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The Same Old Game

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THE SAME OLD GAME

Music by, Hopwood & Crew.

When I was quite a lad,
And the darling of my dad,
I was troublesome as troublesome could be
If I saw a little boy
With a fancy little toy,
I was sure to make him turn it up to me ;
And if he said me nay,
I would upset all his play,
proceeding which was sure to bring me
blame,
And tho' my shoes were dripping,
With the scoldings and the whipping,
would carry on the same old game.

The same old game,
The same old game,
I'd a spirit that the old one couldn't tame,
For it mattered not to me,
How I suffered for the spree,
I would carry on the same old game.

Now when I older grew,
More of mischief I still knew,
For danger with my doings would increase,
Let the time be day or dark,
I was in at every lark,
And my neighbours never knew a minutes
peace ;
Wrenching knockers, breaking lamps,
Pitching into rogues and tramps,
While boxing with the bobbies won me fame,
And though each little job,
Cost me nearly twenty bob,
I would carry on the same old game.
The same old game, &c.

Soon in time I grew a man,
But still mischief was my ban,
For I made the pretty darlings my delight,
Big or little, dark or fair,
It would never matter where,
I was loving them from morning until night ;
And to each and all I said,
Some morning we'd get wed,
Yet though at least a dozen made a claim,
And the judges in the court
Fined me heavy for my sport,
Still I carry on the same old game.

The same old game, &c.

Now I've settled down in life,
And I've got a little wife,
Who is charming, yes, as charming as can be,
Yet still I regret to state,
That I often stop out late,
And won't give up my liquor and latch key !
But all that goes amiss,
I settle with a kiss,
And thus my little tigress do I tame,
For tho' she can come it strong,
And her nails are very long,
Still I carry on the same old game.

The same old game, &c.



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