

## Chikita Violenta

### "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.

