The Matrimonial Handicap (from Sweet Little Devil)

Music and Lyrics by George Gershwin and B. G. DeSylva



THE MATRIMONIAL HANDICAP

All: In the Matrimonial handicap
He who gambles is a sap!
When you pick "the winners at a glance"
Steer clear of that plug, RomanceAt the odds, he hasn't got a chance!

REFRAIN:

All: It's seven to one that Love'll take flight-

Girls: Thirteen to one he will leave you!
Boys: Fourteen to one she'll deceive you!
Girls: Fifteen to one he'll go on a bat!
Boys: Sixteen to one the wife'll get fat!

All: All you beginners

Who think you're picking winners It's a hundred to one that you lose!

SECOND REFRAIN:

Girls: It's twenty to one you'll marry a brute!

Boys: Thirty to one that wifie can shoot!

Girls: Forty to one he'll get old soon
Boys: Fifty to one she'll grow cold s con!

Girls: Sixty to one he'll fallfor some fright!

Boys: Eighty to one she'll rob you at night!

All: All you beginners

Who think you're picking winners
It's a hundred to one that you lose!