

# When His Mother-in-law's At Home - song lyrics

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

When His Mother-in-Law's at Home.  
Copyright, 1888, by F. Harding.

The poor married man has enough on his hands.  
When his mother-in-law's at home!  
Like a statue of misery sadly he stands,  
When his mother-in-law's at home!  
You enquire how he is, he replies with a groan,  
You will do him a favor and leave him alone ;  
And there isn't a bone in his body his own,  
When his mother-in-law's at home!

Chorus.  
No more standing at the corner of the street.  
Winking, blinking at every girl you meet!  
Good-bye latch-keys, farewell fun!  
There's no more stopping out till half past one

His face wears a look of eternal disgust.  
When his mother-in-law's at home!  
And his language is not strictly pious or just.  
When his mother-in-law's at home!  
He thinks, with regret, of his bachelor joys,  
He longs for excitement and pleasure and noise.  
For he never goes out on a spree with the boys,  
When his mother-in-law's at home!-Chorus

He puts on the air of a meek looking saint,  
When his mother-in-law's at home!  
But his prayers that he says quickly prove that he ain't.  
When his mother-in-law-'s at home!  
He declares it's the cat, if his face should be scratched.  
If his forehead or chin with court plaster are patched,  
You may bet your sweet life that he's pretty well matched,  
When his mother-in-law's at home!-Chorus.

He loses five pounds every week of his life,  
When his mother-in-law's at home!  
An encouraging word he can't get from his wife.  
When his mother-in-law's at home!  
But the day she is leaving he's full of delight,  
And he stands on his head when there's no one in sight.  
For a week or ten days he gets gloriously tight,  
When his mother-in-law's gone home!-Chorus.