

## **Menken Alan**

### **"Carrying The Banner"**

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Racetrack:

That's my cigar

Snipeshooter:

You'll steal anudder

Kid Blink:

Hey, bummers

We got work tah do

Specs:

Since when did you become me mudder?

Crutchy:

Ah, stop yer bawling!

Newsies:

Hey! Who ast you??

Mush:

Try Bottle Alley or the harbor

Racetrack:

Try Central Park, it's guaranteed

Jack:

Try any banker, bum, or barber ...

Skittery:

They almost all knows how to read!

Kid Blink:

I smell money

Crutchy:

You smell foul!

Mush:

Met this goyl last night ...

Crutchy:

Move your elbow!

Racetrack:

Pass the towel!

Skittery:

For a buck, I might!

Newsies:

Ain't it a fine life

Carrying the banner through it all?

A mighty fine life

Carrying the banner tough and tall

Every morning

We goes where we wishes

We's as free as fishes

Sure beats washing dishes

What a fine life

Carrying the banner home-free all!

Jack:

It takes a smile as sweet as butter

Crutchy:

The kind that ladies can't resist

Racetrack:

It takes an orphan with a stutter

Jack:

Who ain't afraid ta use his

Kid Blink:

Fist!

Newsies:

Summer stinks and winter's waiting

Welcome to New Yawk!

Boy, ain't nature fascinating

When youse gotta walk?

Still, it's a fine life

Carrying the banner with me chums!

A mighty fine life

Blowing every nickel as it comes

Crutchy:

I'm no snoozer

Sitting makes me antsy

I likes living chancy

Newsies:

Harlem tah Delancey

What a fine life

Carrying the banner through the slums

Nuns:

Blessed children

Though you wander lost and depraved

Jesus loves you

You shall be saved!

SUNG IN COUNTERPOINT:

Patrick's Mother

Patrick, darling,

Since you left me I am undone

Mother loves you!

God, save my son!

Racetrack:

Just gimme half a cup

Kid Blink:

Something ta wake me up

Mush:

I gotta find an angle

Crutchy:

I gotta sell more papes

Various Newsies:

Papers is all I got

Wish I could catch a breeze

Sure hope the headline's hot

All I can catch is fleas

God, help me if it's not!

Somebody help me, please ...

Newsies:

If I hate the headlines

I'll make up the headline

And I'll say anything I hafta

'Cause at two for a penny

If I take too many

Weasel just makes me eat 'em afta

SUNG IN COUNTERPOINT

1. Look! They're putting up a headline

They call that a headline?

I get better stories

From the copper on the beat!

I was gonna start at twenty

Now a dozen'll be plenty

Tell me, how'm I gonna make ends meet?

2. What's it say?

That won't pay!

So where's your spot?

God, it's hot!

Will ya tell me

How'm I gonna make ends meet?

Newsies:

We need a good assassination!

We need an earthquake or a war!

Snipeshooter:

How 'bout a crooked politician?

Newsies:

Hey, stupid

That ain't news no more!

Uptown to Grand Central Station

Down to City Hall

We improves our circulation

Walking till we fall

SUNG IN COUNTERPOINT:

1. Still we'll be out there

Carrying the banner man to man!

We'll be out there

Soaking every sucker that we can!

See the headline:

Newsies on a mission!

Kill the competition

Sell the next edition

While we're out there

Carrying the banner is the--

2. Look, they're putting up a headline

They call that a headline?

The idiot who wrote it

Must be working for the Sun!

Didja hear about the fire?

3. Heard it killed old man Maguire!

2. Heard the toll was even higher

3. Why do I miss all the fun?

2. Hitched it on a trolley

3. Meetcha Forty-fourth and Second

2. Little Italy's a secret

3. Bleecker's further than I reckoned

2. By the courthouse

3. Near the stables

2. On the corner someone beckoned! and I ...

1. It's a fine life

Carrying the banner through it all?

A mighty fine life

Carrying the banner tough and tall

See the headline

Newsies on a mission

Kill the competition

Sell the next edition

What a fine life,

Carrying the banner!...

2. Would you look at that headline?

You call that a headline?

I get better stories

From the copper on the beat!

I was gonna start with twenty

Now a dozen'll be plenty

Would you tell me how'm I ever

Gonna make ends meet?

Hitched it on a trolley  
Meetcha Forty-fourth and Second  
Little Italy's a secret  
Bleecker's further than I reckoned  
By the courthouse  
Near the stables  
On the corner someone beckoned!  
Go get 'em Cowboy ...  
You got 'em now, boy

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