

# Boys, Keep Away From The Gals - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Boys, Keep Away from the Gals.

Oh, love is such a very funny thing,  
And it catches the young and old;  
It's just like a plate of boarding-house hash,  
And many a man it has sold.  
It makes you feel like a fresh water eel,  
And causes your head to swell;  
You lose your mind, for love is blind,  
And it empties your pocket-book as well.

Chorus.

Boys, keep away from the gals, I say,  
Give them lots of room;  
Or you'll find when you're wed,  
They will bang you till you're dead  
With the bald-headed end of a broom.

When a man is gone on a pretty little gal,  
He talks just as gentle as a dove;  
He spends all his money, and calls her his honey,  
For to show her he is solid on his love.  
When his money is gone, and his clothes in hock,  
He finds the old saying it is true;  
That a mole on the arm is worth two on the leg,  
But what is he going to do?-Chorus.

When married folks have lots of cash,  
Their love is firm and strong;  
But when they have to feed on hash,  
Their love don't last so long.  
With a wife and seventeen half-starved kids,  
I tell you it's no fun;  
When the butcher comes around to collect his bill,  
With a dog and a double-barrel gun.-Chorus.

Young fellows, just take my advice,  
Don't be in a hurry for to wed;  
You think you're in clover till the honeymoon's over,  
And then you'll think you're dead.  
With a cross-eyed baby on each knee,  
And a wife with a plaster on her nose;  
You'll find true love don't run so very smooth,  
When you have to wear your second-hand clothes.

Chorus.

When the rent is high, and the kids all cry,  
Because there's no grub to chaw;  
You'll holler for your son,  
To load up your gun,  
While you vaccinate your mother-in-law.