

## Berlin Irving

### "Antonio"

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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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