Whatever I Tell You It Goes - song lyrics

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

Whatever I Tell You It Goes.
Copyright, 1891, by Henry J. Wehman.
Written, Composed and Sung by Jas. McAvoy.

It is seldom I speak, and whenever I do
You can but your sweet life that it goes;
And whenever I sing you will hear something new-
Now mark what I tell you it goes.
What little there is of this song it is right;
If I do shock your feeling, 'twill he very light,
But I'll pledge you my word I won't shock you to-night,
And whatever I tell you it goes.

Chorus.
You can make up your mind that it goes.
You can make up your mind that it goes;
You will quickly admit that the song is a hit,
And you'll find what I tell you it goes.

A tout on the track he will give you a tip.
And he says what I tell you it goes;
He'll watch if you win and he won't let you slip,
Just remember what I tell you goes.
He knows all the winners from Soda to Hock;
He'll swear he got tips from McLaughlin, the jock;
You're a sucker if in him you take any stock-
You can bet your good coin that it goes.

Chorus.
Just wait till they start and it goes,
He'll be left at the post, and that goes;
If you lose and you're out, you won't see Mr. Tout;
I'm calling the turns, and it goes.

You must watch your new silk umbrella in church;
You'll think it is safe, but it goes;
They'll ring in an old one that's not worth half us much-
Remember what I tell you goes.
They're sorry, but never a new one they'll get;
No new umbrella you haven't got yet;
Some pious old deacon has nailed it, you bet-
They've got two of mine and it goes.

Chorus.
It might he a mistake and it goes;
Now maybe I am wrong, but it goes;
I'll not go again any Sunday it rains.
If it snows or it blows, and that goes.

Old, bald-headed men in the front seats they'll seat-
There are lots here to-night, and it goes;
If they hadn't no railing there, where would they get-
They'd be climbing up here, and that goes.
They can sit where they please for to witness the sights;
I envy no man of his privilege or rights;
But should they see a lady appearing in tights,
They get plum oft their noodle-that goes.

Chorus.
You can see for yourself, and that goes;
It's a true and old saying, it goes.
They don't care a hair, for there's no hair up there,
But he wants a front chair-that goes.

If you have any trouble or family affairs,
Right into the Journal it goes;
They'll fix all troubles with ideas of their's-

If they say it's divorce, well it goes.
It's pretty Miss So and So sues for divorce-
They say that she's pretty-toe jolly, of course.
If she's homely as sin and built like a truck-horse,
She's pretty, they say, and it goes.

Chorus.
If reporters they say so- it goes;
If he's a reporter, be knows
If he'd cut out the pretty and print the plain truth
And say old pudding-faces-that goes.

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