The Sporty Coon - song lyrics

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THE SPORTY COON.
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Words by Frank Buckley. Music by Andrew Mack.

I'm a sporty little coon, and I'll tell you pretty soon
How I get on to the money that I blow;
I've a system that I play, and when things they come my way,
You can bet yer boots that I get all the dough;
I'm dead on to "three-card monte," I can always call the turn;
I know the number on the wheel before the twirl,
But there's one game throws me down, it's the talk of all the town,
Why a sporty man like me can't catch a girl.

Chorus.
Will some one Introduce me to a nice young miss?
I don't want to neither beg nor borrow;
There ain't no limit to me, she can have all this;
Nothing then but happiness-no sorrow.
Then throw your arms around me, love, and give your boy a kiss,
And say you'll love me just the same to-morrow;
Don't lose me, I'm a bird-only say the word,
And we'll go get married early In the morning.

Now I sometimes play at faro, and I always break the bank;
When they see me coming in they lock the door;
I'm dead on to all their snaps, I'm a corker shooting "craps";
I've a cinch on "four-eleven-forty-four."
If I go to play the races, all the "bookies" drop their odds;
I row a boat so fast I make the waters churl;
I'm a wonder at base-ball-I catch anything at all;
But, upon the level, I can't catch a girl.- Chorus.