

Not Too Much, But Just Enough - song lyrics

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

Not Too Much, But Just Enough.
As sung by Tony Pastor.

Now I try to be quite moderate in every song I sing.
And if I hit the pausing times I leave no bitter sting;
This song you'll find satirical, but then I mustn't puff,
Not too satirical, but just satirical enough!
The girls, of course, we like to see look lovely, sweet and bright.
With eyes that sparkle gaily, and complexions lily white;
I like those blondes, called strawberry-the druggist sells the stuff.
Not too strawberry, but just strawberry enough!

Chorus.
Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff!
Not too much powdered rag, my boys, but just powder rag enough.

Now the Sunday laws have laid their grip upon our city here,
They try to rob a fellow once a week of lager beer;
Their excise laws may be all right, but then on some they're rough.
Not too much Sunday laws, but just Sunday laws enough!
I don't believe the many should be governed by the few.
That up State countrymen should rule our city as they do;
To rob us all of Sunday beer I think is rather tough.
Not too much Sunday beer, but just Sunday beer enough!

Chorus.
Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff,
Not too much captain Williams, boys, just captain Williams enough!

Now in sealskin sacques the ladies look bewitchingly serene,
With bonnets on their little heads that hardly can be seen;
The charmers look angelical, their wee hands in a muff,
Not too angelical, but just angelical enough!
And then upon the burlesque stage, to see their neat attire,
To look like Adam's better-half they all try to aspire;
How gauzy are their costumes, there is no wast of stuff,
Not too much costume, but just costume enough!

Chorus.
Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff,
Not too much drapery, boys, just drapery enough

Now I am a strict believer in the rights of women fair,
And like to see those rights defended with the greatest care;
But when a fellow stops out late, and clubs are trumps, that's tough.
Not too much woman's rights, but just woman's rights enough!
And when a mother-in-law you'll have to fight all by yourself,
Your matrimonial schemes you'd better lay upon the shelf;
A mother-in-law is handy when she's not up to snuff.
Not too much mother-in-law, but just mother-in-law enough!

Chorus.
Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum stiff.
Not too much tough old girl, my boys, just tough old girl enough!

Now it's nice to take your best girl out when you have got the price.
But if you happen to be short it isn't half so nice;
If she should call for quail on toast, you'll meet with a rebuff,
Not too much quail on toast, but just quail on toast enough!
And then these sprightly widows at flirtations are superb.
They're full of fun and frolic, and their spirits none can curb;
They're fond of matrimony, and very hard to bluff.
Not too much matrimony, but just matrimony enough!

Chorus.
Sing, hey! for moderation, boys, sing, hey! for quantum suff.
Not too much kissy-kissy, boys, just kissy-kiss enough!
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