

ME AND DUPUIS

Dupuis and I were gettin' high in a place called the Hobo Bar.
It was set off back, down the track in the hulk of a Pullman car.
The excitement was high (like Dupuis and I), 'bout a rumor goin' roun',
it seems that a train, out 'n the main was headin' into town.

It wasn't gold so we'd bin told, that made this train so neat,
but a load of girls, all laces and curls, with slippers on their feet!
This type of lady (somewhat shady), had never once bin near.
It gave me chills, imagine the thrills of having them all here.

Peaches and cream, it sounds like a dream, rouge and lipstick red,
frilly skirts, stuffed full shirts, feathers on their head!
Then says Dupuis (he's from Pariee), "There's secrets under them gowns,
dainty feet, toes painted neat, and ribbons trailing down".

"Don't tell me more." I said from the floor, where I found it easy to sit.
"My heads a buzz, full of fuzz, thinking just gives me a fit."
Then says Dupuis, "Come Mon ami, we'll sit out by the track".
So he helped me up (I grabbed my cup), and led me out the back.

We settled down near the ground behind that noisy bar,
I couldn't speak my head was weak, we waited for that car.
Then I said through my fuzzy head, "Just tell me one thing more,
I want to hear with them ladies dear, just what we have in store".

Now old Dupuis he says to me, "Mon Dieu, you won't believe"!
"Things they say, their sweet sashay, they'll have you on your knee".
I grabbed my cup and drank it up, my head was filled with awe,
to be so near those ladies dear, and things I'd never saw.

I'd bin up here for more'n a year workin' my stingy claim,
I've often thought and truly fought, hard to make my fame.
Each few days I'd clean my pays and hike on into town,
buy some grub, and soak in a tub, then into the whiskey drown.

It's mighty hard, you die by the yard working a placer creek,
the ground is rough the weather's tough, it's not for the soft or weak.
The story's old, we come for gold, we slave with a crazy stare,
but it's all for naught, the gold could rot without a love to share.

I look at Dupuis, and "Friend" says me, "We got to be there first".
"Thinking of girls, all laces and curls is making me really thirst".
"Not for the rye, I wouldn't try to drink another down".
"It's for the girls, the laces and curls, what's under that satin gown".

Dupuis comes back with another sack of whiskey oh so neat,
I fill my cup and drink it up and try to find my feet.
We make our way to the rail-way, station down the track.
I want to be the first to see, a girl and bring her back.

My excitement's high, I nearly die, waiting for that car.
I down a shot of that oily rot we'd taken from the bar.
My pal Dupuis he says to me, "I think I see the train".
I try to look but the whiskey took, the seein' from my brain.

The train pulls in and I try to grin as the ladies all step down.
I curse my eyes for telling lies, I see no lacey gown.
I feel a heave and then believe my life is surely done.
Not one curl on any girl, they're all dressed like a Nun!