

He Only Did It Once - song lyrics

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

HE ONLY DID IT ONCE.

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Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

Like other girls, of course I have a beau;
My Charley thinks the world of me, I know,
But I am weary, and very "leary,"
That Charley is a little bit too slow:
For once we took a walk, the night was grand,
And on the way our future lives we planned,
As we were walking, and we were talking.
He very accidently squeezed my hand.

Chorus.

But he didn't do it quite enough to suit me;
I must confess that Charley is a dunce.
Did I like it? I should smile;
I'd have stood it quite a while,
But the silly fool, he only did it once.

One night, upon the porch we sat alone,
His love for me was very quickly shown:
He called me "lovey" and "turtle dovey,"
And asked me if I'd ever be his own;
He murmured, "Little darling, answer this:
'Now do you really love me, little miss?'"
I thought I'd "jolly," and so said, "Cholly,
My heart is yours," and then he stole a kiss.

Chorus.

But he didn't do it quite enough to suit me;
I must confess that Charley is a dunce.
Did I like it? you can bet!
I'd have been there kissing yet,
But the silly fool, he only did it once.

One day we took a trip to Coney Isle,
We strolled along the beach amongst the style;
The sights were charming, the heat alarming.
He said, "Let's go in bathing for a while."
In dashing suits then soon we did appear;
I cannot swim I whispered in his ear;
Then Charley told me, as he took hold me,
"I'll float you, darling, do not have a fear."

Chorus.

But he didn't do it quite enough to suit me;
I must confess that Charley is a dunce.
As we strolled back to the shore,
I said, "Charley, float me more,"
But the stingy thing would only float me once.

Male Version.

When I was young, of course, I had a beau,
I thought the world and all of her, you know,
But she was weary And very leary
That I was just a little bit too slow;
For once we took a walk; the night was grand,
And on the way our future lives we planned;
As we were walking, and we were talking,
I very accidently squeezed her band.

Chorus.

But I didn't do it quite enough to suit her;
I must confess I really was a dunce.
Did she like it? I should smile!

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

She'd have stood it quite a while.
But, like a fool, I only did it once.

One night upon the porch we sat alone.
My love for her was very quickly shone.
I called her "lovey" and "turtle dovey,"
And I asked her if she'd ever be my own.
I murmured, "Little darling, answer this:
'Now do you really love me, little Miss?'"
She thought she'd jolly, so answered, "Charley,
My heart is yours," and then I stole a kiss.

Chorus.
But I didn't do it quite enough to suit her;
I must confess I really was a dunce.
Did she like it? You can bet!
She'd have been there kissing yet,
But like a fool, I only did it once.

One day we took a trip to Coney Isle,
We strolled along the beach amongst the style.
The sights were charming, the heat alarming,
And so I said, "Let's bathing go awhile."
In dashing suits then soon we did appear.
"I cannot swim," she whispered in my ear,
And then I told her, as I took hold her,
"I'll float you, darling, do not have a fear."

Chorus.
But I didn't do it quite enough to suit her;
I must confess I really was a dunce.
As we strolled back to the shore,
She said, "Charley, float me more."
She was mad because I'd only float her once.

We thought we'd take a stroll and have a talk,
And that's the time I acted like a gawk;
When very gently, but accidentally.
She strained her ankle so she couldn't walk;
She limped around and hollered like a kid,
But of the pain she didn't seem to rid.
She couldn't stand it, so she was candid,
And said, "Please rub my ankle," and I did.

Chorus.
But I didn't do it quite enough to suit her;
I must confess I really was a dunce.
Now she thought I had some gall,
But I rubbed it, that was all,
And just like a fool, I only rubbed it once.