Clancy's Mistakes - song lyrics

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CLANCY'S MISTAKES.
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Words and Music by John Tierney.

Mike Clancy lost the job he had
Two weeks ago to-night,
Soon after that he asked me
If I'd anything in sight;
I got him on a street car,
As conductor thro' the day;
He bought a brand new uniform
And started right away:
They made him watch the crossings,
And the names of streets Call out,
And information gather
From the signs along the route,
While passing by a corner
He a billiard parlor spied:
He pulled the bell, the gripman stopped
And Clancy loudly cried:

Chorus.
Billiards and Pool street,
Clancy hollered out.
The people never heard that street before.
Along the route;
He saw a lamp-post painted red,
And as the car drew nigher,
He got excited, pulled the bell.
And loudly yelled out "Fire!"

When Clancy got back from the trip,
The foreman he got rash;
He collared Clancy by the neck
And took away the Curb;
He fired Mike out thro' the door,
'Twas much to his disgrace.
But very soon we heard that he
Had got another place,
'Twas in a retail dry-goods store.
Where he was "ladles man,"
And ran the hose department
On the European plan:
A lady called, she priced some Stockings,
While the boss stood nigh.
Then Clancy's bosom swelled with pride,
He wanted to act fly:

Chorus.
Silk ones, ten dollars,
Colors bright And gay:
"Oh, dear." she said, "but they come high;
I'll not take them to-day;"
The woman sized up Clancy, and said the,
"I like your gall.'
"You can't blame me," says Clancy,
"For you see you're awful tall."

Now bad luck seems to follow Mike,
No matter where he goes.
He's always making funny breaks.
As ev'ry body knows:
He's made mistakes so often
That the bosses all got tired,
And from each job that he has had
Poor Mike, of course, was fired.
his dry-goods man let up on him.

But only for a while;
He told poor Mike to watch himself
And gave him one more trial:
The bosses' wife came in one day
To get some underwear,
And Clancy had to wait on her,
No other clerk was there.

Chorus.
"Walk this way, lady."
She said, "I can't.
Show me your summer underclothes,
A favor to me grant,"
Then Clancy started to disrobe
In front of all the store.
His trial comes off next Friday,
He ain't working any more.

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