

Hello, Dolly!

"Put On Your Sunday Clothes"

Visit "[Put On Your Sunday Clothes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 brilliantine 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 horse drawn open cars
We'll see the shows at Delmonico
And we'll close the town in a whirl
And we won't come home until we've kissed a girl

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out
Strut down the street and have your picture took
Dressed like a dream, your spirits seem to turn about
That Sunday shine is a certain sign that you feel as fine
as you look

Beneath your parasol, the world is all the smile
That makes you feel brand new down to your toes
Get out your feathers, your patent leathers
Your beads and buckles and bows

For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday
No Monday in your Sunday
No Monday in your Sunday clothes

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out
Strut down the street and have your picture took
Dressed like a dream, your spirits seem to turn about
That Sunday shine is a certain sign that you feel as fine
as you look

Beneath your parasol, the world is all the smile
That makes you feel brand new down to your toes
Get out your feathers, your patent leathers
Your beads and buckles and bows
For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday clothes

Put on your Sunday clothes when you feel down and out
Strut down the street and have your picture took
Dressed like a dream, your spirits seem to turn about
That Sunday shine is a certain sign that you feel as fine
as you look

Beneath your bowler brim the world's a simple song
A lovely love that makes you tilt your nose
Get out your slickers, your flannel knickers
Your red suspenders and hose
For there's no blue Monday in your Sunday clothes

Ermengarde keep smiling no man wants a little ninny
Ambrose do a turn, let me see
Mr.Hackl, Mr.Tucker, don't forget Irene and Minnie
Just forget you ever heard a word from me

All aboard, all aboard
All aboard, all aboard
Aboard

Put on your Sunday clothes there's lots of world out
there
Put on your silk cravat and patent shoes
We're gonna find adventure in the evening air
To town we'll trot, to a smoky spot where the girls are
hot as a fuse

Put on your silk high hat and at the turned up cuff
We'll wear a hand made gray suede buttoned glove
We wanna take New York by storm
We'll join the Astors at Tony Pastor's
And this I'm positive of that we won't come home

No, we won't come home
No, we won't come home until we fall in love

Visit [Hello, Dolly!](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.