

Father's Whiskers

G

We have a dear old daddy

A7

For whom we daily pray,

D7

He's got a set of whiskers,

G

They're always in the way.

Chorus:

G

Oh, they're always in the way,

A7

The cows eat them for hay,

D7

They hide the dirt on father's shirt,

G

They're always in the way.

Father had a strong back,
Now it's all caved in,
He stepped upon his whiskers
And walked up to his chin.

We have a dear old mother,
With him at night she sleeps,
She wakes up in the morning
Eating shredded wheat.

We have a dear old brother,
He has a Ford machine,
He uses father's whiskers
To strain the gasoline.

We have a dear old sister,
It really is a laugh,
She sprinkle's father's whiskers
As bath salts in her bath.

Father has a daughter,
Her name is Ella Mae,
She climbs up father's whiskers
And braids them all the way.

Around the supper table
We make a merry group,
Until dear father's whiskers
Get tangled in the soup.

Father fought in Flanders,
He wasn't killed, you see,
His whiskers looked like bushes
And fooled the enemy.

When father goes in swimming,
No bathing suit for him,
He ties his whiskers 'round his waist
And gaily plunges in.

Father in a tavern,

**He likes his lager beer,
He pins a pretzel on his nose
To keep his whiskers clear.**