It's All A Matter Of Taste - song lyrics

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IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.
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Each man has his method of getting along
O'er life's dark desert and waste,
Some think that he's right and some think that he's wrong
But it's all a matter of taste;
Some girls think a husband is only a bore,
And say, " Don't marry in haste; "
Some marry one husband and then they want more,
Hut it's all a matter of taste;
Some sing the old song about needles and pins.
And say when you're married your trouble begins;
While some are not happy until they have twins,
Hut it's all a matter of taste.

Some men prize a maiden who's rosy and fat,
And measures a mile 'round the waist;
Some men want them thin and no bigger than that,
Hut it's all a matter of taste;
Some dote on a foot that's a tiny wee bit
In a speck of a slipper encased,
While some like a foot that can " get up and git,"
Hut that's a matter of taste;
Some like a quick eye with a flash that is bright,
Some like a sad eye full of dreamy delight,
While some like an eye that has been out all night,
But that's a matter of taste.

Some men may object to a street full of dirt,
Debased, defaced and disgraced,
While others may claim that the dirt doesn't hurt,
Hut that's a matter of taste;
Some men at election will smile upon fraud,
And prove that all faith is misplaced;
Some ballot box stuffing will even applaud,
Hut that's a matter of taste;
Some men want a candidate fearless and free.
While some like a man who will seize any plea
To get into office-like Benjamin B.-
But it's all a matter of taste.