If A Table At Rector's Could Talk.

Words by
Will D. Cobb.

Music by
Raymond Hubbell.

Piano.

There is a tavern in our town, In our town; And then at night I set me down, set me down; To dine and wine with laughter free. For

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laughter is the only thing that's free at Rector's. I was

sitting at my table laughing all that I was able. When I

thought I thought a funny little thought. What a

funny thing 'twould be in the year 1913. If a
What a lot of news you'd hear, Through your conversation ear, If a

Table at Rector's could talk.

Refrain.

hear what someone's Adam said to someone else's
know the chumps behind the checks of half the girls in
hear how wise that boop is there who acts just like a

If A Table etc.
Eve
town,
you'd
hear some men don't
have to wear a
mustache to de
cieve.
You'd hear how wide his
tail or made your
home-made Par
gown.
You'd hear some
bodies' right name, and if
backs on old Broad-
way.
You'd hear that white-haired
waiter, you just
poker partner's
sleeve.
You'd hear of horses
that
you'd just stick a
round.
You'd hear a
secret pop
threshold tipped your last week's pay.
Will build the biggest ho-
lose in a walk.
You'd hear how Sue-
sie spot light does it
with every cork.
You'd hear who put the
welcome on a
tel in New York.
You'd hear why Mr.
man downtown is

If A Table etc. 5
on eighteen per week—You'd hear who made the Manager give

a certain map up town—You'd hear who's hand is slipping on a

acting kind of strange—You'd hear he happens to be with his

her them lines to speak, And a lot of men would pony up a

job he's holding down, And some good old reputations would start

own wife for a change And a lot of folks that we know would be

lot of Alimony, If a table in Rector's could

off on long vacations, If a table in Rector's could

pack trunks for Reno! If a table in Rector's could

talk. You'd talk.
talk. You'd talk.
talk. You'd talk.