

Mister Nobody - song lyrics

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MISTER NOBODY.

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Words by Elizabeth Prentiss, Music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger.

I know a very funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse;
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree;
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mister Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar!
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar!
The squeaking door will always squeak,
For prithe, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mister Nobody.

He puts damp wood on the fire.
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mister Nobody;
There's no one tosses them about
But Mister Nobody.

The finger marks upon the doors,
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill,
The boots that lying round you see,
Are not our boots,
They all belong to Mister Nobody;
To Mister Nobody,
They all belong to Mister Nobody.