Too Much of a Good Thing

Too Much of a Good Thing
(Peggy Seeger)

On Monday night he came to my door, and he made such a din.
``Get up, get up you darling girl, and let your lover come in."
Well I got up and I let him in, and on me he did fall.
It was 5 o'clock in the morning before I got any sleep at all.

On Tuesday night he came to my door, the joys of love to tend.
``Get up, get up you darling girl before I go round the bend."
Well, I got up and I let him in, and in my arms he lay.
I had to hear the stroke of four before he'd go away.

On Wednesday night he came to my door, a little late in time.
"I'd have been here sooner you darling girl, but the hill's so hard to climb."
I hadn't been long all in his arms before he let me be.
Then out of the house and down the road just after the stroke of three.

On Thursday night he came to my door so weary and so slow.
``Oh, give me a drink you darling girl and then to work we'll go."
Well, all night long he fought with it, but I had to help him through.
And I heard him sigh as he rose to go, ``It's only after two."

On Friday night he came to my door, shaking in every limb.
``Get up, get up you darling girl, get up and carry me in."
Well, I got up and I carried him in, and gently laid him down.
But hardly could his spirits rise to reach the stroke of one.

On Saturday night he came to my door, he came on his hands and knees.
``Oh, don't come down you darling girl, stay in and let me be."
Well, I got up and I let him in, but he fell down in a swoon.
And though often I tried to raise him up, he slept till Sunday noon.

Copyright Stormking Music
BR