

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 entre nous 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 musn't 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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