Don’t Trust Them.

Lyric by
FRED DE GRESAC &
EDWARD PAULTON.

Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

Moderato

Piano.

Tho’ it’s wrong to be suspicious, It’s un-
doubt-ed-ly judi-cious, It will prob-a-bly pre-
vent you be-ing done. The-man who brings you

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coal, Dumps three quarters in the hole, Al-

-tho' you've paid him full price for a ton In high

places it is found, That the dough bag passes

'round, Yes, among the men who tell us graft must stop.

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The man who peddles fruit, In his small way is astute,
Yes, he puts the finest peaches on the top.

Refrain.
Don't trust them— Don't trust them.

We warn you, be wary, And

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trust them as you would a hungry cat with a Canary.

Bull con is all around us, Straight ones are very few.

So we say to all don't fall, don't fall, You'll be sorry if you do, do, do.

Don't do.