

Skeeter Davis

"Jimmy Brown The Newsboy"

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He sells the morning papers his name is Jimmy Brown
Everybody knows that he's the newsboy of the town
You could hear me yelling Morning Star run along the
street

Got no hat upon his head no shoes upon his feet

[ac.guitar]

Never mind sir how he looks don't look at him and
frown

He sells the morning papers his name is Jimmy Brown
He's awful cold and hungry his clothes are mighty thin
He wanders round from place to place his daily bread
to win

[dobro]

His father died a drunkard I've heard his mother say
Now he helps his mother as he journeys on his way
His mother always tells me he's nothing in the world to
lose

He'll get a place in heaven to sell the Gospel News

[ac.guitar]

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