He Didn't Know The Way To Go About It - song lyrics

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HE DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY TO GO ABOUT IT.
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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My sister has a nice young man, he calls 'bout twice a week;
Last night he came to see her, and he looked so gay and neat;
She showed him to the parlor and she turned down all the light,
And gave him all the chance she could to kiss her all be might.

Chorus.
But he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt It;
She was but a silly miss, and she didn't mind a kiss.
But he didn't know the way to go about it.

A reuben came to town one day, a reg'lar country sport;
To do the town in proper style a hundred he had brought.
He started in to catch a girl, some dainty little pet.
Who borrowed ev'ry cent he had-the town he's not done yet.

Chorus.
For he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it;
Perhaps he'll stay at home, leave such little girls alone,
For he didn't know the way to go about it.

Down in the block, where I reside, a gay and festive swell
Makes love to all the single girls, and married ones as well;
He called upon my neighbor's wife, and thought be could convince
His love for her was quite sincere, been sorry ever since-

Chorus.
That he didn't know the way to go about it;
If he did, I'm very much inclined to doubt it
He should call on her alone, when her husband isn't home.
But he didn't know the way to go about it.

My friend and I we called to see our neighbor's baby boy,
The idol of his mother and his father's pride And joy.
My friend, who's fond of children, danced the baby on his knee.
But when he gave it back again how plainly could he see-

Chorus.
That he didn't know the way to go about it:
If he did, I'm .cry much inclined to doubt it.
He will leave babies alone till he gets one of his own,
For he didn't know the way to go about it.