

LOCAL LYRICS

PAPA WALKS

"You are old and decrepit," the young man said. "Both your hair and your whiskers are grey,
And yet you incessantly walk to your work. Do you think, at your age, it's O. K.?
A few months ago, sir, you purchased a car. In Heaven's name, why don't you use it?
I never see you in that bus that you bought. Did you sell it, or burn it, or lose it?"

That old guy replied, "I am aged and tired; ah, the joints they are weary and creaking,
But whenever I look for my auto it seems that the son has gone out in it, sheiking.
Or his mother is doing her shopping in style, or one of my daughters has got it—
I haven't been out for a drive in that boat since the day that I dug down and bought it.



SOME HAVE THEM—AND SOME ARE LUCKY

I know a man who sinks to rest with sin enough upon his chest,
Each night, to sink a ship or two, but, still, he sleeps as calm as you;
And should he toss and heave the sigh, such is not caused by conscience, guy,
But means that rich and plenteous fare was his before he pounded ear.

He daily grabs the poor man's bite and pockets, eke, the widow's mite—
An oily, easy, scoundrel, he, sunk fathoms in iniquity;
But if you think that grim remorse shares bed with him, you're off your course;
The only thing he's sorry for, is that he cannot wangle more.

A conscience is a stay to sin, it hurts you when you twist it—
But there be folks who'll never know that such a thing existed.