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Chase Me, Girls

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CHASE ME, GIRLS

I belong to a set they call goody,
And the girls vote me awfully nice,
Tho' my head's just a little bit woody,
I'm entirely free from all vice,
I am thought to be quite a comedian,
I'm so awfully fond of a chaff,
With the little yum-yums,

Bless t'ei. dear little gums,
You should hear them titter and laugh when I cry,
Chase me, girls, come along,
There now don't be so shy,
I know you all want to embrace me,
Well I'll kiss every miss,
Or I'll have a good try,
Now's your time, girls, so come along chase me.

As I passed Kings Cross Station last Sunday,
I was shocked beyond measure you bet.
When an elderly female who one day,
Perhaps of teeth had a vazy nice set,
Mumbled, "Charlie dear where are you going?"
But "My name is not Charlie," I replied,
"Well," said she, "you are proud,"

And just then a big crowd,
Of at least twenty girls loudly orled,
Chase him Liz, its good biz.,
Give him one in the eye,
Said I you intend to disgrace me,
Just for fun take a run,
You will find I can fly,
Now's your time, Ladies, come along chase me.

I must own I'm a little bit specky,
On a number of girls that I know,
But for all that I'm not such a luney,
As to marry just yet, oh dear no.
On the slightest suggestion of marriage,
By one of my sweethearts I say,

I can kid you, d'yer see,
But you mustn't kid me,
You will hear me cry out one fine day,
Chase me, girls, tral lal la,
Au rezoir, tat tat ta,
Now's your time if you want to embrace me,
We shall meet in the sweet,
In the sweet by and bye,
If you want me for brach you must chase me.