

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 kind
 And in the end, sent me a friend
Although he's not much higher than my knee
Still he's the greatest thing on earth to me
 Dirty hands, dirty face
 Leads the neighbours a chase
 But his smile is as cute as can be
 Making noise, breaking toys
 He's always fighting the boys
But his eyes, they're a vision to see
 And when my work is done
 Coming home from the setting sun
 To the gate he will start to run
And then I'll kiss my boy
 Dirty hands, dirty face
 Little devil, that's what they say
But to me he's an angel of joy
 Dirty hands, dirty face
 Leads the neighbours a chase
 But his smile, his little smile, is as cute as can be
 Making noise, breaking toys, Ha-ha-ha
 He's always fighting the boys
 But his eyes, they're his Mother's
And they're a vision to me
 And when my work is done
 Coming home, coming home to the setting sun
 From the gate he'll start to run
And then, Ohhh! I'll kiss my boy
 Dirty hands, dirty face
 Little devil, that's what they say
 But to me he's an angel of joy

Published by

Lyrics © CARLIN AMERICA INC, WARNER CHAPPELL MUSIC INC, SONY ATV MUSIC PUB LLC

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>