

The Popular Wobbly
By:T-Bone Slim
Music by Fred Fisher

I'm a mild mannered man as can be,
And I've never done them harm that I can see;
Still, on me, they put a ban, and they threw me in the can:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of rascality,
But I can't see why they always pick on me;
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh, the bull, he went wild over me,
And he held his gun where everyone could see;
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card:
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then, the judge, he went wild over me,
And I plainly saw we could never agree;
So, I let the man obey what his conscience had to say:
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh, the jailor, he went wild over me,
And he locked me up and threw away the key;
It seems to be the rage, so they keep me in a cage:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me;
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;
They disturb my slumber deep, and I murmur in my sleep:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, He went wild over me;
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee.
Did He hear my humble yell? No, He told me, "Go to Hell!"
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?
When my soul and body part, in the stillness of my heart,
Will the roses grow wild? Will the roses grow wild?
Will the roses grow wild over me?