

**Dont Get Married**  
**The Dubliners**

Another Irish tune from back in the day, this song goes down well at wedding and engagement parties, aaahh wedded bliss, and The Dubliners givin away all our secrets.

I really have to find another font to use, cause I m fecked off altogether backspacing, backspacing, backspacing to get the chords in near the right place.

If you liked it

! RATE IT ! flatwound

**DON T GET MARRIED**

**Em** **A** **Em**  
Don t get married girl, You ll sign away your life  
**G** **D** **C** **D** **Em**  
You may start off as a woman, But you ll end up as the wife  
**Em** **A** **Em**  
You could be a Vestal Virgin, Take the veil and be a nun  
**G** **D** **C** **B7**  
But don t get married girl, For marraige isn t fun  
**E** **Em** **B7**  
Oh it s fine when you re romancing, And he plays the lovers part  
**A** **E** **Em** **B7**  
You re the roses in his garden, You re the flame that warms his heart  
**A** **E** **A** **E**  
And his love will last forever, And he ll promise you the moon  
**B7** **E** **B7** **E**  
But just wait until you re wedded, Then he ll sing a different tune  
**A** **E** **A** **E**  
You re his tapioca pudding, You re the dumplings in his stew  
**A** **E** **Em** **B7**  
But he ll soon begin to wonder, What he ever saw in you  
**A** **E** **A** **E**  
Sure he takes without complaining, All the dishes you provide  
**B7** **E** **B7** **E**  
For you see he s got to have, His bit of jam tart, On the side  
**Em** **A** **Em**  
So don t get married girls, It s very badly paid  
**G** **D** **C** **D** **Em**  
You may start off as the mistress, But you ll end up as the maid  
**Em** **A** **Em**  
Be a daring deep sea diver, Be a polished polyglot  
**G** **D** **C** **B7**  
But don t get married girls, For marriage is a plot  
**E** **Em** **B7**  
Aarh you seen him in the morning, With a face that looks like death

A E Em B7  
With dandruff on his pillow, And tobacco on his breath  
A E A E  
And he needs some reassurance, With his cup of tea in bed  
B7 E B7 E  
For he s worried by the mortgage, And the bald patch on his head  
A E A E  
And he s sure that you re his mother, Lays his head upon your breast  
A E Em B7  
So you try to boost his ego, Iron his shirt, And warm his vest  
A E A E  
Then you get him off to work, The mighty hunter is restored  
B7 E B7 E  
And he leaves you there with nothing, But the dreams you can t afford

Em A Em  
So don t get married girls, Cause men are all the same  
G D C D Em  
They ll just use you, When they want you, You d do better on the game  
Em A Em  
Be a call girl, Be a stripper, Be a hostess, Be a whore  
G D C B7  
But don t get married girls, For marriage is a bore  
E Em B7  
When he comes home in the evening, He can hardly spare a look  
A E Em B7  
All he says is What s for dinner? , After all you re just the cook  
A E A E  
But when he takes you to a party, Where he eye s you with a frown  
B7 E B7 E  
For you know you ve got to look your best, You mustn t let him down  
A E A E  
And he ll clutch you with that look, While ere s that twinkle in his eyes  
A E Em B7  
Like he s entered for a raffle, And he s won you for the prize  
A E A E  
Ahh but when the partys over, You ll be slogging through the sludge  
B7 E B7 E  
Half the time a decoration, The other half, A drudge

Em A Em  
So don t get married, It ll drive you round the bend  
G D C D Em  
It s a lane without a turning, It s the end without an end  
Em A Em  
Take a lover every friday, Take up tennis, Be a nurse  
G D C B7  
But don t get married girls, For marriage is a curse  
A E A E  
Then you get him off to work, The mighty hunter is restored  
B7 E B7 E  
And he leaves you there with nothing, But the dreams you can t afford