

# Tattler

David Soul

Whenever you find a man  
Who loves every woman he sees  
There's always some kind of woman  
That's putting him up a tree And that kind of man he ain't got  
As much sense as a mule  
'Cause you know all those women, they don't love him,  
They're playin' him for a fool Ah ah ah, oh no, it's not hard for you to understand  
True love can be such sweet harmony  
If you do the best that you can If you marry the wrong kind of woman  
And get to where you cannot breath,  
You just as well go get your hat  
And let that woman be And men ought'a make good husbands  
And quite trying to lead the fast life  
Goin' out, dressin' up, every other woman  
Won't put clothes on his own wife Ah ah ah, oh no, it's not hard for you to understand  
True love can be such sweet harmony  
If you do the best that you can Now there're lots of good women who want to marry  
And live a good life at home  
But they're afraid they'll get hold of a rowdy man  
Won't leave other women alone And there're lots of good men who want to marry  
And live a good life at home  
But everytime they turn their back  
There's a man sayin; "Honey, has he gone?" Ah ah ah, oh no, it's not hard for you to understand  
True love can be such sweet harmony  
If you do the best that you can

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