You've heard of Peg-gy O'Neil, Ev-ry-one knows that she's real,
Peg-gy made quite a big hit, Now she don't fig-ure a bit,
She's got a broth-er and when he's in a crowd, They nudge each oth-er and yell right out loud:
With her big broth-er, for when he goes a-bout, Girl-ies go wild and they all start to shout:

CHORUS
"There goes Mick-ey O' Neil, There goes Mick-ey O' Neil, With his head held up high, he pass-es them by, Then all of a sud-den some one on the sly hol-lers "Look at
Mick-ey O' Neil How chest-y and proud he must feel," Sure they're sore as a blister 'Cause Peg-gy's his sis-ter, and he's Mick-ey O' Neil!" -a-tion, He's now a sen-sa-tion 'cause he's Mick-ey O' Neil!" Neill!"

PATTER CHORUS
There goes Mick-ey O' Neil, You can tell it's him right off the reel; There goes Mick-ey O' Neil, Gee, how jeal-ous all the fel-lows feel; He's so al-ert, So read-y to flirt, Sure if those ga-loates were on-ly in his boots, Why, they'd be tick-led to death to give their shirt, when they Look at
Mick-ey O' Neil, They say he got some luck-y deal; 'Al- tho' Peg-gy was a big sen-sa-tion, Now she has a riv-al and he's her re-la-tion, There's no oth-er he's her lit-tle broth-er, Mick-ey O' Neil.

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