

# You Can't Tell Everything - song lyrics

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

YOU CAN'T TELL EVERYTHING.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon.

Girls, I'll give you advice, take my tip, I pray;  
Girls, I'll give you advice, remember what I say:  
If you've got a young man who says: "D'ye love me, pray?"  
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.  
He says, "Tell me the truth, have you loved before?"  
You say, "Certainly not, you I do adore."  
You don't tell the young man that you've been in love with a score,  
For you can't, no you can't tell everything.

Chorus.

You can't tell all that you see, all that you do or say;  
You can't tell all that you know-in fact, it wouldn't pay:  
For if you opened you; month too much, it's ten to one you would grieve,  
so girls, girls, dear little girls, keep a little bit up your sleeve.

When you go for a walk with a nice young man,  
You land home and your Ma says, "Tell me, Mary Ann,  
Did he kiss you, my dear, or try your waist to span?"  
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.  
Ma says kissing is wrong; you say, "Wrong, forsooth!"  
You say, "Mother, you know you should speak the truth-  
Did you never, when young, get kissed by a handsome youth?"  
Well, she can't, no she can't tell everything.- Chorus.

Girls, I'll give you the lip-if you've got a mash,  
Stick to him like a brick if he has lots of cash.  
Ma says, "Dave you been ever tickled by his mustache?"  
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.  
If you sit in the room where no one can see-  
If he asks for a kiss, then takes two or three-  
If your mother says, "Did you sit on the young man's knee?"  
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything. - Chorus.

Love, sweet love, is so nice-I have found it so;  
Love, sweet love, is the game, so try your love to show.  
If your lover says, "Let's be married," don't say no,  
Tho' you can't, no you can't tell everything.  
You go to your Mamma and look very shy;  
Tell you're coin' to get wed, she begins to cry.  
She says, "Married, my dear?" asks you the reason why-  
Well, you can't, no you can't tell everything.- Chorus.