

Irving Berlin

"If You Don't Want My Peaches You'd Better Stop Sh"

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9 May 1914)

[1st verse:]

Mary Snow had a beau
Who was bashful and shy
She simply couldn't make the boy propose
No matter how she'd try
Mary grew tired of waiting
So she called her beau one side
While he stood there biting his fingernails
Mary cried:

[chorus:]

If you don't want my peaches
You'd better stop shaking my tree

Let me say that you're mighty slow
You're as cold as an Eskimo

There's a thousand others waiting
Waiting to propose to me

So, if you don't want my peaches
You'd better stop shaking my tree

[2nd verse]

Mary's Pa and her Ma
Soon came into the room
They took a look at Mary's beau and cried
"You ought to be a groom
Of course, it's none of our bus'ness
But she'd make a lovely bride"
He just answered "I'll think it over" but
Mary cried

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