

Berlin Irving

"Try It On Your Piano"

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[1st verse:]

Benjamin Manner played a grand piano
And he cert'nly played it fine
Played the piano all the time
Like a reg'lar Rubinstein
Sunday he called around to see Miss Lucy Brown
And said "My darling pet
I have found a new way to make love
That hasn't been discovered yet
Won't you let me show you how?"
But Miss Lucy cried "not now":

[chorus:]

Try it on your piano grand
I don't care to understand
B or I flat, C or Y flat
Try it hon' but not in my flat
While I don't doubt that what you say is true
I'm not taking chances with some love that's new
So Mister Manner, try it on your piano
But you can't try it on me

[2nd verse:]

Benjamin Manner sold his grand piano
And became a doctor fair
One who cures your pain and care
He was known most ev'rywhere
Lucy took sick one day, he called around to say
"I've brought with me a pill
It's a new discovery of my own
That surely ought to cure or kill
It has never yet been tried"
But Miss Lucy loudly cried:

[2nd chorus:]

Try it on your piano grand
I don't care to understand
B or I flat
C or Y flat
Try it hon' but not in my flat
Give me Peruna for my ev'ry pain

For he who takes that will live to take again
So try your brand up on a baby grand Because you
can't try it on me

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