

Dirty Hands Dirty Face

Al Jolson

Wonderful pals are always hard to find
Some folks have one, some folks have none
And I was alone for years, but fate was kindAnd in the end, sent me a friend
Although he's not much higher than my knee
Still he's the greatest thing on earth for meDirty hands! dirty face!
Leads the neighbors a chase
But his smile is as cute as can beMaking noise, breaking toys
He's always fighting the boys
But his eyes, they're a vision to seeAnd when my work is done
Coming home from the setting sun
At the gate he will start to run
And then I'll kiss my boyDirty hands! dirty face!
Little devil, that's what they say
But to me he's an angel of joyDirty hands! dirty face!
Leads the neighbors a chase
But his smile, his little smile, is as cute as can beMaking noise, breaking toys
He's always fighting the boys
But his eyes, they're his Mother's
And they're a vision to meAnd when my work is done
Coming home, coming home to the setting sun
From the gate he'll start to run
And then, ohh, I'll kiss my boyDirty hands! dirty face!
Little devil, that's what they say
But to me he's an angel of joy

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