

THAT JITNEY BUS OF MINE.

I've cussed it and I've mussed it,
And I've pushed it down the road,
I've coaxed it and I've hoaxed it,
And I've even packed it's load.

I've cranked it and I've spanked it
And I've begged the thing to run,
I've tried everything from Fall to Spring
That ever has been done.

When I write about the cussed thing,
From front to rearmost wheel,
I have to change the metre
To express just how I feel.

I've warmed the carburettor,
With hot water by the pail,
I've primed it with directions
That were never known to fail.

I've cleaned up every spark plug,
I've even bathed it in the sun,
And when I got through nursing it
The blamed thing wouldn't run.

I've even strained its gasoline,
I've put perfume in its oil
I've manicured the battery
And tied ribbon on the coil.

I've kept it like a pig pen,
So my friends would feel at home,
And when I'd want to show it off,
The blame thing wouldn't "roam."

I've prayed for thieves to steal it,
So they'd get stung by the deal,
But if they tried to start it
They could never turn a wheel.

If I only had an enemy
Just to give him that machine,
I know I had the best of him
By everything that's mean.

I'd dump it in the river
But I'd know when that was done,
It would pollute all of the water
Till the salmon *couldn't run*.