

For you know you felt sure, something
 wrong would occur

If you rode on the cars, for what if
 there were

People riding all day and all night
 on their fare,

They surely were safe if you were not
 there.

How have I got along since you left
 that day?

In just about the same old sort of
 a way,

With dishes to wash, and scrubbing
 to do,

And churning, and washing, and
 ironing too,

Then baking the bread, and the cakes
 and the pies,