

MISTER P – POINTY PATCHES

I've got pointy, pointy patches
On my pointy patched up pants.
I've got pointy, pointy patches
Plain to see.

Sewn up with polka dotted stitches,
Pointy patches on my britches;
I'm as rich as any letter boy can be,
Mister P.

Purple patches, yellow patches,
Red and blue and green.
Perfect, powerful, prettiest patches
You have ever seen.

I'm like a pretty picture post card
Pasted up with pretty stamps.
I've a patch from every part of this country.

(Chorus)

From Paducah down to Natchez,
People praise my pointy patches,
Pointing out each patch that matches patched up me,
Mister P.

(Repeat Chorus)

Proud to be;
Yes-sir-ree, Mister P.
Pointy patches.

