

The Great American Bum

C
Come all you jolly jokers, if you want to have some fun,
G7
And listen while I relate the tale

C
of the great American bum;
From east and west and north and south

G7
Like a swarm of bees they come,
They sleep in the dirt and wear a shirt

C
That's lousy and full of crumbs.

Chorus:

C
I am a bum, a jolly old bum,
G7
And I live like a royal Turk;
And I have good luck,
And I bum all my chuck,

C
And the heck with the man that works.

It's early in the morning when the dew is on the ground,
A bum arises from his nest and gazes all around.
While going east they're loaded,
And going west sealed tight,
"I reckon we'll have to ride aboard
the fast express tonight."

Well, I met a man the other day that I never met before,
And he asked me if I wanted a job a-shovelin' iron ore;
I asked him what the wages was
And he said: "Ten cents a ton."
I said: "Old fellow scratch your . . . neck,
I'd rather be on the bum."

Oh, lady would you be kind enough
to give me somethin' to eat,
A piece of bread and butter and a tender slice of meat;
Some apple pie and custard
Just to tickle me appetite,
For really I'm so hungry,
don't know where I'll sleep tonight.