

Some Things Are Better Left Unsaid - song lyrics

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

Some Things Are Better Left Unsaid.
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Words by Chas. H. Hoyt. Music by Richard Stahl

I know a little song about the topics of the day;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
Of people and of late events I've lots of things to say;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
I may be somewhat personal, I may be somewhat sharp,
On topics we've discussed before I may be prone to harp;
I may, at times, be critical-in fact, inclined to carp-
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?

Chorus.
Some things are better left unsaid,
Carefully consider before you go ahead;
Sometimes a simple hint is best.
Take the hint and let imagination do the rest.

The "fin-de-siecle" maiden is a subject much discussed;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
I hate to talk about her, but in songs like this I must;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
On bicycle you see her and you know her at a glance.
Already she's discarded skirts and wears what she calls pants;
How will she dress next year, if she continues to advance?
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?- Chorus.

I called, this afternoon, upon some friends who own a dog;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
He knows me well in daylight, but he didn't in the fog;
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I stop?
He took me by the trousers and there was the deuce to pay;
I thought he was in earnest, but they told me it was play!
At any rate, I noticed my suspenders giving way-
Do you want to hear the rest, or shall I e:up? - Chorus.

There was once a little maiden, came to New York on a trip;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
Her cheeks were like the roses, she'd a pout upon her lip;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
Her "olden hair hung down her back the night she struck Broadway,
Since then she's been to Barlem, likewise to Avenue A;
She's all around the town to-night, I fear she's Come to Stay,
And her golden hair is hunting down her back.

Chorus.
Some songs are better left unsung,
Some songs are better when they're young;
Sometimes a little hint is best,
Take the hint and let imagination do the rest.

I played a game of poker with a man from Illinois;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
He didn't know the game, so with his shekels I did toy;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
At last there came a big jack-pot, which ended up the fun;
He opened it, I drew four cards, and who do you think won?
As I dealt I drew four aces, but, oh Lord, he drew a gun!
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?- 1st Chorus.

Two very well-known pugilists remarked the other night-
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
That under certain circumstances they would be glad to fight;
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?
Two active young reporters came around to get the news:
They asked the fighting men to talk, and neither did refuse;
From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

It took just seven pages to produce their interview.
Do you want to know the rest, or shall I stop?- 1st Chorus.