

Irving Berlin

"Antonio 13 May 1912"

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1st verse:]

I can't explain-a how I feel, my heart no let me speak
Antonio, he run away and leave me last-a week
He take 'em all the money what I hide under the floor
He also take the Irish gal that live-a next a-door
He thinks that I'm an easy mark, like what you call the
"Jay"
I write-a him-a letter and-a this is what I say

[chorus:]

Antonio, don't you think that you can treat me so
Because I sharp-a da stiletto till she look-a much-a new
And pretty soon the people walk-a slow behind-a you
Antonio, don't you think that you can treat me so
I'm gonna give-a you a close-a shave
So close-a that you shake-a hand-a with the grave
Antonio, better come back home

[2nd verse:]

The minute that he sees-a me, he's gonna know I sore
And then he's gonna run-a like he never run before
I wrote-a him a dozen letters in the past-a week
For ev'ry letter what I write, I'm gonna throw a brick
I lose 'em all the pity and my heart she turn to stone
And here's the last-a letter that I write-a to Antone

[2nd chorus:]

Antonio, don't you think that you can treat me so
Because I go and see the tailor and the tailor he's-a
guess
Why I go there and order up the nice-a black-a dress
Antonio, don't you think that you can treat me so
I'm gonna cook for you some macaroni
You eat [kiss, kiss, kiss], goodbye, Antonio
Antonio, better come back home

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