

HE'S ONLY A QUITTER THATS ALL

A Song and Chorus  
By  
G. Grant O'Kelly

This song I will sing,  
Of a wonderful thing,  
A man full of years and grown tall,  
Who never would stick,  
But would leave a task quick-  
For he's only a quitter, thats all.

CHORUS

No he never would stay,  
At his work'or his play-  
The reason's apparent to all;  
For say what you will  
This truth remains still,  
He's only a quitter, thats all.

As a lad in the school,  
He'd ne'er keep the rule--  
He'd drop all his books to play ball  
Then the teacher would say  
In a nice kindly way--  
He's only a quitter, thats all.

When a youth in his teens,  
By all sorts of means,  
He'd shirk when a duty would call;  
"Isn't it strange" you would say,  
But say what you may,  
He's only a quitter, thats all.

At last when in life,  
He'd married a wife,  
Which did not become him at all-  
For he never would stay  
At home night or day  
For he's only a quitter, thats all.