# Don’t Get Married Girls

Words and music by Leon Rosselson 1973

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**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [Am] / [Am] /**

**[Am]** Don't get married girls, you'll **[D]** sign away your **[Am]** life

You may **[C]** start off as a **[G]** woman, but you'll **[F]** end up **[G]** as the **[Am]** wife

You could **[Am]** be a vestal virgin, take the **[D]** veil and be a **[Am]** nun

But **[C]** don't get **[G]** married girls, for **[F]** marriage isn't **[E7]↓** fun

Oh, it's **[A]** fine when you're romancing, and he plays the lover's **[E7]** part

You're the **[D]** roses in his **[A]** garden, you're the flame that warms his **[E7]** heart

And his **[D]** love will last for-**[A]**ever, and he'll **[D]** promise you the **[A]** moon

But just **[E7]** wait until you're **[A]** wedded, then he'll **[E7]** sing a different **[A]↓** tune

You're his **[D]** tapioca **[A]** pudding, you're the **[D]** dumplings in his **[A]** stew

But he'll **[D]** soon begin to **[A]** wonder, what he ever saw in **[E7]** you

Still he **[D]** takes without com-**[A]**plaining all the **[D]** dishes you pro-**[A]**vide

For you **[E7]** see he’s got to **[A]** have his bit of **[E7]** jam tart on the **[A]** side

So **[Am]** don't get married girls, it's **[D]** very badly **[Am]** paid

You may **[C]** start off as the **[G]** mistress, but you'll **[F]** end up **[G]** as the **[Am]** maid

Be a **[Am]** daring deep sea diver, be a **[D]** polished poly-**[Am]**glot

But **[C]** don't get **[G]** married girls, for **[F]** marriage is a **[E7]↓** plot

Have you **[A]** seen him in the morning, with a face that looks like **[E7]** death

With **[D]** dandruff on his **[A]** pillow, and tobacco on his **[E7]** breath?

And he **[D]** needs some reas-**[A]**surance, with his **[D]** cup of tea in **[A]** bed

For he's **[E7]** worried by the **[A]** mortgage, and the **[E7]** bald patch on his **[A]** head

And he’s **[D]** sure that you're his **[A]** mother, lays his **[D]** head upon your **[A]** breast

So you **[D]** try to boost his **[A]** ego, iron his shirt, and warm his **[E7]** vest

Then you **[D]** get him off to **[A]** work, the mighty **[D]** hunter is re-**[A]**stored

And he **[E7]** leaves you there with **[A]** nothing but the **[E7]** dreams you can't af-**[A]↓**ford

So **[Am]** don't get married girls **[D]** men they’re all the **[Am]** same

They just **[C]** use you when they **[G]** need you, you'd do **[F]** better **[G]** on the **[Am]** game

Be a **[Am]** call girl, be a stripper, be a **[D]** hostess, be a **[Am]** whore

But **[C]** don't get **[G]** married girls, for **[F]** marriage is a **[E7]↓** bore

When he **[A]** comes home in the evening, he can hardly spare a **[E7]** look

All he **[D]** says is, "What's for **[A]** dinner?" After all, you're just the **[E7]** cook

But when he **[D]** takes you to a **[A]** party, well he **[D]** eyes you with a **[A]** frown

For you **[E7]** know you've got to **[A]** look your best, you **[E7]** mustn't let him **[A]** down

And he'll **[D]** clutch you with that **[A]** “look, what I’ve got” **[D]** twinkle in his **[A]** eyes

Like he's **[D]** entered for a **[A]** raffle, and he’s won you for the **[E7]** prize

Ah, but **[D]** when the party's **[A]** over, you'll be **[D]** slogging through the **[A]** sludge

Half the **[E7]** time a decor-**[A]**ation, and the **[E7]** other half a **[A]** drudge

So **[Am]** don't get married, it'll **[D]** drive you ‘round the **[Am]** bend

It's the **[C]** lane without a **[G]** turning, it's the **[F]** end with-**[G]**out an **[Am]** end

Take a **[Am]** lover every Friday, take up **[D]** tennis, be a **[Am]** nurse

But **[C]** don't get **[G]** married girls, for **[F]** marriage is a **[E7]↓** curse

Then you **[D]** get him off to **[A]** work, the mighty **[D]** hunter is re-**[A]**stored

And he **[E7]** leaves you there with **[A]** nothing but the **[E7]** dreams you can't af-**[A]↓**ford

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