

# Soliloquy

## Gordon MacRae

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 feller's father  
Well, I can

I bet that he'll turn 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 mornings 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

My boy 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 him or toss him around  
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll toss him around

I don't give a hang 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, a-hammering 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 feller that sells you glue  
Or President of the United States  
That'd be all right, too

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 him or toss him around  
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced, pot-bellied, braggie-eyed bully'll boss him around

And I'll be hanged if he'll marry his boss' daughter  
A skinny-lipped lady with blood like water  
Who'll give him a peck and call it a kiss  
And look in his eyes through a lorgnet  
Say, 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?  
What if he is a girl?  
Oh Bill, Bill  
What would I do with her?  
What could I do for her?  
A bum with no money  
You can have fun with a son  
But you gotta be a father to a girl

She mighn't be so bad at that  
A kid with ribbons in her hair  
A kind of sweet 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 are 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 fellers of two or three  
But my little girl  
Gets hungry ev'ry night and she come home to me

I got to get ready before she comes  
I got to make certain that she  
Won't be dragged up in slums  
With a lot of bums like me

She's got to be sheltered  
And fed and dressed in the best money can buy  
I never knew how to get money  
But I'll try, Iâ€™ll try, I'll try  
I'll go out and make it or steal it or take it  
Or die

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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