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"Abraham Jefferson Washington Lee:"
("You Ain't Goin' To Pick No Fuss Out Of Me")

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING. Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Moderato.

Voice.

1. Look here, let me ask you something
2. Yes-ter-day I saw you out with

Mister Lee, What you mean by always finding fault with me?
Mandy Brown, Driving in a moving van around the town;

tries to do the best I can for you, indeed I
saw you buy an ice cream sandwich too, for shame on
do; you;

Can it be you're looking for a good excuse,
I go out a scrubbing for you every day,

Got another gal and wants to turn me loose? Just let me tell you you go out riding all my coin away, Then kick cause I don't

now a thing or two you know is true.
feed you chicken stew that's what you do.

Who sat up all night when you were sick a bed, nearly dead, 'Member what I told you on our wedding day, I'd obey,

held your head; 'Mem-ber how that mus-tard plas-ter
have your way; I'd be-lieve you if you told me

stuck to you, That's just the way that I'll stick too:
black was red, I'd stand for an-y thing you said:

CHORUS.
Ab-ra-ham Jeff-er-son Wash-ing-ton Lee, Well you ain't goin' to pick no

fuss out of me, I was al-ways so good to you,
Then you called me your honey Lulu, Once it was lovel y, and
dovey, and pet, Now a roast and a toast is the best that I get,

Abraham Jefferson Washington Lee, Well you

ain’t goin’ to pick no fuss out of me. fuss out of me.