My Ann Elizer - song lyrics

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MY ANN ELIZER.
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Words and Music by Malcolm Williams.

My girl ain't much to look at, she ain't no dream.
She can't sing like an angel, Ann Elizer Green,
But when she hears the "rag time "she can't keep still,
Her nerves commence a-jumpin' she gets a chill-well,
Her eyes begin a-shinin', her cheeks get red,
Her feet commence to shuffle, she shakes her head.
And when she starts a-dancin' she's the real thing;
I can't keep still no longer, I got to sing:-Well-

Chorus.
My Ann Elizer, she's a surpriser. a tantalizer, she's in the whirl,
And I'll advertise her, my Ann Elizer, she is my "rag-time" girl.

I took her to a party last Sunday night.
Where of the coons were dancin', ended in a fight,
There was a yeller feller from Thompson Street,
Said that he had a baby no wench could beat-well.
I bet on Ann Elizer all that I had.
When she got through a-dancm' that coon looked sad.
He tried to grab the money, I carved him deep,
I sang this song to him as he went to sleep:-well- Cho.