

Child "Father's Whiskers"

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I have a dear old daddy,
For whom I nightly pray,
He has a set of whiskers
That are always in the way.

Oh, they're always in the way,
The cows eat them for hay,
They hide the dirt on Daddy's shirt,
They're always in the way.

Father had a strong back,
Now it's all caved in,
He stepped upon his whiskers
And walked up to his chin.

Oh, they're always in the way,
The cows eat them for hay,
They hide the dirt on Daddy's shirt,
They're always in the way.

Father has a daughter,
Her name is Ella Mae,
She climbs up father's whiskers
And braids them all the way.

Oh, they're always in the way,
The cows eat them for hay,
They hide the dirt on Daddy's shirt,
They're always in the way.

I have a dear old mother,
She likes the whiskers, too,
She uses them for dusting
And cleaning out the flue.

Oh, they're always in the way,
The cows eat them for hay,
They hide the dirt on Daddy's shirt,
They're always in the way.

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