

## TALKING BACK TO FATHER

**T**ALKING BACK to father,  
What an awful thing,  
He doesn't give me hardly time  
To say a single thing.

And if I keep on talking,  
He doesn't say, "Now quit,"  
But before I know what he's about  
I feel myself being hit.

Sometimes, I get quite angry  
And pout around and cry,  
And sometimes, I'm real silent,  
As though I was goin' to die.

Then I get real silent  
And things get terribly drear,  
My mother comes along and says  
"Don't act that way, my dear."

But I've a love for arguing  
That's taken bit by bit,  
And father ends the bargain  
By getting out his whip.

