

She Might Have Licked McCarty - song lyrics

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She Might Have Licked McCarty
As Sung by The Kernells.

It's just a year to-day I took to me a wife,
And ever since she's proved a burden to my life!
She's the widow of McCarty, and McCarty was her name,
And for changing it to Riley, why, of course, she's not to blame,
She speaks about McCarty and his virtues every day,
And wishes I'd be sober, and be like him every way,
She'd bate him with the broomstick every time the baby cried,
And made him rock the cradle 'till from cruelty he died.

Chorus.

She'd lick him, she'd kick him, she'd never let him be,
She'd lash him, she'd mash him until he couldn't see;
McCarty wasn't hearty, but now she's got a different party,
She might have licked McCarty, but she can't lick me.

She says that every evening he done all the work he could,
He used to wash the dishes, yes, and split the kindling wood,
He'd carry in the coal himself, no labor would he shirk,
He'd rinse the clothes on wash days before he went to work.
She says that every evening abroad he'd never roam,
And all the neighbors told me he was always found at home,
And if he didn't stir himself to try and mend his clothes,
The frying pan was often sent to try and break his nose.-Chorus.

I'm going down to Brady's now on purpose to get tight,
And when I do go home again there's going to ue a fight,
I'll smash up all the furniture before I will get through,
Upset the stove when I go in is the first thing I will do.
The difference in the two men then she will easily see,
And faith she'll know who is the best, McCarty then or me,
Then perhaps she will behave and learn to shut her mouth,
And if she puts me into jail, she'll have to get me out.-Chorus.

Emma goes to school, but dislikes it very much. A lady
friend of the family questioned her on the subject: "Emma,
what do you do in school? Do you learn to read?" Emma
shakes her head. "Do you learn to write?" Another shake.
"Then what do you do?" "I wait for it to be out"

-A number of ladies were sitting last evening in the parlors of
a certain charitable institution discussing various topics. Presently
one of the party mentioned the name of a friend. "Why, do you
know him?" quickly asked a listener. "Indeed, I do, was the
reply. "He brought his fourth wife to see us a short time ago."
"His fourth!" exclaimed the other. "I wouldn't have him in
the house. My opinion is that a first wife is desirable, a second
advisable, a third permissible, but a fourth-that's simply awful."