

Billie Holiday, GIMMIE A PIGFOOT (AND A BOT

Wesley 'Sox' Wilson
Up in Harlem every Saturday night
Where the highbrows get together
It's just too right
They all congregate and all night hop
And what they do is Ooh boppa dap
Ole Hammer Brown from way across town
Gets full of corn and starts
Bringing them down
And at the break of day
You can hear ole Hammer say
Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer
Send me a gate I don't care
feel just like I wanna clown
Give the piano player a drink
Because he's bringing me down
He's got rhythm yeah, when he stomps his feet
He sends me right off to sleep
Check all your razors and all your guns
We're gonna be arrested when the wagon comes
Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer
Send me cause I don't care
I want a pigfoot and a bottle of gin
Send me daddy move right in
I feel just like I wanna shout
Give the piano player a drink
Because he's knocking me out
He's got rhythm when he stomps his feet
He moves me right off to sleep
Check all your razors and your guns
Do the hucklebuckle to the rising sun
Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of gin
Move me, 'cause I'm in my sin
Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer