

Boom Went the Boom

By:W. O. Blee

Music by Henry J. Sayers

I had a job in 'Twenty-Nine
When everything was going fine.
I knew the pace was pretty fast
But thought that it would always last.
When organizers came to town,
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:
I thought the boss was my best friend,
And he'd stick by me to the end.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ain't got a word to say.
He chiseled down my pay
Then took my job away.
Boom went the boom one day;
It made a sound that way.
I wish I had been wise.
Next time, I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,
Not very much, a small amount,
Which to the savings bank I took,
And all they gave me was a book.
I pinched on food; I scraped on rent;
I hardly ever spent a cent.
My little savings grew and grew.
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way.
There went my hard-earned pay,
Saved for a rainy day.
I must have been a wick.
This soup line makes me sick.
Where can that banker be?
He tore his pants with me.

Then, finally, it came to pass
That all I had to eat was grass.
The wolf don't bother any more;
He starved to death right by my door.
With soup and gas and club and gun,
They tried to make the system run.
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore.
We'll make it like it was before."

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
It busted up one day.
Those guys that stole my pay
Went flying every way.
All that I have to say,
I hope they've gone to stay.
Each dog must have its day.
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!