

Louis Armstrong, Oh didn't he ramble

Didn't he ramble... he rambled
Rambled all around... in and out of town
Didn't he ramble... didn't he ramble
He rambled till the butcher cut him down
His feet was in the market place... his head was in the street
Lady pass him by, said... look at the market meat
He grabbed her pocket book... and said I wish you well
She pulled out a forty-five... said I'm head of personnel
Didn't he ramble... I said he rambled
Rambled all around... in and out of town
Didn't he ramble... oh didn't he ramble
He rambled till the butcher shot him down
(instrumental break)
He slipped into the cat house... made love to the stable
Madam caught him cold... said I'll pay you when I be able
Six months had passed... and she stood all she could stand
She said buddy when I'm through with you
Ole groundhog gonna be shakin yo' hand
And didn't he ramble... he rambled
Rambled all around... in and out of town
Oh didn't he ramble... he rambled
You know he rambled... till the butcher cut him down
I said he rambled... lord... 'till the butcher shot him down