

3.

One stocking was on--one was lost,
No time then to count the cost;
'Twas lucky that it wasn't worse,
A real bad fire could be a curse.

Who was the man on the alert,
Who hurried down without a shirt?
And do you know for a fact;
He had freckles on his back.

He didn't seem to be concerned;
His shirt could have been burned;
If he'd been back on the farm,
He'd have had his love to keep him warm.

Another chap mislaid his clothes,
No shoes--and he had bare cold toes,
But he arrived wrapped in a sheet,
I must say that wasn't too discreet.

I shouldn't tell this--it's too shocking,
But you know what keeps up your stockings,
But pressed for time this could be missed,
And add one more thing to the missing list.
MISPLACED

Now--as a rule a girdle's worn,
Under a dress the form to adorn,
This lady clutches hers in her arm,
It added much to her other charms.

But now it was quite plain to see,
And filled us with untimely glee;
The garters hung down to her knees,
And swayed a wee bit in the breeze.

Some snaps I think we should have had,
To remind us when we are tired and sad;
Our memory--'tis the next best thing,
Something to which we'll always cling.

The firemen arrived and ran about,
With buckets and brooms in and out;
Some joker--I guess was smoking in bed,
Regardless of that we might all be dead.

Let that be a lesson to one and all;
So smoke very lightly or not at all;
Enough of excitement after our fun,
We went back to bed and that day was done.

We toured the Metropolis the very next day,
Then loaded our boxes and bundles away;
The whole trip was quite worth the pay;
And we were ready to embark on our homeward way.

Now if you should plan another trip,
Do you mind if I tender a little tip?
If you ~~hold back~~ *don't* make it too soon,
Maybe we can make it up to the moon.

ALL GO

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