The Nineteen Year Old

Stew Clayton

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As I was a walking one night by the strand
I met a young lady all dressed up so grand
The feature of refinery and jewels set in gold
Said she was a maiden just nineteen years old.

Well her fingers were tapered, her neck like a swan
Her head tipped a little and her voice not too strong
In six weeks we were married, the wedding bells tolled
I married that maiden just nineteen years old.

After the wedding we retired to rest
I thought I would die when that female undressed
A trunk full of cotton she first did unload
I thought it darn funny for a nineteen year old.

Well, she unscrewed her left leg as far as the knee
Took off her fingers and I counted but three
And out on the carpet her glass eye did roll
This fair little maiden just nineteen years old.

She took off her eyebrows, I thought I would faint
Next from her mug, came a carload of paint
She took off her false wig, her bald head did show
She was closer to ninety, than nineteen years old.

She took out her false teeth, I jumped up in terror
Her chin and her nose fell right in together
Now Iâ€™m telling you sheâ€™s a sight to behold
This fair little maiden just nineteen years old.

Now all you young fellows when a-courtinâ€™ you go
Make sure she is perfect from her head to her toe
To pay for your folly like me youâ€™ll get sold
To a patched up old maid about ninety years old.

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