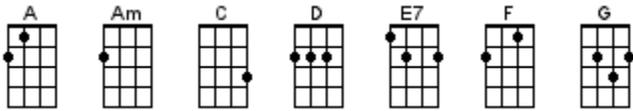


Don't Get Married Girls

Words and music by Leon Rosselson 1973



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

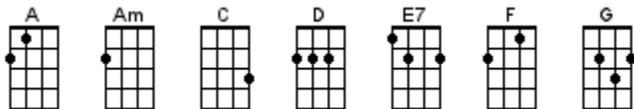
So [Am] don't get married girls [D] men they're all the [Am] same
They just [C] use you when they [G] need you, you'd do [F] better [G] on the [Am] game
Be a [Am] call girl, be a stripper, be a [D] hostess, be a [Am] whore
But [C] don't get [G] married girls, for [F] marriage is a [E7]↓ bore

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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