

# GRAY HAIRS

BY T-BONE SLIM.

Your pocket-book is empty, now; so may be, too, your head,  
And you are wondering, won't ring how, you came to be misled.  
If any man should life enjoy "You surely fill the bill."  
You've labor'd since you were a boy—"you never had your fill".  
And you are wondering, wond'ring how, you came to be misled.  
Oh, where is that enormous pay, of which you used to blow?  
It's gone where all the "savings" go, to swell the bosses' glee—  
And—all because you brag and blow, of that which used to be.

## CHORUS:

Never brag about the time you used to "Hit the ball,"  
When you in your benighted prime, "Alone, could skin them all."  
Your fellow man though well behaved will turn to hide a peeve;  
His question is not, How you slaved? But, What did you receive?

Far greater "minds" are grazing o'er the daisies in the field  
A mule will always call for more—and analyze the yield!  
While you, "Creation's Masterpiece," are starving all the while—  
A mule can understand your grief. And never crack a smile!  
We hate to hear you "Roundalay" on How you used to go,  
And now that you are old and gray, and not a cent to show  
It makes no difference what you say, You've made an awful mess,  
The burning question of the day—is what do you possess?

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