

# There's No Deception There I - song lyrics

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

THERE'S NO DECEPTION THERE.I

Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

This world's made up of frauds and shams,  
You really can't deny it, you know it;  
Every one tells me little fibs and crams,  
Good old Ananias-like they go it.  
There's little Miss Prim got a red, red nose-  
How was it caused is the question;  
Ask Miss Prim, she will tell you, with a sigh,  
It's all through indigestion.

Chorus.

But there's no deception there-no deception there-  
It isn't indigestion, that I'll swear; good "Old Tom" has been there.

There's Mr. Meek, just two years wed,  
he looks as if his heart was "busted";  
He's been heard to say he wishes he were dead-  
With married life he seems to be disgusted.  
He's got no hair on the top of his head;  
He's getting bald in a hurry.  
Ask Mr. Meek what has caused the shiny pate,  
He'll say it's business worry.

Chorus.

But there's no deception there-no deception there-  
'Tisn't business worry, that I'll swear; his good old wife has been there.

There's a big fat cook down in Pimlico,  
She's the pride of master and missus,  
But last night there was such a row,  
Both of them said, "Oh! a nice thing this is-"  
A chicken and some lamb from the pantry gone.  
The cook was, oh, so fussy;  
When they asked her who had eaten them.  
She blamed it on the pussy.

Chorus.

But there's no deception there-no deception there-  
'Twasn't pussy ate the chicken, I'll swear; good old "slop" has been there.

There's poor Henpeck I met to-day,  
His eyes seemed very red with weeping.  
"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "Why those briny tears?  
Down your cheeks like rain-drops they are creeping."  
Said he, "My mother-in-law has died to-day,  
To brighter realms she's departed;  
She has left me a thousand pounds or so.  
With grief I'm broken-hearted."

Chorus.

But there's no deception there-no deception there-  
'Twasn't grief that caused those tears, I'll swear;  
a good old onion's been there.

For sake of fashion, what things we do;  
The ladies-bless their hearts-paint and powder;  
I hear some men wear stays to make themselves look slim;  
To be considered stout some are prouder.  
My fine proportions are all my own.  
At me the people can't snicker;  
Though some skeptics keep telling me that I  
Must pad to have such a "figger."

Chorus.

But there's no deception there-no deception there-  
From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Not a little bit of padding, I swear; good roast-beef has been there.