

Baby On The Brain - song lyrics

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BABY ON THE BRAIN.

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I've often heard it said, that it's nice to be a father,
And have a popsey-wopsey of your own;
But I'd rather be excused from such a little bother,
Experiences of others I have known.
If any thing will show more plainly than another,
That George is "off his crank," the reason's plain,
He's just become a dad, and his wife's become a mother,
And they both have got the "baby on the brain!"

Chorus.

The baby, the baby, it's nothing but the baby!
They bless it and caress it till cries with pain;
They dance it up and down, and kiss it for its mother,
Oh, it's awful to have a " baby on the brain! "

How proudly does he tell all his friends that he's a daddy,
And wonders why, before they had not known;
He whistles and he sings, " with my folderolderaddy."
And "Remember, You Have Children of Your Own!"
"Helen's Babies " have a charm, also "Other People's Children,"
He reads them over, time and time again;
Oh, ain't he got it bad! I'm afraid he won't recover
From that ailment, called the " baby on the brain. - Chorus.

He's tickled most to death, when his friends they all admire,
And say, he is the image of, his dad;
They say, he's got his nose, and they anxiously inquire,
"If lie's troubled with the 'colly-wobbles' bad?"
The youngster doesn't mind the mischief he is making,
He eats and sleeps, and sleeps and eats again;
He's got the thing down fine, and with baby mirth he's shaking,
For he knows his pop's got " baby on the brain! "-Chorus.

But the worst thing of it all, is the naming of the baby;
Mamma thinks "George Augustus" would be sweet,
Papa does not agree, he says, " Christopher Columbus,"
And to hear the names proposed is quite a treat.
They finally agree, he's christened plain " Augustus!"
Sweet baby, may your glory never wane;
Now, ladies, (pray excuse me), when you are thus afflicted,
I hope you'll not have " baby on the brain!"-Chorus.