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 serene   
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 draggoon.

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