

Helen Kane

"Don't Be Like That"

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Oh, at last I've got you near,
So I can tell you, dear,
That your funny disposition almost drives me wild!
I know that you could be
So nice and sweet to me;
But you treat me just as though I'm a child!
I ask you for a kiss,
You give me just one kiss,
When I'd want another kiss;
Ah, don't be like that!
And when I wanna pet,
And I think we're all set,
You play so hard to get;
Don't be like that!
I wish I knew if you really love me,
The things you do, make me think that you don't think
much of me.
You know, we'd make a lovely pair,
If you could only care,
But you're a frigidaire;
Aw, don't be like that!

I call you on the phone,
And I get you on the phone,
But you say you're not home;
Oh, don't be like that!

Ya know, when you call on Sunday night,
And everything is just so nice,
But you let the lights burn bright,
Don't be like that!

You think that I'll spend my evenings gaily,
When all you try is a tune on your ukulele.
You know, another thing I found,
When Christmas time comes round,
You're always out of town,
Ah, don't be like that!

Oh, don't be like that!

Oh, honey dear, you are so appealing,
And when you love, oh, you love with such feeling!
I love that boop-boop-a-doop,
You love that boop-boop-a-doop,
We love that boop-oo-doop-oo;
Oh, don't be like that!

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