

The Laughing Policeman

Tiny Tim

I know a fat ole policeman, he's always on our street
A fat old, jolly red-faced man, he really is a treat
He's too fine for a policeman, he's never known to frown
And everybody says he is the happiest man in town

He laughs upon his duty, he laughs upon his beat
He laughs at everybody when he's walking in the street
He never can stop laughing, he says he'd never tried
But once he did arrest a man and laughed until he died

Oh, His jolly face had wrinkled, and then he shut his eyes
He opened his great mouth, it was a wonderous size
He said 'I must arrest you,' I didn't know what for
And then he starting laughing, until he cracked his jaw

So if you chance to meet him while walking 'round the town
Just shake him by his ole fat hand and give him have a crowd
His eyes beam and sparkle, he'll gurgle with delight
And then you'll start him laughing, with all his blessed might