

Jimmy Brown The Newsboy

Skeeter Davis

He sells the morning papers his name is Jimmy Brown
Everybody knows that he's the newsboy of the town
You could hear me yelling Morning Star run along the street
Got no hat upon his head no shoes upon his feet

Never mind sir how he looks don't look at him and frown
He sells the morning papers his name is Jimmy Brown
He's awful cold and hungry his clothes are mighty thin
He wanders round from place to place his daily bread to win

His father died a drunkard I've heard his mother say
Now he helps his mother as he journeys on his way
His mother always tells me he's nothing in the world to lose
He'll get a place in heaven to sell the Gospel News

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