You Cant Always Tell - song lyrics

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YOU CANT ALWAYS TELL
Copyright, 1880, by Frederick Blume.
Words by George Russell Jackson.
Music by J. A. Barney.

You may think that she loves you sincerely-
In fact, that she's honest And true,
When really and truly she's thinking
Of some other fellow than you.
Perhaps when she's giving you "taffy "
She's thinking of some other swell,
And wishing that he were beside her,
The fact is you can't always tell.

Chorus.
You can't always tell that she's doting on you,
For tho' she appear to be honest and true,
Your belle may be flirting with some other swell,
And fooling you nicely, you can't always tell.

She'll meet you all smiling with pleasure,
And tell you she's glad you have come;
But when you sit down in the parlor
She'll murmur, "I wish he'd go home;"
And when you are calling her "popsey"
And saying you love her so well,
Her thoughts are, perhaps, with another.
The fact is you can't always tell.-Chorus.

But still it may be that she loves you;
Yes, loves you far dearer than life,
And "Yes, dear," would willingly answer
If you should say, "Sweet, be my wife;"
And never in life have a weakness
Or fancy for some other swell,
But love you with fondest devotion,
The fact is you can't always tell.-Chorus.