

Jim's Complaint

I tell you I'm not a little baby,
If Fred does say I am,
And leaves me home all by myself
While he goes off with Sam.
Fred thinks that he's a grown-up man,
But he isn't, not a bit!
You wait till I get big as him,
And then I'll be the "it."

He tells me, "Oh, you little kid,
You're too small to go with me.
Why you're a regular nuisance!
Now, you stay home, Jim, see?"
Gee! That makes me mad, it does!
And I'll just show him some day
That small boys are not babies
And not always in the way.

Humph! There he goes no, Smarty!
Going to skate, I know.
I guess I'll follow after him—
But then I can't skate though.
What'd I care anyway? He's just as mean
As mean as mean can be!
But I'll get even with him
If it takes forever, see?

Some day when I get bigger,
I'll just ass him right by,
And then he'll be sorry that he
Ever acted so. For my,
I'll be a big man then! And Fred,
Maybe he won't be at all,
And—oh, what's the use of complaining?
Mother, where's my ball?