

# Soliloquy

## Gordon MacRae

Billy

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 wrestle

And dive through a wave

When we go in the mornin's 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 or toss him around!

No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully

Will boss 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, 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.

Aha-ha-ha-ha!

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 if he didn't wanna 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, baggy-eyed bully

Will boss him around.

And I'm hanged if he'll marry his boss' 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 talkin' on like this?

My kid ain't even been born, yet!

I can see him when he's seventeen or so,

And startin' 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?

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 mightn't be so bad at that

A kid with ribbons in her hair!

A kind o' sweett 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 comes home to me!

I-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 o' bums like me

She's got to be sheltered

In a fair hand dressed

In the best that money can buy!

I never knew how to get money,

But, I'll try, I'll try! I'll try!

I'll go out and make it or steal it

Or take it or die!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>