

Ella Fitzgerald

"I'll Be Hard To Handle"

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Now we'll say till something do us part
That old dad of mine ain't got a heart
Any girl who's out for pleasure
Thinks of marriage only at her leisure
As it is, they've got the horse behind the cart

When my pop said we must wed
He kind of wowed me, still I'm ready
But one thing must be clear at this time

I'll be hard to handle, I promise you that
And if you complain here's one little Jane
Who'll leave you flat

I'll be hard to handle, what else can I be
I say with a shrug, I think you're a mug
To marry me

When you first threw me a gander, I was willing to
philander
But I never thought I'd have to be a bride
Now you're gonna find tough sledding
I don't want no shotgun wedding, I was only along for
the ride

I'll be hard to handle, I'm telling you plain
Just be a dear and scam out of here
I'm gonna raise Cain

I'll be hard to handle, my bridges are burned
This wedding's a gag and you're in the bag
Where I'm concerned

I'll be hard to handle, when we've said, "I do"
See there's no hope I just got a dope
When I took you

I'll be living my life in bed but they always will be twin
beds
And I warn you, you'll be living like a monk
Our affair is now a past one, so don't think you've
pulled the fast one

Just remember, I think you're a punk

I'll be hard to handle, I'm no ball and chain
I'll find some means to call the marines
I'm gonna raise Cain, gonna raise Cain
I'm telling you plain, I'm gonna raise Cain

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