

I Am Not Baby Mckee - song lyrics

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I AM NOT BABY McKEE.

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Words and Music by William Jerome.

I was born 'way down In Maine, near the home of James G. Blaine;
I came to town to have a little fun;
I went and packed my grip, And gave the folks the slip.
And came here without telling any one.
My folks they will be wild When they miss their only child;
What will they do without their darling lamb.
I know my dear old dad for me will have a gad,
So I think I'd better stay just where I am.

Chorus.

I am not Baby McKee from Washington D. C.;
Grandfather's hat for me has gained no fame;
I am only a little jay that arrived in town to-day;
I'm a hayseed, but I get there just the same.

I know Ben Butler well, also the great John L.,
'Twas I that showed him how to wip Kilrain;
But now he's going to play in a drama, so they say,
And I don't think he will ever fight again.
When I cut little capers it is never in the papers;
I never spent the summer at Cape May.
I have no Uncle Russ who's a prince to make a fuss,
Or a President my hotel bills to pay.-Chorus.