

## Berlin Irving

### "Policemen's Ball, The"

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Tickets for one and all  
For the Policemen's Ball

Fifty cents for a gent and his bundle  
Will admit you to the Policemen's Ball  
Fifty cents and you're all set to trundle  
Arm in arm and dance all around the hall

Dancin' 'round, gettin' hot 'neath the collar  
If it starts to wilt from the lack of starch  
There'll be six you can buy for a dollar  
And you'll have a spare for the big Grand March

All evening they'll be tripping the light fantastic  
Watch their suspenders stretching the old elastic

Each dress'd up in a suit made of cotton  
Patent leather shoes that are much too small  
But who cares? That'll soon be forgotten  
Dancing at the Policemen's Ball

[coda:]  
Come on let's go to the Policemen's Ball

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