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The Ballad of Old Bill Brown

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Amy Becker

The Ballad of Old Bill Brown

Old Bill Brown
Hangs around town
In one hand a bottle
The other a frown
He'll carry 'em both till the day he drops down
And nobody pities
Old Bill Brown

Xavier Carm
Is missing an arm
He hires poor boys
To work on his farm
The ones who are lazy, he beats in the barn
Boys walk in terror
Of Xavier Carm

Young Bob Gray
Puttin' in hay
Thinks he can leave,
Call it quits for the day
When no one was lookin, the kid slipped away
Mistake number one
For young Bob Gray

Lookin for brew
(Just a bottle or two)
He runs into Bill
Takes a coin from his shoe
"Hey Mister, there's something I'd like you to do"
This is where Bob makes
Mistake number two

Bill looks down
Takes his hand from his frown
Picks up Bob's coin
And turns slowly around
He enters the place on the corner of town
Where a sign flickers nervously:
"Drink 'til you drown"

For what seems like years
Bobby waits for his beers
His employer steps up:
"What are you doing here?
The whipping I'll give you will bring you to tears!"
Bob plays opossum
As Xavier sneers

Meanwhile, Bill
Upon sight of his kill
Chuckles and orders
Another gin swill
He toasts to the telephone, drinking until
He falls on his face,
Becomes violently ill