

# Not Cricket to Picket

Barbra Streisand

It's not cricket to picket, not cricket  
Oh, no it's just not coming for to picket  
You haven't any right you know, you're acting in great haste  
Just think of the predicament in which your boss is  
placed  
And entrenous I think, it's an exceedingly bad taste  
Not cricket to picket, not cricket  
It's not cricket to picket, not cricket  
Atrocious and gauche you know, to picket  
Go home and starve like gentlemen, not like a noisy brood  
Real ladies never make a fuss, though they like  
clothes and food  
And money's never talked about, for that would be quite rude  
Not cricket to picket not cricket  
It's not picket to cricket, not picket  
Uncultured and unmannerly to picket  
You know you're misbehaving now, you mus'nt lose your mind  
You're being so inelegant and frankly quite  
unkind  
Excuse my indiscretion, but you're older than refined  
Not picket to cricket not picket  
It ain't ticket to stick it, not picket  
Now offer some, get each man there a cricket  
Oh dear, where is your decency, no Vanderbilts or Asters  
Would ask in such a vulgar way, be fitting only dexters  
I beg you get the hell away, you lousy bunch of  
What do you mean disturbing the peace?  
Come with you often, oh, you see, you're brushing my mink  
Get your hands off, kid, you don't seem to know  
Who I am, or whom I know  
Listen, I'm an intimate friend of Jimmy Walker  
You won't get me in the [Incomprehensible]

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