

# I Can't Make It Out, Can You - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT, CAN YOU

My name is Joe Slycove, I'm not quite a fool,  
Nor yet am I cram full of knowledge;  
I was not brought up at a grand boarding school.  
And I've never been inside a college;  
I'm a kind of philosopher, tho', in my way,  
As the journey of life I go through,  
And the strange things we hear of and see ev'ry day,  
I can't make it out, can you?

Chorus.

No! I can't make it out, can you?  
I can't make it out, can you?  
The queer things I see quite mystify me,  
And I can't make them out, can you ?

Now I know a party-some call him a swell,  
For his style is so heavy and grand,  
You'd think him the Marquis of Hanover Square,  
Or some other " big pot" of the land;  
He follows the fashion, drinks " Chammy " and drives  
His girl down to Richmond or Kew,  
Yet he's only a clerk, upon sixty a year-  
Now I can't make that out, can you?-Chorus.

Moderation in drink is a thing I admire,  
But total abstinence-all bosh!  
I can do a few glasses whene'er I require,  
But the " Good Templar" system won't wash!  
Now I know of one who won't touch beer or grog,  
And tells me my small drinking I'll rue,  
While her nose is as red as the sun in a fog-  
Now I can't make that out, can you?-Chorus.

And the dear darling girls who go sailing along  
(Some "impertinent" folks call them guys),  
What with pads on their heads and humps on their backs,  
They appear quite a glorious size;  
But when they dismantle, oh! dear, what a sell!  
As soon as the truth comes to view,  
You find there's more shadow than substance, my friends,  
And I don't care for that much-do you?-Chorus.

There's a neighbor of mine sells new milk from the cow,  
And new milk from the cow's very nice,  
His trade is but small, whilst his family's large,  
And his milk is sold at a low price;  
I've ne'er seen or heard one of his cows, I declare,  
Tho' he represents he's got a few,  
And somehow his pump's always out of repair-  
Now I can't make that out, can you?-Chorus.

Now I trust you're not tired, and wish me away,  
For I am not myself in the least,  
But I think lor the present I've gossiped enough,  
And enough is as good as a feast;  
Without any scandal I give you my thoughts

Upon things as they seem to my view,  
And if in ray song there is anything wrong,  
I can't make it out, can you?-Chorus.