

Christopher Brady's Ole Lady

Tiny Tim

She held on her hand and he had to comply
She spoke with her eyes and Christopher Brady
Had met his old lady

We drank but no one bought a round
Everyone gathered all those who mattered
To see who had caught the millionaire
When off came his top hat
And down came his hair

When he held on his hand and
She had to comply
He spoke with his eyes and
A beautiful lady became Mrs. Brady

Time came to end a whoopity-doo
The old man of plenty
His young bride of twenty
When time to live a life of flaw
She merely wished
And it was there

She held on her hand and he had to comply
She spoke with her eyes and Christopher Brady
Would show us his lady

Years brought an unexpected change
As Brady grew older
His missus got bolder

A young man
Would always wait below
When she pulled her shade down
Up he would go

But one night
The old man couldn't sleep
While out for there he
Looked up out there
He held love
In silhouette betray

Quickly he shot 'em
Right through the shades
He shot them dead

When he held on his hand and
She couldn't comply
He spoke with his eyes and Christopher Brady
Just kissed his old lady
Goodbye