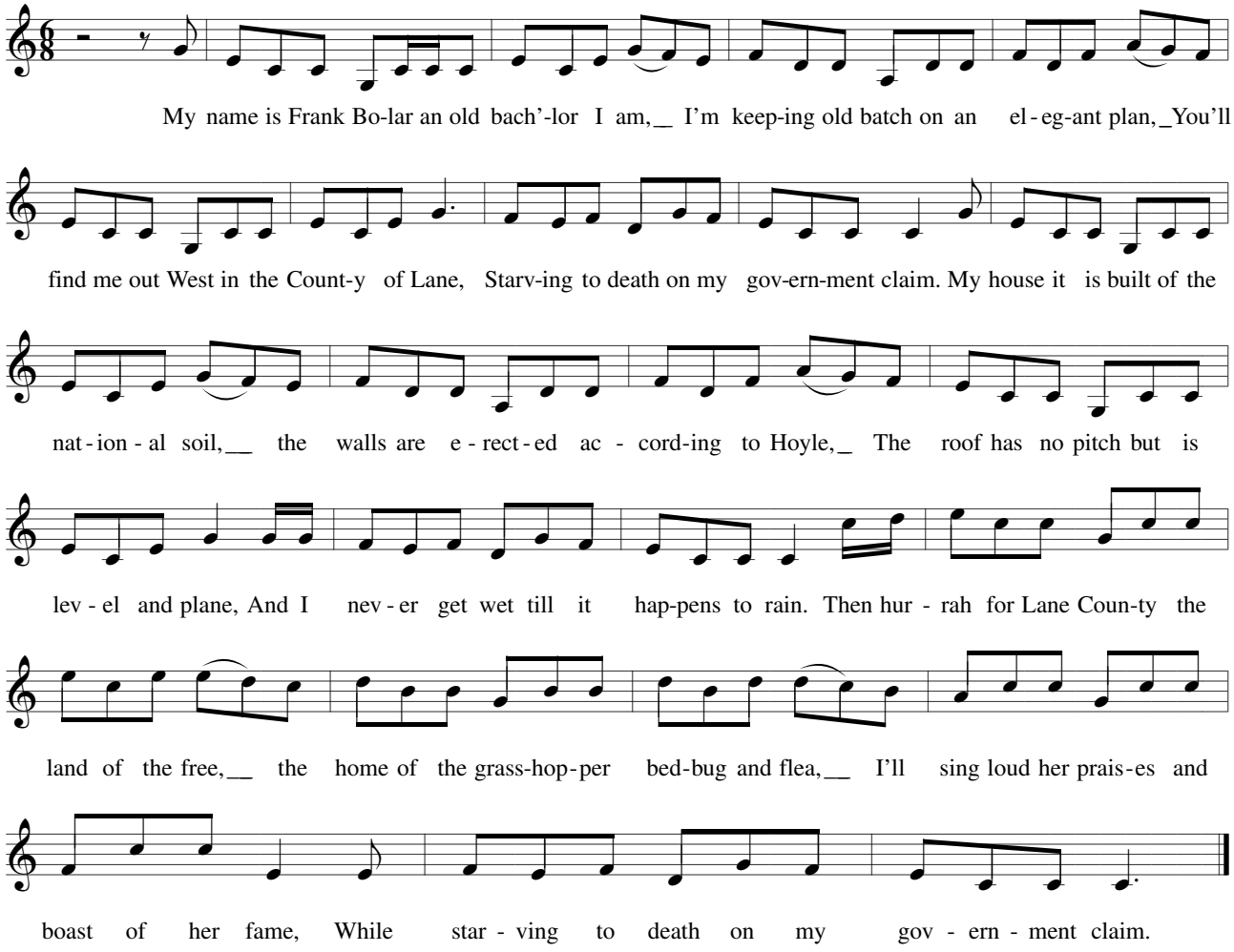
My name is Frank Bo-lar an old bach'-lor I am, I'm keep-ing old batch on an el-eg-ant plan, You'll
find me out West in the Count-y of Lane, Starv-ing to death on my gov-ern-ment claim. My house it is built of the
nat-ion-al soil, the walls are e-rect-ed ac-cord-ing to Hoyle, The roof has no pitch but is
lev-el and plane, And I nev-er get wet till it hap-pens to rain. Then hur-rah for Lane Coun-ty the
land of the free, the home of the grass-hop-per bed-bug and flea, I'll sing loud her prais-es and
boast of her fame, While star-ving to death on my gov-ern-ment claim.