

Dirty Hands Dirty Face

Judy Garland

Wonderful pals are always hard to find
Some folks have one, some folks have none
And I was alone for years, but fate was kind
And in the end, sent me a friend
Although he's not much higher than my knee
Still he's the greatest thing on earth to me

Dirty hands, dirty face
Leads the neighbours a chase
But his smile is as cute as can be
Making noise, breaking toys
He's always fighting the boys
But his eyes, they're a vision to see

And when my work is done
Coming home from the setting sun
To the gate he will start to run
And then I'll kiss my boy

Dirty hands, dirty face
Little devil, that's what they say
But to me he's an angel of joy

Dirty hands, dirty face
Leads the neighbours a chase
But his smile, his little smile, is as cute as can be
Making noise, breaking toys, Ha-ha-ha
He's always fighting the boys
But his eyes, they're his Mother's
And they're a vision to me

And when my work is done
Coming home, coming home to the setting sun
From the gate he'll start to run
And then, Ohhh! I'll kiss my boy

Dirty hands, dirty face
Little devil, that's what they say
But to me he's an angel of joy