

Not All Bad Luck

Gee, I believe it's going to rain.
There's clouds over in the West.
Mother says that it's no matter,
That whatever comes is best!
But somehow I don't always see it,
No, I don't think I do!
For I'm sure that I'd much rather
Have that sky up there all blue.

We are going to have our ball-game
This afternoon at three,
Over on the old school campus;
Now, it will rain, oh gee!
I hate to wallow round in the mud;
Can't play half as well, I know,
As when the ground is hard and dry—
But, then, neither can they, though.

Ours is the team that's best of all,
Best of any near here.
Those "Sunny Jims" —why they can't play.
We can lick them, never fear!
So let it rain if it wants to rain.
My suit needs cleaning anyway,
And I won't have to clean it now,
For it will get muddy again today.

Let it rain, oh, I don't care!
Who's worrying about it?
I'm not, I'll have you notice!
I'm not! You hear me shout it!
There's no use to grumble anyway.
It does no good to whine.
And after all their team's so punk
We can beat them, rain or shine!