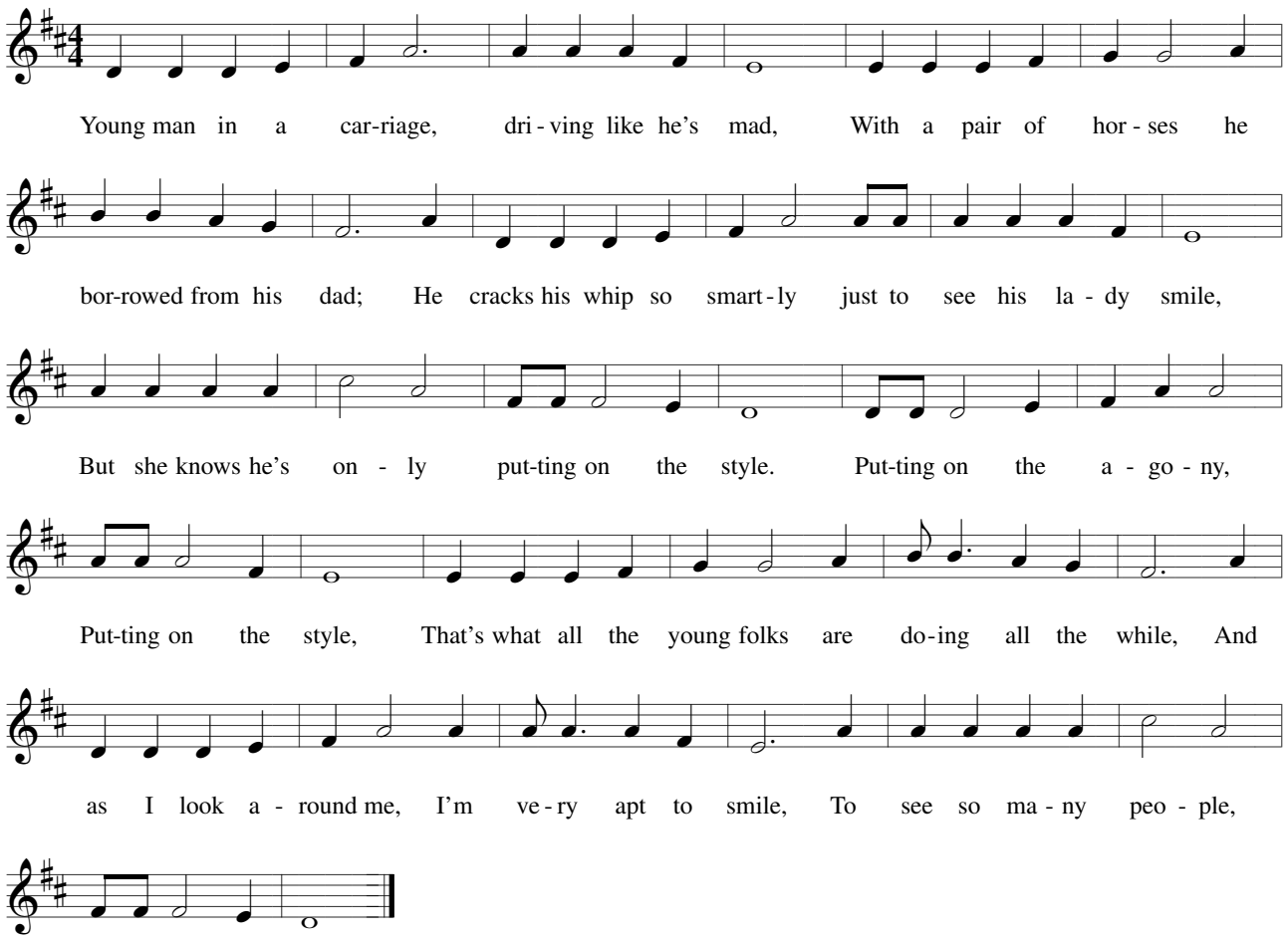
Young man in a car-riage, dri-ving like he's mad, With a pair of hor-ses he
bor-rowed from his dad; He cracks his whip so smart-ly just to see his la-dy smile,
But she knows he's on-ly put-ting on the style. Put-ting on the a-go-ny,
Put-ting on the style, That's what all the young folks are do-ing all the while, And
as I look a-round me, I'm ve-ry apt to smile, To see so ma-ny peo-ple,
Put-ting on the style.