

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:

WILL YOU POINT OUT MY WIFE IF YOU SEE HER?

[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]