

"THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

(Air: They go wild simply wild over me)

By T-Bone Slim

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be
And I've never done them harm that I can see.
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in
the can,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty
But I can't see why they always pick on me,
I'm as gentle as a lamb but they take me for a ram,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me
And he held his gun where everyone could see,
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me
And I plainly saw we never would agree,
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailor went wild over me
And he locked me up and threw away the key—
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me me,
I'm refering to the bed-bug and the flea,
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my
sleep

They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God he went wild over me,
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "go
to hell,"

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my
heart—

Will the roses grow over me?