

(Tune: "I Hate to Get Up in the Morning")

Oh! How we love to perceive our rivals,
 Coming slowly to their defeat.
 For we offer them the treat,
 Of a bit of wisdom sweet,
 There's never a one, there's never a one,
 there's never a one can beat us.
 Just look at the —————(a) trembling,
 Shortly their backers are going bust,
 For we are from the U. of A. we guar-
 antee most any day,
 To smash the opposite team to dust.

(Tune: "Blessed be the Tie That Binds")

I'm tired of walking uphill,
 I long for an automobile;
 When I get a jag on,
 I want a gas wagon;
 I'm tired of walking uphill.
 I'm tired of living alone,
 I want a wee wife of my own;
 Some one to caresss me,
 To dress and undress me;
 I'm tired of living alone.
 As a beauty, I'm not a star,
 There are others more handsome by far,
 My face, I don't mind it,
 For I am behind it,
 You people in front get the jar.