

They Never Will Invite You Any More - song lyrics

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They Never Will Invite You Any More.
Written by C. D. Hickman and G. W. Hunter.

If you receive an invitation to attend a celebration,
A dinner or a feed of any sort.
Head up your etiquette, do, and try not to forget to
Refrain from doing things you never ought.
By this hook, I do declare, 'tis wrong to criticize the fair,
Never say the greens are over-ripe,
If they hand to you the picking of a forty-year-old chicken.
You shouldn't say you'd sooner have some tripe.
And tablespoons, you know, across the room you shouldn't throw,
For if you do such things, I'm very sure,
The people who are with you the cold shoulder soon will give you,
And they never will invite you any more;
Nevermore! nevermore!
They never will invite you any more.

When you sit down to dinner, do not be the first beginner,
But wait until the host has said the grace;
You can then go in a buster, "without any noise or fluster
In the gravy it is rude to wash your face;
Pray, be careful what you're doing if a hunk of bread you're chewing,
Never sling it in the waiter's eye;
Act polite, if you're able; do not lay across the table,
With your head upon the custard or the pie.
If there's whiskers on the butter, a complaint you shouldn't utter.
Though it's strong enough to walk along the floor.
For the ladies who are able will quickly leave the table.
And they never will invite you any more;
Nevermore! nevermore!
They never will invite you any more.

If you're asked to-pass the cruet, pray, be careful how you do it,
Or possibly you'll meet with some mishap;
It should be a pleasant labor to wait upon your neighbor;
Don't throw the salad in a lady's lap.
And do not mix the mustard in the pastry or the custard,
And never try to eat soup with a fork;
At the hostess don't be winking, or from her finger glasses drinking,
And when your mouth is full don't try to talk.
Before the ladies be aware, 'tis unusual to swear,
And if you're smoking during dinner, I am sure
You'll hear from people at the table that you're more At for the stable,
And they never will invite you any more;
Nevermore! nevermore!
They never will invite- you any more.

If you should give a dinner, do not think yourself a sinner
If a guest receives a cockroach in his soup;
Dispel the trouble like a wizard, by handing him the gizzard
Of a chicken that has lately died with croup;
And if the table-cloth wants mending, And you find your wife is sending
To the pawnshop all the knives and forks and spoons;
If there's any guest who lingers, and won't eat with his fingers,
Don't tell them all that they're a set of coons.
To behave you should endeavor, ask a girl rude questions never.
Or her sweetheart may be anxious for your gore;
And don't insult the waiters, they may sling at you the "'tateys,"
And they never will invite you any more;
Nevermore! nevermore!
They never will invite you any more.