

## Berlin Irving

### "Tra-La, La, La!"

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[1st verse:]

Once a vocal teacher  
Said to Mabel Beecher  
"I think your singing voice is very canary!  
It needs cultivation  
For a demonstration  
I'll charge you 'Ten' to cultivate it"  
She paid it  
Twice a week Miss Mabel scrapes the money up  
somehow  
Twice a week he teaches her to vocalize and now

[chorus:]

All day long she's singing  
"Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la!"  
When her voice starts ringing  
"Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la!"  
All the neighbors get together and cry  
"It's most unbearable, terrible!  
Why do they let her suffer?"  
Ev'rybody hollers "Tie a can-o to her Soprano!"  
All her aunts and uncles when they heard her  
Holler'd "Murder!"  
Ev'ry day a neighbor moves away  
From her "Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la!"  
Tra, la, la, la, la!"

[2nd verse:]

Landlord sent a "Cable"  
Saying "Dear Miss Mabel  
Your voice is good for breaking leases to pieces  
My advice, Miss Beecher  
Is give up your teacher  
Your singing voice needs no improving"  
They're moving!  
June, July and August finds her relatives in tears  
Just because they must go 'round with earmuffs on  
their ears

