

# Soliloquy

Frank Sinatra

I wonder what he'll think of me  
I guess he'll call me "the old man"  
I guess he'll think I can lick  
Ev'ry other fella's father  
Well, I can!

I bet that he turns out to be  
The spittin' image of his dad  
But he'll have more common sense  
Than his puddin'-headed father ever had

I'll teach him to wrassle and dive through a wave  
When we go in the morning for our swim  
His mother can teach him the way to behave  
But she won't make a sissy out o' him  
Not him! Not my boy! Not Bill!

Bill. I will see that he is named after me, I will.  
My boy, Bill, he'll be tall and tough as a tree, will Bill!  
Like a tree he'll grow with his head held high  
And his feet planted firm on the ground  
And you won't see nobody dare to try to boss or toss him around!  
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll boss him around

I don't give a damn what he does as long as he does what he likes!  
He can sit on his tail or work on a rail with a hammer and hammer in spikes!  
He can ferry a boat on a river or peddle a pack on his back  
Or work up and down the streets of a town with a whip and a horse and a hack

He can haul a scow along a canal, run a cow around a corral  
Or maybe bark for a carousel  
Of course, it takes talent to do that well

He might be a champ of the heavyweights or a fella that sells you glue  
Or President of the United States, that'd be all right, too

[Spoken:]

His mother would like that, but he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to  
be

Not Bill!

My boy, Bill he'll be tall and as tough as a tree, will Bill  
Like a tree he'll grow with his head held high  
And his feet planted firm on the ground  
And you won't see nobody dare to try to boss or toss him around!  
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced, pot-bellied, baggy-  
eyed bully'll boss him around

And I'll be damned if he'll marry his boss's daughter  
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water  
Who'll give him a peck and call it a kiss  
And look in his eyes through a lorgnette  
Hey, why am I takin' on like this?  
My kid ain't even been born yet!

I can see him when he's seventeen or so and startin' in to go with a girl

I can give him lots of pointers, very sound, on the way to get 'round any girl  
I can tell him  
Wait a minute!  
Could it be?  
What the hell!  
What if he is a girl?  
You can have fun with a son  
But you got to be a father to a girl

She mighn't be so bad, at that  
A kid with ribbons in her hair!  
A kind of neat and petite little tin-type of her mother!  
What a pair!

My little girl, pink and white as peaches and cream is she  
My little girl is half again as bright as girls were meant to be!  
Dozens of boys pursue her, many a likely lad  
Does what he can to woo her from her faithful dad

She has a few pink and white young fellas of two and three  
But my little girl gets hungry ev'ry night and she comes home to me!

I gotta get ready before she comes  
Gotta make certain that she won't be dragged up in slums with a lot o' bums like me  
She's gotta be sheltered and fed and dressed in the best that money can buy!  
I never knew how to get money but, I'll try, by God! I'll try!  
I'll go out and make it or steal it  
Or take it or die!