

You Can't Play That On Me - song lyrics

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

YOU CAN'T PLAY THAT ON ME.

Banjo Solo by E. D. Gooding.

Good people all, you see I'm here to meet you once again.
And I will try and please you all, my object I'll explain,
To tell you of the slang remarks you'll hear where'er you be.
But the "one that you will hear the most is, "You can't play that on me."

Chorus.

Oh, yes, you bet-these words you'll get
Where friends have met where'er you be.
And oft you may hear some one say.
My boy, you can't play that on me.

The other night I took a stroll and dropped in a saloon,
I met some friends, we had a bowl, and didn't leave there soon.
We drank our beer and smoked cigars and chatted merrily,
And tried to stand the bar boy off, he says, "You can't play that on me.-Cho.

'Twas at a party some time since, I met a charming maid.
At least, i thought her charming then, but I missed it, I'm afraid,
I took her to the supper-room, so happy then were we.
I asked her could I see her home-she says, "You can't pin that on me.-Cho.

The day was set, at last arrived, and I did call her wife.
Oh, horror, such an awful sell you ne'er saw in your life.
When we retired and she disrobed-oh, that such a thing could be.
She took out her teeth, unscrewed her leg, says I, "You can't play that on me."

Chorus.

So my pants I took-with rage I shook -
One final look-And I did flee,
For I had one dose and I'll watch close
That they don't play such g-a-m-e-s on me.