

Sinatra Frank**"Soliloquy"**

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Writers: Rodgers/Hammerstein

I wonder what he'll think of me
I guess he'll call me the "old man"
I guess he'll think I can lick
Ev'ry other feller's father
Well, I can!
I bet that he'll turn out to be
The spittin' image of his dad
But he'll have more common sense
Than his puddin-headed father ever had
I'll teach him to wrassle
And dive through a wave
When we go in the mornin's for our swim
His mother can teach him
The way to behave
But she won't make a sissy out o' him
Not him! Not my boy! Not Bill!
Bill. I will see that he is named after me, I will.
My boy, Bill! He'll be tall
And tough as a tree, will Bill!
Like a tree he'll grow
With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss or toss him around!
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll toss him around
I don't give a damn what he does
As long as he does what he likes!
He can sit on his tail
Or work on a rail
With a hammer, hammering spikes!
He can ferry a boat on a river
Or peddle a pack on his back
Or work up and down
The streets of a town
With a whip and a horse and a hack
He can haul a scow along a canal
Run a cow around a corral
Or maybe bark for a carousel
Of course it takes talent to do that well

He might be a champ of the heavyweights
Or a feller that sells you glue
Or President of the United States
That'd be all right, too
His mother would like that
But he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be
Not Bill!
My boy, Bill! He'll be tall
And as tough as a tree, will Bill
Like a tree he'll grow
With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss or toss him around!
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced, pot-bellied, baggy-
eyed bastard'll boss
him around
And I'll be damned if he'll marry the boss' daughter
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water
Who'll give him a peck
And call it a kiss
And look in his eyes through a lorgnet
Say, why am I talkin' on like this?
My kid ain't even been born, yet!
I can see him when he's seventeen or so
And startin' to go with a girl
I can give him lots of pointers, very sound
On the way to get 'round any girl
I can tell him ...
Wait a minute!
Could it be?
What the hell!
What if he is a girl?
What would I do with her?
What could I do for her?
A bum with no money!
You can have fun with a son
But you got to be a father to a girl
She mighn't be so bad at that
A kid with ribbons in her hair!
A kind o' neat and petite
Little tin-type of her mother!
What a pair!
I can just hear myself bragging about her!
My little girl
Pink and white
As peaches and cream is she
My little girl
Is half again as bright
As girls are meant to be!
Dozens of boys pursue her

Many a likely lad does what he can to woo her
>From her faithful dad
She has a few
Pink and white young fellers of two and three
But my little girl
Gets hungry ev'ry night and she come home to me!
My little girl, my little girl!
I got to get ready before she comes!
I got to make certain that she
Won't be dragged up in slums
With a lot o' bums like me
She's got to be sheltered
And be dressed in the best money can buy!
I never knew how to get money
But, I'll try, by God! I'll try!
I'll go out and make it or steal it
Or take it or die!

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