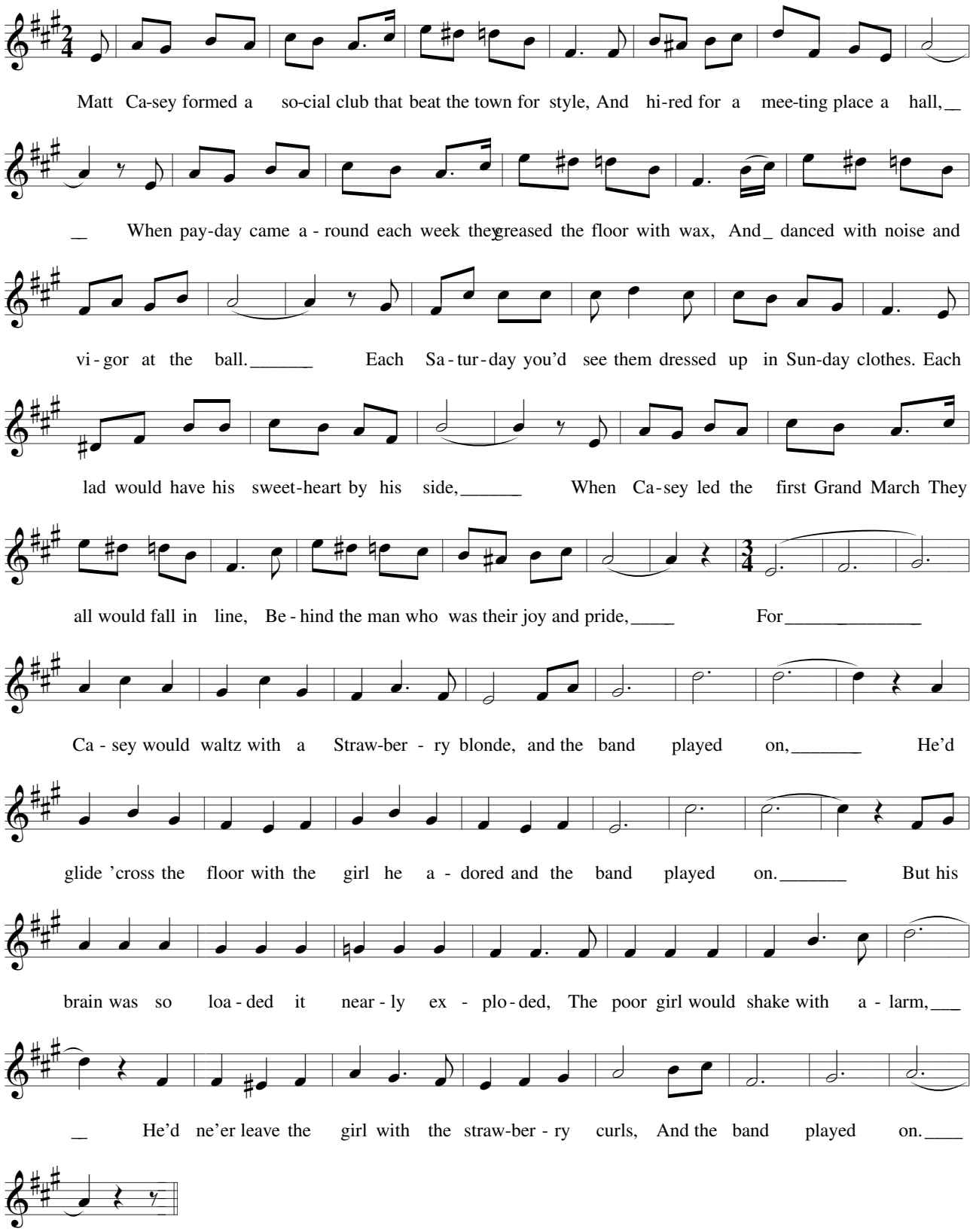
Matt Ca-sey formed a so-cial club that beat the town for style, And hi-red for a mee-ting place a hall,
When pay-day came a - round each week they greased the floor with wax, And danced with noise and
vi - gor at the ball. Each Sa - tur - day you'd see them dressed up in Sun-day clothes. Each
lad would have his sweet-heart by his side, When Ca - sey led the first Grand March They
all would fall in line, Be - hind the man who was their joy and pride, For
Ca - sey would waltz with a Straw-ber - ry blonde, and the band played on, He'd
glide 'cross the floor with the girl he a - dored and the band played on. But his
brain was so loa - ded it near - ly ex - plo - ded, The poor girl would shake with a - larm,
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the straw-ber - ry curls, And the band played on.