

Soliloquy

Frank Sinatra

I wonder what he'll think of me
I guess he'll call me "the old man"
I guess he'll think I can lick
Ev'ry other fella's father
Well, I can bet that he turns out to be
The spittin' image of his dad
But he'll have more common sense
Than his puddin'-headed father ever had I'll teach him to wrassle and dive through a wave
When we go in the morning for our swim
His mother can teach him the way to behave
But she won't make a sissy out o' him
Not him! Not my boy! Not Bill Bill. I will see that he is named after me, I will
My boy, Bill, he'll be tall and tough as a tree, will Bill
Like a tree he'll grow with his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try to boss or toss him around
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll boss him around I don't give a damn what he does as long as he does what
he likes
He can sit on his tail or work on a rail with a hammer and hammer in spikes
He can ferry a boat on a river or peddle a pack on his back
Or work up and down the streets of a town with a whip and a horse and a hack He can haul a scow along a canal
Run a cow around a corral
Or maybe bark for a carousel
Of course, it takes talent to do that well He might be a champ of the heavyweights
Or a fella that sells you glue
Or President of the United States
That'd be all right, too Spoken His mother would like that, but he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be
Not Bill My boy, Bill he'll be tall and as tough as a tree, will Bill
Like a tree he'll grow with his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try to boss or toss him around
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced, pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll boss him around And I'll be damned if he'll
marry his boss's daughter
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water
Who'll give him a peck and call it a kiss
And look in his eyes through a *lorgnette*
Hey, why am I takin' on like this?
My kid ain't even been born yet I can see him when he's seventeen or so
And startin' in to go with a girl

I can give him lots of pointers
Very sound, on the way to get 'round any girl
I can tell him
Wait a minute
Could it be?
What the hell
What if he is a girl?
You can have fun with a son
But you got to be a father to a girl
She mightn't be so bad, at that
A kid with ribbons in her hair
A kind of neat and petite little tin-type of her mother
What a pair
My little girl, pink and white as peaches and cream is she
My little girl is half again as bright as girls were meant to be
Dozens of boys pursue her, many a likely lad
Does what he can to woo her from her faithful dad
She has a few pink and white young fellas of two and three
But my little girl gets hungry ev'ry night and she comes home to me
I gotta get ready before she comes
Gotta make certain that she won't be dragged up in slums with a lot o' bums like me
She's gotta be sheltered and fed and dressed in the best that money can buy
I never knew how to get money but, I'll try, by God! I'll try
I'll go out and make it or steal it
Or take it or die

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