He Gets There Just the Same

There is a chance in this great world for every humble thing-
You must not judge one by his looks, as I'll proceed to sing:
The beetle has his crown of gold, the Are-fly has his flame,
The bed-bug has no flame or crown, but he gets there just the same.

The burglar knows his trade right well Whene'er he comes to call,
He burgles all the live long night, whatever may befall;
The bank cashier, he also knows the points about his game,
He is a member of the church, but he gets there all the same.

The millionaire has money bags, and many bonds and stocks,
He owns a railroad, too, and has substantial business blocks;
But when the Winter days have come, with cold we all exclaim,
The plumber has no stocks or bonds, but he gets there just the same.

The game of poker I enjoy, of it I never tire,
To sit behind four aces is a thing I much admire;
But when with aces four I sit and think I'll scoop the game,
A little straight flush don't look big, but it gets there all the same.

Tho' many fall by fire and sword and yield up their last breaths.
The perils of the railroads, too, cause many sudden deaths;
In deadly mines beneath the earth, fire-damp doth kill or maim.
Toy-pistols don't amount to much, but they get there just the same.

The roller skate has often caused a dull and sick'ning thud,
While others fall a victim to the thick and slippery mud;
But when it comes to shaking up a person's mortal frame,
The innocent banana peel will get there all the same.