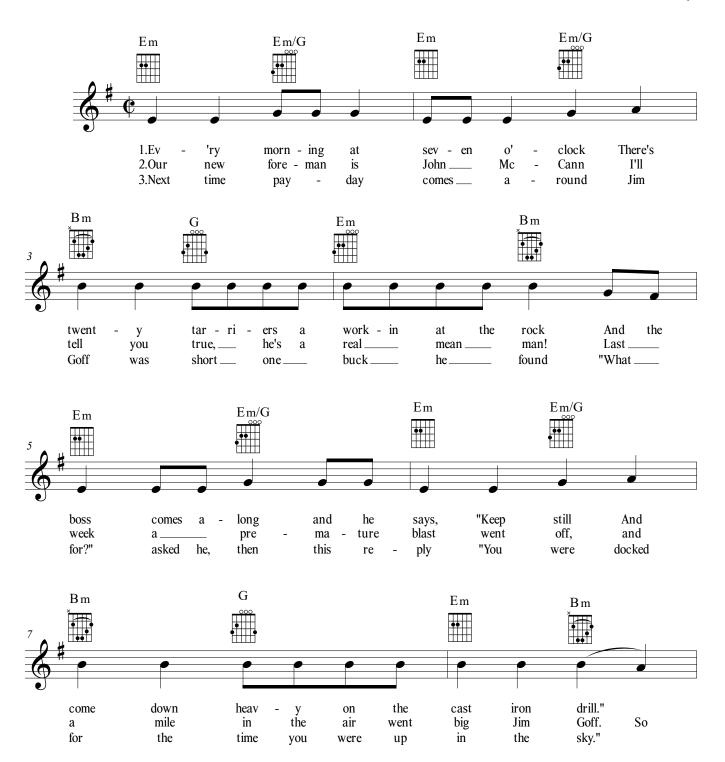
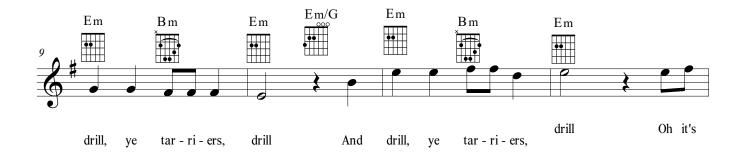


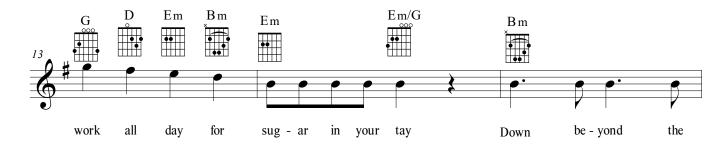
The boss was a fine man down to the ground And he married a lady six feet 'round She baked good bread and she baked it well But she baked it harder than the hobs of Hell.

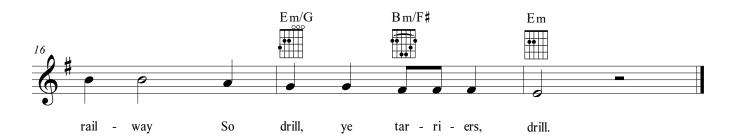
The foreman's name was John McCann By God, he was a blamed mean man Last week a premature blast went off And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff.

And when next payday came around
Jim Goff a dollar short was found
When he asked, "What for?" came this reply
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

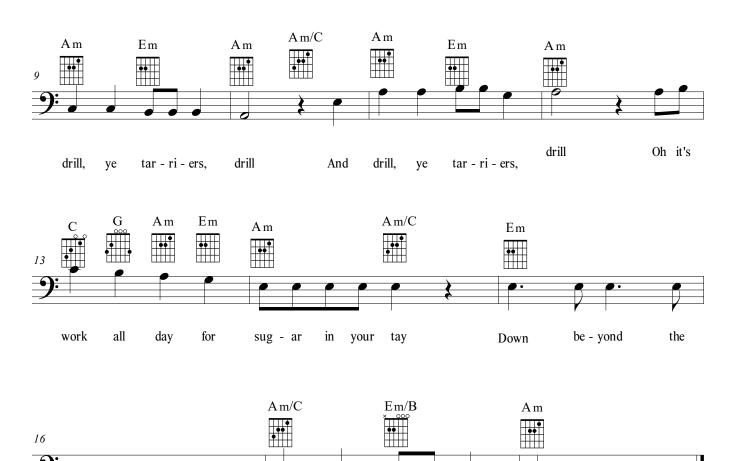












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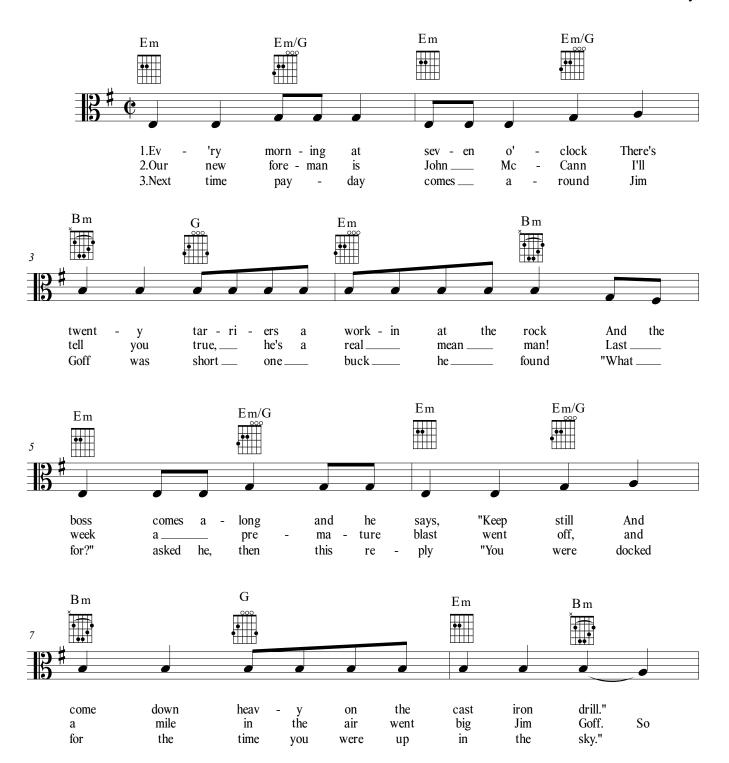
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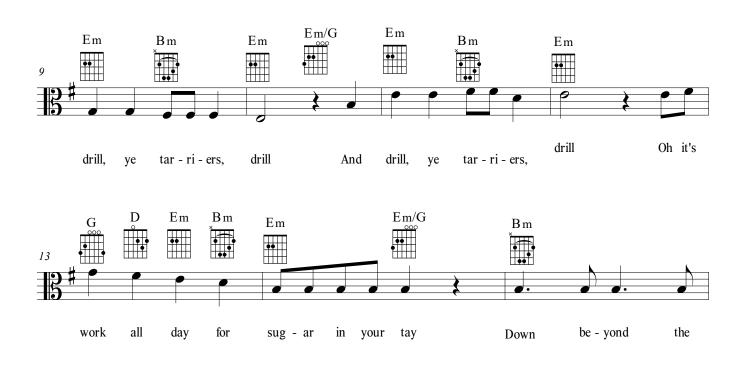
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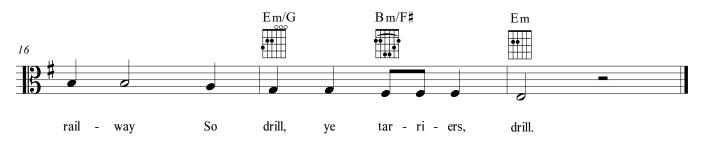
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