

# **WILL YOU POINT OUT MY WIFE IF YOU SEE HER?**

[1]

I was in a fine pub up in Boston  
To listen to Noel Henry's band  
There were music and song  
Going on all night long  
There was such a big crowd you had no room to stand

When I spied my pal Rick heading towards me  
What I saw of his face filled with fear  
He'd a hat of great size  
Pulled down over his eyes  
Quite a sight as he whispered these words in my ear:

[chorus]

*"Will you point out my wife if you see her?  
I know she's around her someplace  
Blonde hair, eyes of blue  
She's about five foot two  
And I tremble to think  
Of the look on her face*

*Now I'd really be glad for the warning  
I'm leaving my fate up to you  
It would be a great crime  
Not to see her in time  
Because Lord only knows what she's planning to do!"*

[2]

In an instant we saw poor Rick's problem  
For his wife we knew only too well  
When her humor was wrong  
She could frighten King Kong  
And Rick in the bag got her madder than hell

We remembered one night when she'd caught him  
Getting silly and well on the way  
As his eyes slowly crossed  
All her patience she lost  
But we swear that he yelled  
As she dragged him away:

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[chorus]

[3]

After that it was weeks till we saw him  
What a change in his face and his voice!  
He was so well behaved  
It was almost depraved  
And cranberry juice was his beverage of choice!

Of course it was fine while it lasted  
But his morals soon turned to decline  
Once returned to the pack  
All bad habits came back  
Soon enough we were hearing  
The old plaintive whine:

[chorus]

[4]

And now to conclude my long ditty  
Poor Rick's off the wagon again  
His intentions were strong  
But they couldn't last long  
When he found himself back among wicked young men

But he brags about how he deceives her  
When he swears tonic's all that he drinks  
But the wife as a rule  
Is not anyone's fool  
And she's wiser to him  
Than the poor dummy thinks:

[chorus]