

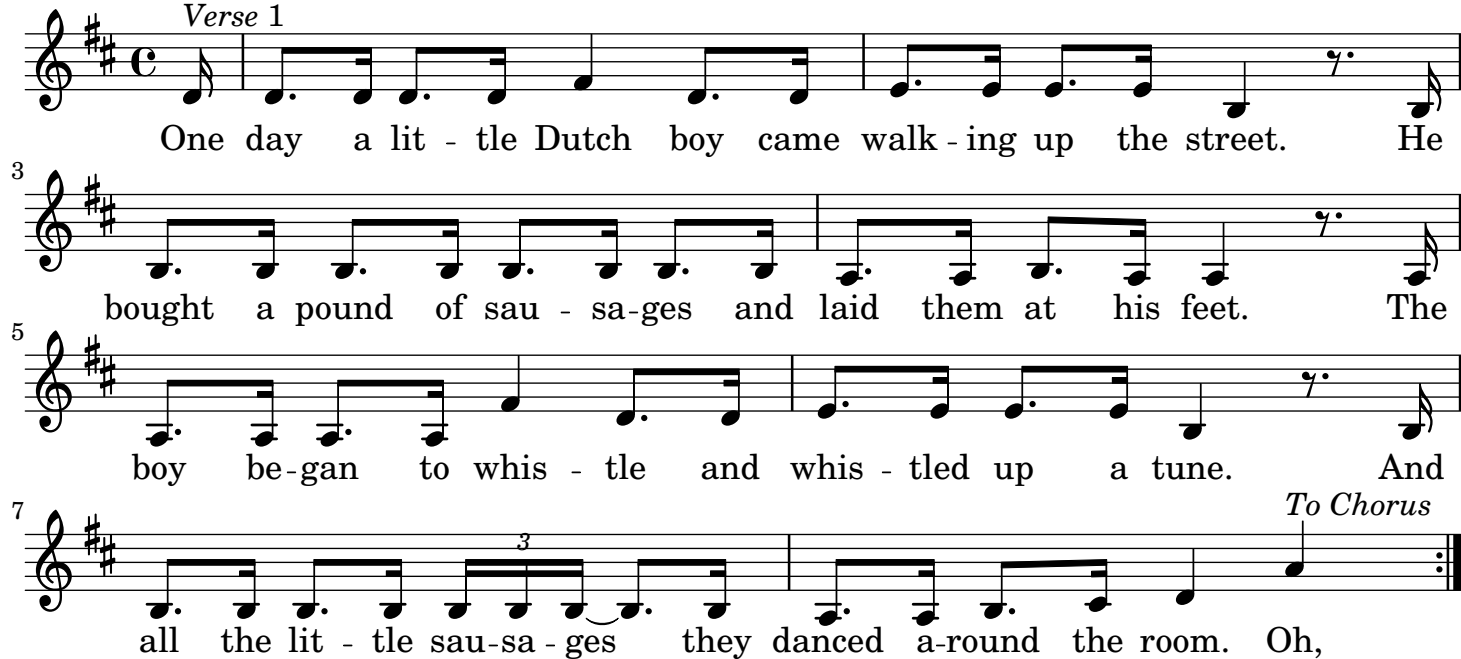
Jonathan Beck

Chorus



Oh, Mis-ter Mis-ter Jo-na-than Beck how could you be so mean. I
told you you'd be sor-ry for in-vent-ing that ma-chine. Now
all the neigh-bors cats and dogs will ne-ver more be seen. They'll
all be ground to sau-sa-ges in Jo-na-than Beck's ma-chine.

Verse 1



One day a lit-tle Dutch boy came walk-ing up the street. He
bought a pound of sau-sa-ges and laid them at his feet. The
boy be-gan to whis-tle and whis-tled up a tune. And
all the lit-tle sau-sa-ges they danced a-round the room. Oh,

To Chorus

Verse 2



One day the machine was bro-ken; the darn thing would-n't go. So

3
Jo-na-than Beck he crawled in-side to see what made it so. His

5
wife was hav-ing a night - mare and walk - ing in her sleep. She
To Chorus

7
gave the crank a ter-ri-ble yank and Jo-na-than Beck was meat. Oh,

