

# 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 scam 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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