Our Girls - song lyrics

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

OUR GIRLS.
Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co.
Words and Music by Thomas LeMack.

During all your travels 'round, have you paid much attention
To the diff'rent type of women folk-for instance, in New York,
The pretty little Broadway girl, so fleet of comprehension;
The style that they put on, the movement, manner and the walk; those-

Chorus.
Girls, with pearls and golden curls, along Broadway;
They all seem so peculiar when they stare that way,
And say, with forced sarcasm, "Who you looking at, you jay?"
You'll meet some lovely maidens here along Broadway.

Should you chance to stroll down town, you'll claim that it's a treat;
It really Is worth while to wait for hours there, to see
And notice what a diff'rence in the young girl that you'll meet-
The highly typical young ladies from the Bowery; those-

Chorus.
Girls that are dead "in it" on the Bowery;
Bold on there-what's your hurry, Charlie, wait for me;
I'm on, you want to shake me? Ah! but that won't go with me!
'Cause you can't lose me, Charlie, on the Bowery.

'Course you've met the swell young girl that thinks she is perfection,
And imagines she knows all regarding strict society;
The girl that overdoes all things, her manner and affection
Would lead one to believe that she was "'way, 'way up in G!" those-

Chorus.
Girls that "cawn't" and "shawn't" upon Fifth Avenue;
That really do imagine they're the chosen few;
That shake hands 'way up there, and say, "Chauncey, how d'ye dot"
Those over-rated maidens from Fifth Avenue.

'Course you've heard of Thompson Street, where wenches can be found;
When Sunday comes, dressed in their best, oh, my, but they look gay;
So black that you can't find them when the night comes rolling 'round;
But dressed so loud that you can bear them half a mile away; those-

Chorus.
Wenches that go strolling 'round on Thompson Street;
So stout they have to waddle, just to ease their feet,
If a nigger dare insult me, with a stick his head I'll beat;
I'm a lady, every inch of me, on Thompson Street.