

Jimmy Brown The Newsboy

Roger Miller

I sell the morning papers sir,
My name is jimmy brown
Everybody knows that I'm a newsboy of the town

You will hear me yelling "morning star"
As I run along the street
I have no hat upon my head,
No shoes upon my feet

Never mind sir how I look
Don't look at me and frown
I sell the morning papers sir
My name is jimmy brown

I'm awful cold and hungry sir
My clothes are torn and thin
I wander 'bout from place to place
My daily bread to win

My father died a drunkard sir
I've heard my mother say
I'm helping mother sir
As i journey on my way

My mother always tells me sir
There's nothing in the world to lose
I'll get a place in heaven sir
To sell the gospel news