

Dirt Dishin' Daisy

The Mills Brothers

I know of a scandal monger,
A lowdown evil skirt,
They call her Dirt Dishin' Daisy,
Boy, how she can dish that dirt!

She works down in Joe's Lunch Room,
She waits on tables there,
And while she dishes that hash out,
She dishes dirt for fair!

Blab, blab, blab!
Blab, blab, blab!
Blab, blab, blab!
Blab, blab, blab!

Now when you come in for pork chops,
Or oysters that are fried,
You're gonna get more than pork chops,
You'll get some dirt besides!

She pans your next door neighbour
And make you think it's true;
And when your neighbour comes in there,
She comes in pannin' you!

Blab, blab, blab!
Blab, blab, blab!
Blab, blab, blab!
Blab, blab, blab!

They left Dirt Dishin' Daisy
Stretched out there on the floor!
The dishes all around her,
She won't deal dirt no more!

The moral of this story,
Only this, my friend;
If you dish dirt while you're livin',
They'll dish dirt on you in the end!

Blab, blab, blab!
Blab, blab, blab!

Blab, blab, blab!
Blab, blab, blab!
Blab!