

Porter Kalan

"Little Shirt My Mother Made For Me"

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I can't forget the day that I was born
Was on a cold and frosty winter's morn
The doctor said I was a chubby chap
And when the nurse she took me on her lap.

Oh, she bathed me all over I remember
And after powder-puffin' me you see
She put me in the cradle by the window
In the little shirt my mother made for me.

The first day that I wore my Knickerbocks
I felt so funny after wearin' smocks
I looked a little picture they did say
But when they let me out to run and play.

Oh, I didn't like the pants that I was wearin'
So on the street I took 'em off you see
And I started walkin' home so brave and darin'
In the little shirt my mother made for me.

While I was on my holiday
Upon the briny ocean I did gaze
The water looked so fine I thought
I'd go and have a swim but in a minute, oh.

All the girls on beach at me were starin'
And some were takin' pictures I could see
Was a lucky thing for me that I was wearin'
The little shirt my mother made for me...

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