

Loud Speakin' Papa
Words by Jack Yellen
Music by Lew Pollack

Lucy Lee from Tennessee,
Went and bought a radio set;
She also had a household pet,
The loudest-speakin' papa I've heard yet;
He talked tough, acted rough,
And he strutted terribly proud,
He'd rave and shout out loud;
He always sounded like a crowd;
One night he bawled her out about her radio,
This made Miss Lucy angry and she told him so.
She said:

Loud-speakin' papa, you better speak easy to me;
Someday you'll shout and then no doubt,
I'm gonna turn your dial and tune you out,
'Cause I don't have to listen to your noise and din.
There's plenty other stations I can tune right in,
So loud-speakin' papa, you better speak easy to me!
Get what I'm saying:
You better speak easy to me!

You listening now to station WIFE,
Your mama is announcin', listen carefully:
If you get mama angry, as sure as you're born,
I'm gonna twist your aerial, and bust your horn;
I don't like your broadcastin' anyhow,
Your program's gettin' stale; it's full of static now;
You know your mama's got an awful powerful set,
And there ain't nothin' nowhere that I can't get!
So loud-speakin' papa, you'd better speak easy to me!

Someday you'll shout and then no doubt,
I'm gonna turn your dial and tune you out,
I've got a strong suspicion that you cannot last,
'Cause you're wearin' out your storage batteries mighty fast,
So loud-speakin' papa, you'd better speak easy to me,
Pipe down, sailor! you'd better speak easy to me!