

# Guess Again - song lyrics

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GUESS AGAIN!

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Words by Albert Raymond. Music by Philip Hastings.

A fellow meets a maiden fair and makes a solid mash;  
Then to some cafe they repair and blow in all his cash;  
Then, Man He's almost penniless, she says, 'I'm dry, my own,  
I'll take some Pom'ry see, I guess," which causes him to moan:  
Guess again, guess again;  
Dear girl, I'll have to be quite frank, I really do not own a bank-  
Again, yes, guess again;  
I think that you had better guess again.

Have you e'er gone upon your knees and vowed undying love?  
You call her tender names which please, and gently press her glove;  
But when you've popp'd, twixt hope and fear, she says, "My boy, I'll try  
To be a sister to you, dear," you quietly reply:  
Guess again, guess again;  
Of sisters like you I've a score, I'm sure I don't want any more-  
Again, yes, guess again;  
I really think you'll have to guess again.

You go out for a pleasure sail upon the rolling brine;  
You hungry get-your senses fail-you guess you'll go and dine;  
But as you reach the cabin-door, the ship seems to revolve;  
You think of dining then no more, and solemnly resolve  
To guess again, guess again-  
You know quite well that every dish will simply go to feed a fish-  
Again, yes, guess again;  
You do not dine, but simply guess again.

Have you e'er been upon a jag and got supremely full?  
You feel as limber as a rag, your latch-key out you pull;  
You surely think you're safely housed, and try the stairs to climb;  
But when with water you are soused, you think another time-  
You'll guess again, guess again-  
Your house it was the one next door, 'twas twenty-six, not twenty-four;  
Again, yes, guess again;  
Next time you're full you'll surely guess again.

You stroll down to the Turf Exchange and pick a winner, sure;  
You blow in all your silver change, suspense you then endure;  
Then finally the gong rings out, you and you're "in the soup,"  
And think that next time without doubt, in order to recoup.  
You'll guess again, guess again.  
The bookmakers your gold have fleeced, your salary is much decreased;  
Again, yes, guess again;  
You'll see them hanged before you'll guess again.

I've sung you all the lines I know, until my throat is sore,  
It's hardly right to treat me so, and ask for more and more;  
Perhaps you guess I think it's fun to stand up here and yell;  
But if you only had my place, you'd wish this song in-well  
Guess again guess again.  
If you were only in this scene, you'd know exactly what I mean-  
Again, yes, guess again;  
It isn't Heaven, just you guess again.