

What We Say And What We Mean - song lyrics

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What We Say and What We Mean.
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Written and Composed by Harry Dacre.

We're full of artfulness and guile in what we say,
We tell a lie with childlike smile in what we say;
When hurrying to biz down-town we meet that sponger Mister Brown;
"Delighted! going my way, down? "-is what we say.

Chorus.
I hope to heaven that he's not. is what we mean;
Some leg pull scheme I guess He's got. he's just real mean;
He's had neuralgia, drove him mad; you say, "Poor fellow, that's too bad."
You darned mean humbug, serves you glad-is what we mean.

We're taught deception from our youth in what we say,
A kind of mixture, lies And truth, in what we say;
When Mam-in-law a visit pays we flutter her a thousand ways.
"You're welcome for a thousand days" -is what we say.

Chorus.
I wish to gad she'd break her neck, is what we mean;
I know she'll touch me for a check, is what we mean.
Great goodness! when I married Sue I didn't marry all the crew,
I wish she was where she'll go to-is what we mean.

Your uncle's rich: of course, you're sweet In all you Bay,
I You're grieved if he has tender feet, or so you say;
He's reached his birthday eighty-four, you keep it up with cheers galore.
You hope he'll reach another score-is what we say.

Chorus.
His lingering on just makes me tired, is what we mean;
Right down the stairs he should be fired, is what me mean.
He's hairless, toothless, tottering, lean, to live so long is awful mean;
Be quick and die, we want your green-is what we mean.