

The Fellow That Looked Like Me

In sad de-spair I wan-dered, My heart was filled with woe. While
on my grief I pon-dered, what to do I did not know, Since
cru-el fate has on me frowned the troub-le seemed to be, There
is a fel-low in this town the ve-ry im-age of me. Oh,
would-n't I like to catch him where-ev-er he may be. Oh,
would-n't I give him par-tic-u-lar fits, the fel-low that looks like me.

Chorus

One evening as I started up Central Park to go
I was met by a man upon the road, saying, "Pay me the bills you owe."
In vain I said, "I owe you naught," he would not let me free
Till a crowd came around and I paid the bills for the fellow that looked like me.

(Chorus)

One night as I went walking through a narrow street up town
I was caught by a man upon the road, saying, "How are you, Mr. Brown?"
He said his daughter I had wronged, though the girl I ne'er did see.
He kicked me till I was black and blue for the fellow that looked like me.

(Chorus)

Then to a ball I went one night just to enjoy the sport,
A policeman caught me by the arm saying, "You're wanted down to court.
You've escaped me thrice, but this here time I am sure you can't get free."
So I was arrested and dragged to jail for the fellow that looked like me.

(Chorus)

I was tried next day, found guilty too, just to be taken down
When another policeman just stepped in with the right Mr. Brown.
They locked him up and set me free; oh, wasn't he a sight to see?
The homeliest man that ever I saw was the fellow that looked like me.

(Chorus)