

# Don't You Believe It, Honey - song lyrics

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DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, HONEY.

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

Yonder comes de green-goods man, wid some greenbacks in his han',  
'Spect he'll fool you if he can, don't you believe it;  
He's got a grip and carpet-sack, takes your money, leaves his pack.  
"By-by, honey, I'll come back," don't you believe it.

Chorus.

Don't you believe it, honey; don't you believe it:  
No use to weep and sigh and mourn, so don't sit down and cry;  
Don't you believe, it, honey; don't you believe it;  
The honest man that makes a stan' will get there by and by.

Ole hen's got to scratch around; can't pick fodder off de ground;  
Tell you dis advice ain't sound, don't you believe it;  
When nigger's talkin' mighty big, says he'll play a winnin' gig,  
Dress up in a bran' new rig, don't you believe it.-Chorus.

When de ole mule winks his ear, dat's de time for you to clear;  
Say he won't kick when you're near, don't you believe it;  
An' when de chickens roost at night, nobody to watch in sight.  
Think dem birds see mornin' light? don't you believe it.- Chorus.

Got to hustle night and day, when de sunshines make yo' hay;  
Can't get 'long no odder way, don't you believe it;  
You want to take de Gospel Ship dat's a-gwine to leab de slip;  
Find no dead-heads on dat trip, don't you believe it.- Chorus.