

I'll Be Hard To Handle

Ella Fitzgerald & Nelson Riddle and His Orchestra

Now we'll say till something do us part
That old dad of mine ain't got a heart
Any girl who's out for pleasure
Thinks of marriage only at her leisure
As it is, they've got the horse behind the cart
When my pop said we must wed,
He kind of wowed me, still I'm read-y
But one thing must be clear
At this time I'll be hard to handle
I promise you that
And if you complain
Here's one little Jane
Who'll leave you flat
I'll be hard to handle
What else can I be
I say with a shrug
I think you're a mug
To marry me
When you first threw me a gander
I was willing to philander
But I never thought I'd have to be a bride
Now you're gonna find tough sledding
I don't want no shotgun wedding
I was only along for the ride
I'll be hard to handle
I'm telling you plain
Just be a dear
and scram out of here
I'm gonna raise cain
I'll be hard to handle
My bridges are burned
This wedding's a gag
And you're in the bag
Where I'm concerned
I'll be hard to handle
When we've said, "I do"
See there's no hope
I just got a dope
When I took you
I'll be living my life in bed
But they always will be twin beds
And I warn you, you'll be living like a monk
Our affair is now a past one
So don't think you've pulled a fast one

Just remember, I think you're a punk! I'll be hard to handle
I'm no ball and chain
I'll find some means
To call the Marines
I'm gonna raise cain Gonna raise cain
I'm telling you plain
I'm gonna raise cain

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