

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Minnie The Moocher

Folks, now here's the story 'bout Minnie the Moocher,
She was a red-hot hootchie-cootcher,
She was the roughest, toughest frail,
But Minnie had a heart as big as a whale.

[Call and response scat chorus differs every time. The following is simplified:]

Hi-de-hi-de-hi-di-hi!

Ho-de-ho-de-ho-de-ho!

He-de-he-de-he-de-he!

Ho-de-ho-de-ho!

Now, she messed around with a bloke named Smoky,

She loved him though he was cokie,

He took her down to Chinatown,

He showed her how to kick the gong around.

Now, she had a dream about the king of Sweden,

He gave her things that she was needin',

He gave her a home built of gold and steel,

A diamond car with a platinum wheel.

Now, he gave her his townhouse and his racing horses,

Each meal she ate was a dozen courses;

She had a million dollars worth of nickels and dimes,

And she sat around and counted them all a billion times.

Poor Min, poor Min, poor Min.