

That's Where You Make The Mistake - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

That's Where You Make the Mistake.

Some folks think they're awfully clever,
That all other folks are but fools;
Some people will often endeavour
To make other people their tools;
Some people will boast of their knowledge,
And fancy they're well wide-a-wake,
That none are so deep or so cute as themselves,
That's where they make the mistake.
There's just as good fish in the sea, bear in mind,
As those we have managed to take;
So don't be too proud, and don't crow too loud,
For that's where you make the mistake.

Don't imagine you'll meet with a bobby,
Whene'er there's a row in the street;
Don't imagine you'll find a fishmonger
Declare that his fish are not sweet;
Do not fancy you'll meet with a cabby,
Who more than his fare will not take;
Many as well think an oyster could crawl up a tree,
And there you would make a mistake.
If you fancy a girl dislikes a small kiss,
You must be-what some folks call-a cake;
If you think your collector of taxes won't call,
That's where you make the mistake.

Don't image a man has no coin in his purse,
Because he's not dressed as a swell;
A book with a cover that's olden and worn,
Has often a good tale to tell;
You'll oft see a swell, all collar, and cuffs
To his finger-tips, white as snow-Hake;
But if you believe he's all over alike,
That's where you make the mistake.
The ladies still wear an abundance of hair,
'Tis a wonder their dear necks don't break;
But if you imagine they grow it themselves,
That's where you make the mistake.

When courting, don't write spooney letters
To your fair one, for love, nor for sport,
For should you but break any promise,
They are sure to be read out in court.
When you wed, do not marry the fam'ly as well,
For that will not a paradise make;
Above all, close the door to your mother-in-law,
Or that's where you'll make the mistake.
But, talking of marriage, reminds me,
We've given the Germans a shake;
They fancied Louise and her cash was for them,
That's where they made the mistake.

Don't imagine your milk is not doctored,
Nor quite pure is your two shilling tea;
Don't imagine it's awfully jolly
The first time you go on the sea;
Don't reckon your chicks before hatched, or
Your duck may p'rhaps turn out a drake;
Don't go and eat mustard, And fancy it's jam,
Or that's where you'll make the mistake.
With all the advice I have given,
You ought to be well wide-a-wake;
And should you imagine I'll sing any more,
That's where you make the mistake.