

# Ella Fitzgerald, Give It Back To The Indians

Old Peter Minuet had nothing to lose when he bought the isle of Manhattan  
For twenty-six dollars and a bottle of booze and they threw in the Bronx and Staten  
Pete thought that he had the best of the bargain but the poor red man just grinned,  
And he grunted "ugh!" meaning okay in his jargon for he knew poor Pete was skinned.  
We've tried to run the city....but the city ran away...  
And now Peter Minuet  
We can't continue it...

Broadway's turning into Coney,  
Champagne Charlie's drinking gin,  
Old New York is new and phony  
Give it back to the Indians!

Two cents more to smoke a Lucky,  
Dodging busses keep you thin,  
Now New York is simply ducky,  
Give it back to the Indians!

Take all the reds, on the boxes made for soap  
Whites on Fifth Avenue  
Blues down in Wall Street losing hope..  
Big bargain today...Chief take it away!

Come you busted city slickers,  
Better take it on the chin  
Father Nick has lost his knickers  
Give it back to the Indians!

[Instrumental break]

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