

## *Such A Time*

I

This life's a hollow bubble,  
Don't you know?  
Just a painted piece of twouble,  
Don't you know?  
We come on earth to cwy;  
We gwow oldeh and we sigh;  
Oldeh still and then we die,  
Don't you know?

2

It is all a horrid mix,  
Don't you know?  
Business, love and politics,  
Don'n you know?  
Clubs and pawties, cliques and sets,  
Fashions, follies, sins, wegwets,  
Struggle, stwife and cigawettes,  
Don't you know?

3

And we worry through each day,  
Don't you know?  
In a sort of, kind of, way,  
Don't you know?  
But it's all so flat and dead,  
Bweakfast, luncheon, dinnah, bed;  
That is all when life is said,  
Don't you know?

4

Love? O, yes, you meet a gi'l,  
Don't you know?  
And you get in such a whi'l,  
Don't you know?  
That you get down on the floah  
To adoah and to imploah,  
And it's weally such a boah,  
Don't you know?