

Gesundheit, Mr. Wob
By:T-Bone Slim
Music by Ed Gallagher and Al Shean

There are two famous men;
They're always on the job;
One is Mister Scissor Bill;
The other is Mister Wob.
Let praises then be sung
By hearts with sorrow wrung
For the things they do
And the way they coo
And the way they use their "lung."

Oh! Mister Scissor Bill! Oh! Mister Scissor Bill!
How much coin have you taken to Liquorville?
I'm convinced you drink too much,
And your brain must need a crutch;
Yes, I hope to gosh 'twill make you sicker still.

Oh! Mister Wob! Oh! Mister Wob!
My head feels just as if 'twas being shod;
I am sick and sore inside,
And I fear I've strained my hide....

More than likely, Mister Scissor Bill....

Gesundheit, Mister Wob.

Oh, hearken to my wail;
They are two famous men;
Please, oh Mister Editor,
Donate this space to them;
Although it may be wrong,
Please soak them with a song:
For the way they slave
And the way they rave;
'Tis an inspiration strong.

Oh! Mister Scissor Bill! Oh! Mister Scissor Bill!
Your dear wife now will surely miss her swill;
She will surely miss her hash
Now that you have had your splash,
And I 'spose you've got the crust to kick her still?

Oh! Mister Wob! Oh! Mister Wob!
My wife does everything but carry "hod,"
And although it's wrong to pun,
She's my faithful washing-ton....

And you love 'er, Mister Scissor Bill?

All there's of her, Mister Wob.