

Unknown Artist, A Horse Named Bill

A HORSE NAMED BILL

I had a horse, his name was Bill
And when he ran, he couldn't stand still
He ran away, one day And also, I ran with him
He ran so hard he couldn't stop
He ran into a barber's shop
He fell exhausted, with his teeth In the barber's left shoulder
Oh I went out into the woods last year
To hunt for beer and not for deer
I am, I ain't A great, sharp shooter
At shooting birds, I am a beaut
There is no bird I cannot shoot
In the eye, in the ear, in the finger
In Frisco Bay there lives a whale
And she eats porkchops by the bale
By the hatbox, by the pillbox, by the hogshead, by the schooner
Her name is Lena, she is a peach
But don't leave food within her reach
Or babies, or nursemaids, or chocolate ice cream sodas
She loves to laugh and when she smiles
You just see teeth for miles and miles
And tonsils, and spareribs, and things to fierce to mention
She knows no games so when she plays
She rolls her eyes for days and days
She vibrates, she yodels, and breaks the ten commandments
Oh wheat can you do in a case like that
Oh what can you do but stamp on your hat
Or on an eggshell, or a toothbrush, or anything that's helpless
(Collected by Sandburg)

to Dixie

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