge was dead against me and I got six months in jail.

Spoken-As soon as I got out a beautiful girl with a beautiful baby in her arms met me at the gate. "Oh, Robert, my own darling Robert I" she cried, "you have come out at last." Then she handed me the child and asked me if I didn't recognize it. Recognize it, why should I? While I was examining the strawberry-mark on its funnybone she suddenly vanished, And now I am guardian of a brand-new kid, although I assure you:-Chorus.