

# It Ain't No Lie - song lyrics

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

IT AIN'T NO LIE.

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Words and Music by Moran A Helf.

White folks say that the times are hard,  
But niggers never worry, trust in de Lord;  
Have no trouble, get a plenty to eat,  
And for chicken dinner they a can't be beat;  
I went last night, to a chicken coop,  
Chickens roasted high, didn't have to stoop;  
No matter how hard the times may be,  
chickens don't a come too high for me.

Refrain.

I'se a natural born reacher,

I'se a natural born reacher,

I do love my chickens,

It ain't no lie.

I took my babe to a ball one night,

A coffee-colored nigger tried to start a fight;

Says I, "See here, Johnson, don't you give me a call,

'Cause if I'm encouraged I will clean out this hall."

"Do you mean," says Johnson, "that you'll clean out the place,

He called for soap and water, shoved a mop in ma face;

When I got through scrubbing I was tired as could be,

'Twas the cleanest old hall you ever did see.

Refrain.

I'se a natural born cleaner,

I'se a natural born cleaner,

Got the best of reference,

It ain't no lie.

Went out the other night for to shoot some crap,

Expected to win some money perhaps,

Thought those coons would all have fits,

When I proudly said I'd shoot six bits,

"Come seven," I cried, but out rolled three,

Said "It's all up, gemmen, youse done cleaned me;"

"What! cleaned already," says Liver Lip Jim,

"Why you wasn't very dirty when you first came in."

Refrain.

I'se a natural born gambler,

I'ae a natural born gambler,

I must have been hoodood,

It ain't no lie.

'Neath a great big tree with my babe I sat,

Tree was loaded down with persimmons so fat;

Had my arms around her, she was making goo goo eyes.

And she says, "Do you hear how this tree moans and sighs;"

I said to my babe, "Now it's a very plain,

If the tree moans and sighs it must be in pain;

If you were as full of persimmons as that tree, Sue,

Why its dollars to doughnuts you'd be a moanin', too."

Refrain.

I'se a natural born Joker,

I'se a natural born joker,

A regular Joe Miller,

It ain't no lie.

Knew a man by the name of Freeze,

Among the gale he wit all the cheese;

He was twice as frosty as his name,

And he looked like the letter that never came.

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Alas! poor Freeze got in a fight,  
Coons pulled their razors and carved him right;  
They parted his body from his breath somehow.  
And he cuts no ice where he is now.

Refrain.

He's a natural born freezer,  
He's a natural born freezer,  
He'll have hot doings,  
It ain't no lie.

Had a dream the other night,  
Dreamed I was climbing up the golden flight;  
Got a hustle on me, didn't want to be late,  
There sat St. Peter at the Golden Gate;  
"Hello! Pete," I shook a hands with him,  
"I'm playing with the 'Creoles ' and I want to go in;"  
"Cuts no ice with a whom you played,  
See the manager and have a your card OK'd."

Refrain.

I'se a natural born trouper,  
I'se a natural born trouper,  
Done got a turn down,  
It ain't no lie.  
Kept on a dreaming the whole night through,  
'Cause I didn't get to heaven was a feelin' blue;  
Found a bunch of money lyin' on the ground,  
Started over after Susan for to do the town;  
Came to cafe and I went in,  
Stepped to bar and I called for gin;  
Was just about to drink it, 'twas just my luck,  
I didn't get to taste it for I done woke up.

Refrain.

I'se a natural born dreamer,  
I'se a natural born dreamer,  
Dream hard luck stories,  
It ain't no lie.