

# That Doesn't Go For A Cent - song lyrics

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

That Doesn't Go for a Cent.

I'll admit I am somewhat of a liar myself,  
I can tell you some horrible things;  
I can tell you some darlings that never occurred,  
When you hear them you'll say they are kings.  
But we heard some to-day that knocks mine in the shade,  
In my record they've made a big dent;  
But the people that knows me and heard me tell mine,  
Tells me that doesn't go for a cent.

Chorus.

Now my voice is the finest that ever you heard,  
Besides I am a single young gent;  
I'd like to convince you I screech in high C,  
But that doesn't go for a cent.

Now to show you how bad as a liar I am left,  
When I had it I thought my own way;  
Now how does the girls spend twenty dollars a waek  
On seventy-five cents a day?  
And as for myself, now I don't drink a drop,  
But where has my salary went?  
I might tell you I gave it away to the poor,  
But that doesn't go for a cent.

Chorus.

Now to tell you the truth, no! I can't tell you that.  
For you know 'twas a lie that I meant:  
I was paying my debts, now I hope you'll believe me,  
But I think it won't go for a cent.

Now my wife tells me that she loves no one but me,  
I certainly tell her the same;  
She knows that her word is so better than mine.  
And the way we tell lies it's a shame.  
Now I know you believe that we would not deceive  
One another in any intent;  
And she tells me she's lonely when I go away.  
But that doesn't go for a cent.

Chorus.

She goes to her ma three or four times a week,  
That's where all her evenings are spent;  
She tells me her ma sends her love and regards,  
But that doesn't go for a cent.

Now I keep in the limits, you don't see me mashing,  
If a girl winked at me I'd fall dead;  
It's a hard thing to say, but, dear ladies, don't ask me  
For my wife's sake I mean what I said.  
Now you all know how naughty 'twould be if I did,  
To "her I confess and repent.  
As I do every night as we both kneel and pray,  
I suppose that don't go for a cent.

Chorus.

I only can love you dear girls as a brother,  
For my heart to another has went;  
For all married men they are constant and true,  
That ought to go for a cent.