

Soliloquy

Reference number PT0462

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!

(spoken)

Bill!

(sung)

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 'll 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, 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.

(spoken)

His mother would like that
But he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be!

(sung)

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 'll 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

(spoken)

Hey, why am I takin' on like this?
My kid ain't even been born, yet!

(sung)

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

(spoken)

Wait a minute!

Could it be?

What the hell!

What if he is a girl?

Bill

Oh Bill!

What would I do with her?

What could I do for her?

A bum with no money!

(sung)

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 o' neat and petite

Little tin-type of her mother!

What a pair!

(spoken)

I can just hear myself bragging about her!

(sung)
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!

(spoken)
My little girl, my little girl!

(sung)
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
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!