

Our Husbands - song lyrics

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OUR HUSBANDS.

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Words and Music by Bobby Mack.

I've got a few remarks that I would like to make to-night.
Of our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who is it thinks whate'er they do it surely must be right?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who is it, for a pleasant time, oft times gets in the lurch,
And when they stop out over night, for excuse don't have to search.
But when they come home at four in the morning, say they've been to mid-night church?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!

Who is it that's so hard to please, especially when at home?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
And say if once more single that they'd always live alone?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who is it sings that same old song, they're tired of married life.
And for their dear old mother-in-law that they'll no longer strife.
But who is it causes all the scandal and flirts with their neighbor's wife?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!

Who is it when they're courting us, are anything but mean?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who reminds you of the old saying that, a new broom it sweeps clean?
Why, our husbands, the men, the lovely men!
Who is it, to prove their love to us, would walk on hand and foot,
And say, to have the one they love would live in a log hut,
But who is it, shortly after marriage, then will say that we're a chestnut?
Why, our husbands, the men, the horrible men!