

Soliloquy

John Raitt

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 Every 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 will 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 damn 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.

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' in 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 !
What if he's – he's a girl?

Ah Bill, Bill

What would I do with her? What could I do for her?
Me - 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' neat 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 every night and she comes home to me!

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!