

It's One Too Many For Me - song lyrics

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IT'S ONE TOO MANY FOR ME.

Copyright, 1888, by C. T. Duvall.

Words and Music by C T. Duvall.

Of something I see that I cannot make out.

It's one too many for me;

The more it I study, the more I'm in doubt,

It's one too many for me;

How or why it is done, I can't tell the least bit,

And strive as I will, I the reason can't hit.

And at last in despair I'm compelled to admit,

It's one too many for me.

Refrain.

It's one too many for me, for me, it's one too many for me,

Of something I see that I cannot make out, it's one too many for me.

What landladies use in the making of hash.

It's one too many for me;

Why Yankee girls wed English lords with no cash.

It's one too many for me;

When your water-pipes burst, or your gas has a leak,

And you of the plumber assistance must seek,

If he don't own your dwelling in less than a week,

It's one too many for me.

Refrain.

It's one too many for me, for me. It's one too many for me,

What landladies use in the making of hash, it's one too many for me.

Why a girl will say no, when she really means yes,

It's one too many for me;

How a three dollar clerk can spend ten upon dress.

It's one too many for me;

There is one thing I wish some wise man would explain,

And that is, "which is it contains the most brain-

The head of a dude, or the head of his cane?"

It's one too many for me.-Refrain.

Why red headed girls with white horses combine,

It's one too many for me;

How saloons sell on Sunday And yet pay no fine,

It's one too many for me;

How people who're willing to reason to list.

Can watch girls chewing gum and yet boldly insist

That perpetual motion here doesn't exist,

It's one too many for me.-Refrain.

Why servants use coal oil in lighting the fire,

It's one too many for me;

Why people blow the gas out before they retire,

It's one too many for me;

Why a man at a play who, when each act is through.

Goes out to exchange with a friend how de do,

Is compelled while away to exchange his breath, too,

It's one too many for me.-Refrain.

Why you will persist in thus calling me out.

It's one too many for me;

I confess if you ask what I'm singing about,

It's one too many for me;

It's nice I admit to receive an encore.

But my verses are few and I've sung them all o'er,

And I only can say, if you want any more,

It's one too many for me.-Refrain.