Mean Mean Mama

(Why Don't You Mean What You Say?)

Lyric by
MITCHELL PARISH

Melody by
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Moderato

VAMP

VOICE

Mama, I'm as mad as can be,
Mama, if you think I am blind,

And you'd better listen to me,
You just get it out of your mind,

all along,
That you'll never do your

tabs on you,
And you need a real good

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ev'ry little promise you make,  
if you want to be and let be,  
You always go and break, (So tell me)  
You stop two-tim-in' me, (Oh! tell me)

CHORUS

Mean, mean ma-ma,  
Why don't you mean what you say?

One day you say that you'll be good-y good, And

then you go and vamp the whole darn neighbor-ood,  
You know,

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mama, I wasn't born today, If

you don't intend to stop treat-in' me wick-ed, You bet-ter start in hunt-in' for a
you don't get bu-sy, and take my ad-vice in, I know a pair of ton-sils that are

new meal tick-et, Mean, mean ma-ma,
in for slic-in;

Why don't you mean what you say?— Why don't you mean what you say?—

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PATTER

You think you've got me tied around your little thumb, I may be hard of hearing, dear, but

I'm not dumb. You tell me that the ice-man looks awful nice, Perhaps I don't know why you use up

so much ice. You try to vamp the butcher, and the grocer too. That's

why they call around before their bills are due. The baker doesn't charge you a

solitary cent. And now I know just why the landlord never raised your rent.

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D. S. at Fine