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The Kaiser's Job ain't what it used to be.

Words & Music by
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Kais-er Bill, Was an aw-ful Pill, Bun-coed the Hein-ies in Ger-man-y, Me und Gott
Kais-er Bill Dir-ty Bruss-can Cur, We ought to dress him in Tar & Tur For-ty years

Formed a Com-pan-y, All of the world must bend the knee. Might is right! O, God Night!
Fix- in For the War, Licked by the All-ied boys in four. Sneaks & spies lots of lies,

I get the glo-ry, You plugs fight Kais-er Bill, teased our Un-cle Sam, till
Threw scraps of pa-per to the skies Fright-ful-ness, on the land & sea, was

he came back with a slam. Oh! the Kais-er's job aint what it used to be, aint what it used to be,
knocked out by Dem-oc-ra-cy

aint what it used to be, the Kais-er's job, aint what it used to be, aint what it used to be not now-he

started out to eat his Christmas Din-ner in Paree, But Foch & Pershing fixed him so he
started out to get our goat, and came back on a crutch, He took a sneak to Holl-and & he

starved in Ger-man-ee Oh! the Kais-er's Job aint what it used to be aint what it used to be
got him-self in Dutch.

not now!

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