

AFCCC-MOTOR

The Motor car mamma

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THE MOTOR CAR MAMMA
When a motor car mamma the road rules abuse [md] And how they
influence the language we use! Get a grip on yourself [md] motor mamma is there
You may try for a smile [md] your reward is a stare. Don't trifle with mamma or try to get gay! Step on it, get
going [md] you hear some one say A motor car mamma [md] sing tra la [lal?] la She's stepped on
the gasso [md] Get out of the way! Here a street full of traffic has shut off the gas For a freak on
a corner has sounded a blast. No! no gentle policeman, 'twas a fierce traffic cop. No, 'twas [non?]
engine trouble that caused them to stop. A mamma, Ah! mamma, a beautiful car! It moved on so quiet
it carried no jar. The wheels were of wire, the tires balloon! It had only been purchased that same
afternoon. With a wheel [lose?] near ninety, the body light green Such a wealth of gold tresses, so
calm and serenely it was raining like tomcats and the street all [aslop?], For she just passed a corner
and came to a stop. She had heard the shrill warning and slipped out the clutch, Reversed the gear
quickly, a little, not much. And the heart of that copper was made of a rock, Tho the smile of the
mamma shown around for a block. That copper near worshipped at loves' gentle shrine And you
guess human kindness makes [flappers?] divine. For she tried, oh, so gentle that cop to film flam, With
the [semaphores?] blinking [md] a heck of a jam. Well, a great open space left in that coppers
dome So she felt for the throttle her thoughts were of home. Wit a slight vibration, her motor's not
dead And her heart was a-flutter, she had one 'tis said. Now he gave her a ticket, sign [md] here is the
space, But she reached out and pushed him, he fell on his face. 'I'll arrest you, you hussy; was the last
words he said. For she stepped on the gasso and now he is dead. / And he lay where he fell, so he fell
where he lay. The traffic department, of course, stopped his pay And it isn't no riddle, if motors run
slow[;?] Don't argue with mamma, but watch her gas toe. So traffic policemen take warning in time Or
you'll soon be out yonder where blossoms entwine. Be nifty, go fifty; don't be a babboon, or your
check Will be cashed by some other dragoon.

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