

Peggy March

"Too Much Of A Good Thing"

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Too Much of a Good Thing

(Peggy Seeger)

On Monday night he came to my door, and he made
such a din.

"Get up, get up you darling girl, and let your lover
come in."

Well I got up and I let him in, and on me he did fall.

It was 5 o'clock in the morning before I got any sleep at
all.

On Tuesday night he came to my door, the joys of love
to tend.

"Get up, get up you darling girl before I go round the
bend."

Well, I got up and I let him in, and in my arms he lay.

I had to hear the stroke of four before he'd go away.

On Wednesday night he came to my door, a little late in
time.

"I'd have been here sooner you darling girl, but the
hill's so hard to climb."

I hadn't been long all in his arms before he let me be.

Then out of the house and down the road just after the
stroke of three.

On Thursday night he came to my door so weary and
so slow.

"Oh, give me a drink you darling girl and then to work
we'll go."

Well, all night long he fought with it, but I had to help
him through.

And I heard him sigh as he rose to go, "It's only after
two."

On Friday night he came to my door, shaking in every
limb.

"Get up, get up you darling girl, get up and carry me
in."

Well, I got up and I carried him in, and gently laid him
down.

But hardly could his spirits rise to reach the stroke of
one.

On Saturday night he came to my door, he came on his
hands and knees.

"Oh, don't come down you darling girl, stay in and let

me be."

Well, I got up and I let him in, but he fell down in a swoon.

And though often I tried to raise him up, he slept till Sunday noon.

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