

B'LIEVE HIM WITH A SMILE

(Air: Leave Me with a Smile)

Farmer John is blowing how his
corn is growing

On his giant toe;

All his grain ingrowing, hardly
makes a showing.

He would have you know;

Rye is ill begotten, oats is twice as
rotten,

Barleys out of style.

Listen to the sinner; he is no
beginner—

b'lieve him with a smile.

Ain't it funny—John is losing money
On his poland-china boar—

Yes sir, sonny, he is peddling honey,
Both to you and to the store—

All his chickens they went plumb
to dickens

And his cows laid down awhile—

If you hear this story tell him you
are sorry.

B'lieve him with a smile.

John is growing poorer; there is no-
thing surer

Than his fate, alas!

A respected deacon he's so poor that
he can

Barely buy the gas—

For his super-sixes (in and out of
ditches);

It must make him rile.

If you see him crying do not say
he's lying;

B'lieve him with a smile.

T-Bone Slim.
