

Put On Your Sunday Clothes

Michael Crawford

Out there
There's a world outside of Yonkers
Way out there beyond this hick town, Barnaby
There's a slick town, Barnaby
Out there
Full of shine and full of sparkle
Close your eyes and see it glisten, Barnaby
Listen, Barnaby...
Put on your Sunday clothes,
There's lots of world out there
Get out the brillantine and dime cigars
We're gonna find adventure in the evening air
Girls in white in a perfumed night
Where the lights are bright as the stars!
Put on your Sunday clothes, we're gonna ride through town
In one of those new horsedrawn open cars
We'll see the shows at Delmonicos
And we'll close the town in a whirl
And we won't come until we've kissed a girl!

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