

# The Tatler

Billy Bragg

Whenever you find a man  
That loves every woman he sees  
There's always some kind of woman  
That's putting him up a tree

Well that kind of man he ain't got  
As much sense as a mule  
You know every woman don't love you  
They're just playing you for a fool

Ooh, oh no  
It's not hard for you to understand  
True love can be such a sweet harmony  
If you do the best that you can

If you marry the wrong kind of woman  
And you get where you can't agree  
Well you just as well forget your plan  
Let that woman be

But a man ought to make a good husband  
And quit trying to lead a fast life  
Going around dressing up other women  
Won't put clothes on his own wife

Ooh, oh no  
It's not hard for you to understand  
True love can be such a sweet harmony  
If you do the best that you can

Well there's lots of good women want to marry  
And they want to live well at home  
But they're 'fraid they might get hold of some rowdy man  
Can't let other women alone

And there's lots of good men want to marry  
And they want to live well at home  
But everytime they turn their back there's a man there  
Asking, "Darling, is he gone?"

Ooh, oh no  
It's not hard for you to understand  
True love can be such a sweet harmony  
If you do the best that you can

True love can be such a sweet harmony  
If you do the best that you can