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Bobby's Christmas Complaint

Willis Hawkins

I'm awful tired o' bein' rich,
I think it was a pity
We come into the money which
Enticed us to the city.
I wish that we was poor again
An' back in Pawpaw Center,
A-livin' as we ust to when
We was so much contented.

Pa didn't have that worried look
An' Ma was never nervous
Before we had a chef to cook
An' a butler man to serve us.
I'd rather be the way we was,
All feelin' fine an' happy,
With simple cookin' such as Ma's
That never made us scrappy.

An' then the lugs the girls put on!
I think it's awful silly
That Mary Jane is "Marie Zohn"
An' Nellie is "Natie."

But, gracious, they git mad at me
When I say "Nel" or "Mary,"
Though that is what they ust to be
When they was 'tendin' dairy.

Them days I knew a lot o' boys
That I could play an' fight with,
An' swap my marbles an' my toys,
Or go an' stay all night with.
But now that I'm a rich man's son
There'd be a great sensation
If I should play with any one
Beneath my lofty station.

An' now that Chris'mus time is near

An' Santy Claus is comin',
I don't see how he'll git in here
Unless it's through the plumbin'.
Instead o' chimneys we have wires
Where 'lectric currents sizzle,
An' I guess where you don't have fires
Your Chris'mus is a fizzle.



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