

SM 985

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That's Why I Never Married

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Music by
JOHN L. GOLDEN

Con moto Moderato

1 — Once I loved a girl who had a fa-ther, — Her —
 2 An - oth - er girl I thought that I could mar-ry, — I threw

fa - ther had a bull - dog by the fence, The —
 dia - monds and ti - ar - as in her lap; And —

bull - dog had a row of gleam - ing "ivo - ries," — That made
 when she had me broke as an - y bro - ker, — She —

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Mis - ter Roose - velt's look like thir - ty cents, — I
 told me that she loved an - oth - er chap, — We a -

fixed all up one eve - ning just to see her, — But the
 greed then to re - turn each oth - er's pres - ents, — But my

on - ly one to meet me was the beast; And —
 dia - monds I will nev - er see, a - las! I —

by the time I got a - way I need - ed, A —
 sent her back her neck - tie and sus - pend - ers. She —

L. H.

'That's Why I Never Married 4

tail - or and a hos - pi - tal at least.
sent her fa - ther's bill for coal and gas.

REFRAIN

Con doloroso

That's why I nev - er mar - ried,
That's why I nev - er mar - ried,

That's why I nev - er will, I did - n't like the dog but he Could - n't
That's why I nev - er will, She's - got an - oth - er pet, But she

get e - nough of me, That's why I'm sin - gle still.
wears my dia - monds yet, That's why I'm sin - gle still.

3

A widower friend of mine with seven children,
The luck he had in love it was the worst,
Took for his second wife a little widow,
And she had seven children by her "first"
One day years after when I called to see him,
I heard his wife yell to him, and it jarred,
Your children and my children both together,
Are licking our children in the yard.

CHORUS

That's why I never married,
That's why I never will,
I like children as a rule, But that's a public school
That's why I'm single still.

4

When a crowd of men are seated late at night,
Telling stories, having fun and drinking bock,
You can always pick the married man at sight,
By the nervous way he glances at the o'clock.
He says my little wife is my best pal,
If I come in late, there's not a cross word said,
But when he hurries home and sneaks up-stairs,
His best pal drops a flat iron on his head.

CHORUS

That's why I never married,
That's why I never will,
That best pal gag sounds fine, But it doesn't go for mine,
That's why I'm single still.

5

Statistics always prove a fact conclusive,
Whatever is the fact you want to get,
If you speak kindly to a young statistic,
It has always answered kindly up to yet,
For instance take the men in penitentiaries,
Seven eighths have led a single life,
Which proves that they prefer to be in prison,
Than staying home and living with a wife.

CHORUS

That's why I never married,
That's why I never will,
Life in prison's but a cell - but a mother-in-law is - well,
That's why I'm single still.