

Scissor Bill

By: Joe Hill

Music by the Leighton Brothers

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will;
You'll always run across that same old Scissor Bill;
He's found up on the desert; he is on the hill;
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill;
He looks just like a human; he can eat and walk;
But you will find he isn't when he starts to talk;
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

Scissor Bill: he is a little dippy!
Scissor Bill: he has a funny face!
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi!
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze;
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice;
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink;
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy, if he could only think;
And Scissor Bill, he says "The country must be freed
From Niggers, Japs, and Ducthmen, and the goldurn Swede."
He says that every cop would be a native son,
If it wasn't for the Irishman that son-of-a-gun!.

Scissor Bill: the 'foreigners' is cussin'!
Scissor Bill: he says, "I hate a Coon!"
Scissor Bill is down on everybody:
The Hottentots, the Bushmen, and the Man on the Moon!

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill;
He says he never organized and never will;
He always will be satisfied until he's dead
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed;
He says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold;
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,
If he is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

Scissor Bill: he wouldn't join the union!
Scissor Bill: he says, "Not me, by heck!"
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven!
Oh, sure, he'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck!