

Dear Old Daddy's Whiskers

C

We have a dear old Dad - dy, whose hair is sil - ver

G7 C

gray. He has a set of whis - kers, They're al - ways in the

Chorus F

way. Oh, they're al - ways in the way, The cow eats them for

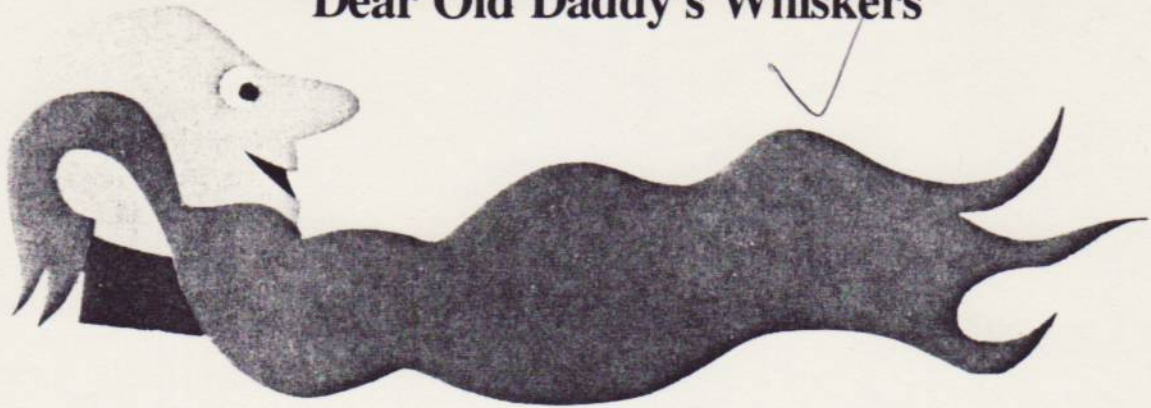
G7

hay. Moth - er eats them in her sleep, She thinks she's eat - ing

C

shred - ded wheat, They're al - ways in the way.

Dear Old Daddy's Whiskers



We have a dear old Daddy
Whose hair is silver gray.
He has a set of whiskers—
They're always in the way.

Chorus

Oh, they're always in the way.
The cow eats them for hay.
Mother eats them in her sleep,
She thinks she's eating shredded wheat,
They're always in the way.

We have a dear old Mommy,
She likes his whiskers, too.
She uses them for cleaning
And stirring up a stew.

Chorus

We have a dear old brother,
Who has a Ford machine.
He uses Daddy's whiskers
To strain the gasoline.

Chorus

We have a dear old sister.
It really is a laugh.
She sprinkles Daddy's whiskers
As bath salts in her bath.

Chorus

We have another sister,
Her name is Ida Mae.
She climbs up Daddy's whiskers
And braids them every day.

Chorus

Around the supper table,
We make a merry group,
Until dear Daddy's whiskers
Get tangled in the soup.

Chorus

Daddy was in battle,
He wasn't killed, you see:
His whiskers looked like bushes,
And fooled the enemy.

Chorus

When Daddy goes in swimming,
No bathing suit for him.
He ties his whiskers 'round his waist,
And happily jumps in.

Chorus

