When You're All Dressed Up And No Place To Go.

Lyric by
BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT.

Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

Andante moderato.

When the lights shine bright o'er the town at night, And it's
'Midst the cheerful gloom, of a hotel room, I have
Once a friend of mine gave me one swell time, That I
I at one time sat, 'neath my own silk hat, In my

laugh-ter, wine and song, Life is one de-light, if you
sat dressed up at night, And have some-times thought, that the
shall not soon for-get, The ex-cite-ment be hand-ed
ev'-ning clothes and cane, In a swell ho-tel, where I

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stand in right, But it's H-11, when you stand in
clothes I've bought, Were to blame for my awful
out to me, Was a brand that you don't oft
did not dwell, And hired them to page my

wrong. Though your soul may cry for the life called high: And your
plight. Then I've looked again at my manly frame, And re-
get. We went through Grant's Tomb in the afternoon, Which was
name. It was music sweet, to my ears a treat, As my

coin you would gladly blow: 'Tis a bitter cup to be
marked to myself quite low; 'Tis a cruel fate that a
pleasure enough alone, Then we went to call on his
name they would loudly shout, Till a large well-fed house de-

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all dressed up, When you've no place at all to go.

fashion plate, Should have no place at all to go.

Uncle Paul, Who was sick in the Soldier's home.

Detective said, I was in, but was just going out.

Refrain.

When you're all dressed up, an' no place to go, Life seems weary,

dear-y and slow, My heart has ached and bled, For the

tears I've shed, When I'd no place to go, unless I

When You're All etc. 4
went back to bed, I've had a sad, sad life, And when

ever I go, To that peaceful spot, Where the

violets grow, up - on a nice white stone will be

written below: "He was all dressed up but no place to go."

When You're All etc. 4