Gee! It Must Be Tough To Be A Rich Man's Kid

Words by WILL D. COBB

Music by GUS. EDWARDS

Moderato

Piano

Voice

I've got a heart inside of me A hammer couldn't dent, And
I know a pretty mama's boy Won't er mobiles by, He

legato a tempo

Im a stranger to that stuff that folks call sentiment, But
never hung out with a gang, nor owned a real black eye. He

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when Ipikes some poor young kids whose dad's a millionaire, I
wears his Sunday clothes to school and cross my heart, it's true! He

chokes with indignation, I'm so sorry, on the square.
has to have a nurse to shoot his marbles for him, too.

CHORUS

Geel! it must be tough to be a rich man's kid! I

bet there's lots o' wish-es they wuz me. A pick-in' out a poor dad's bout the

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best thing that I did, I wouldn't change him for no Carnegie.

know a kid what has to have his face washed ev'ry day And twict on Sunday, talk of cru-

ty! I ain't tellin' you no lies, they can't ev'en make mud pies, Poor rich kids__ they has my sym-

pee!

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