I Don't Know - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

I DON'T KNOW.
Copyright, 1890. by M. Witmark & Sons.
Written and composed by Arthur West.

When a young man begins a mustache,
Nearly of age and has plenty of cash.
It's a thousand to one he goes out on the mash
And lots of young girls in his eye;
Flirting and dancing at ev'ry ball
Till he meets one he thinks fairest of all;
In the Conservatoire why does he fall
On both bended knees with a sigh.

Chorus.
I don't know, what is the use of inquiring?
I can't tell, a puzzle it always will be;
he can't get a wink when to bed he does go,
Can't eat his dinner and feels very low;
What does he do it for? I don't know,
So it's no use your asking me.

How he hangs round on Sundays for tea,
How quite by accident every time
She manages " just to sit close by his knee.
And closer and closer they sit.
Will you take some more cake, dear? she answers him no-
One small cup of tea, she so delicate, oh,
And though he's hungry as any old crow,
How is it he can't eat a bit?

Causes.
I don't know, what is the use of inquiring?
I can't tell, a puzzle it always will he;
On Sunday he takes hei away for a row,
Far up the river he pulls very slow;
What dots he do it for? I don't know.
So it's no use your asking me.

Father gets angry, there's bother one night;
Mother says things that are hardly polite;
Poor Adolphus to set matters right
Must marry his treasure and joy;
Twelve months after that he comes home to tea
In a nice little home, just as neat as can be,
And, strange to relate, though a puzzle to me,
He's nursing his dear baby boy.

Chorus.
I don't know, what is the use of inquiring?
I can't tell, a puzzle it always will be;
When a smart little fellow's no longer a beau,
But off to the church with his sweetheart must go,
What does he do it for? I don't know,
So it's no use your asking me.