

Don't Get Married

Don't get married girls, you'll sign away your life
You may start off as a woman, but you'll end up as the wife
You could be a vestal virgin, take the veil and be a nun
But don't get married girls, for marriage isn't fun

Oh, it's fine when you're romancing and he plays a lover's part
You're the roses in his garden, you're the flame that warms his heart
And his love will last forever and he'll promise you the moon
But just wait until you're wedded and he'll sing a different tune
You're his tapioca pudding, you're the dumplings in his stew
And he'll soon begin to wonder what he ever saw in you
Still he takes without complaining all the dishes you provide
But you see he has to have his bit of jam tart on the side

So don't get married girls, it's very badly paid
You may start off as the mistress, but you'll end up as the maid
Be a daring deep-sea diver, be a polished polyglot
But don't get married girls, for marriage is a plot

Have you seen him in the morning with a face that looks like death
He's got dandruff on his pillow and tobacco on his breath
And he wants some reassurance, with his cup of tea in bed
'Cause he's got worries with the mortgage and the bald patch on his head
And he's sure that you're his mother, lays his head upon your breast
So you try to boost his ego, iron his shirt and warm his vest
Then you get him off to work, the mighty hunter is restored
And he leaves you there with nothing but the dreams you can't afford

So don't get married girls, for men are all the same
They just use you when they need you, you'd do better on the game
Be a call girl, be a stripper, be a hostess, be a whore
But don't get married girls, for marriage is a bore

When he comes home in the evening, he can hardly spare a look
All he says is "What's for dinner?", after all you're just the cook
But when he takes you to a party, well, he eyes you with a frown
For you know you've got to look your best, you mustn't let him down
And he'll clutch you with that "Look what I've got!" sparkle in his eyes
Like he's entered for a raffle and he's won you for a prize
But when the party's over, you'll be slogging through the sludge
Half the time a decoration and the other half a drudge

So don't get married, it'll drive you round the bend
It's the lane without a turning, it's the end without an end
Change your lover every Friday, take up tennis, be a nurse
But don't get married girls, for marriage is a curse

And you get him off to work, the mighty hunter is restored
And he leaves you there with nothing but the dreams you can't afford