

NEWSIE

I sell papers.
Don't blame me
For the lies they print
And the news they see.

Getcha paper!
Sports and Finance.
Atom bomb found
In statesman's pants.

Do I make any money
Selling these things?
Yes, lady, I hope
To retire at Palm Springs.

Expert says war profits
Only a joke.
Millionaires say
They're practically broke.

That patch in my pants,
And this dirty old suit?
Why, lady, I wear it
Because it looks cute.

Broker and model
Discovered in bed.
Russia's Joe Stalin
Exposed as a Red.

Yeah, I hear the whiskey
People are thinkin'
O'running my mug
As a Man of Distinction.

Byrnes says we ought to
Declare war on Russia
For seizing the Junkers'
Estates in East Prussia.

Yes, newspaper publishers
Are a generous pack.
They'd gladly give you
The shirt off my back.

Father slays six.
Young girl dismembered.
Bank robber shot.
Yuletide remembered.

They'd never allow me
To earn my beans
If these papers would fit
Into slot machines.

Economists say
Future dark.
Severed head
Found in park.

They're already trying
To sell them on racks
With a slot where the honest
Can drop in the tax,
But they're stolen as soon
As they turn their backs.

Heh, heh!

No, I never had time
To make a success.
Too busy earning
My living, I guess.

Discouraged? Well, no.
My future lies
With the march of the organized
Working guys.

Do I read these papers?
No, hardly at all.
But I read the handwriting
On the wall.

Here you are, mister.
Read if you wish.
Or it may come in handy
To wrap up a fish.