

They Won't Have Any Babies Like Me - song lyrics

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They Won't Have Any Babies Like Me.

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Words by Harry W. Emmet. Music by H. V. Petrie.

I've got a big sister, her name is Susannah,
She bosses me all 'round the house;
She won't let me sing out, or thump the pianer,
I have to keep still as a mouse;
My sister is going to marry next Sunday
The funniest 'jay "there could be.
And be had the nerve to inform me last night
"They won't have any babies like me."

Refrain.

They won't have any babies like me;
Maybe they'll wish they had one some day;
They won't have any babies like me-
I'm a naughty, bad Tom-boy they say.
They won't have any babies like me;
Perhaps a hard job it would be
To And one so good, no, I don't think they could,
They won't have any babies like me.

They won't let me into the parlor to play,
For I might disturb Susannah's beau.
I can't skip my rope on the sidewalk all day,|
For to school I have always to go
Not a cent do I get to buy peanuts or candy,
And chewing turn I never see.
I must not play tag with the boys on the street-
Don't you pity a baby like me?-Refrain.

If I was as big as Susannah, my sister,
All girls could do just as they please:
They could play tag with boys just whenever they wished her,
And other folks worry and tense:
They could always have plenty of candy and ice cream,
And holler and kick up a row;
Then a little girl's life would be always so nice.
But here's all that they say to me now:-Refrain.