

Randy Newman, Back On My Feet Again

Doctor, let me tell you something about myself
I'm a college man and I'm very wealthy
I've got no time to trifle with trash like you
Cause I must be 'bout my business
My brother's a machinist in a textile mill
And he makes more money than you ever will
He just got married to a Polish girl
With a space between her teeth
My sister's a dancer up in Baltimore
At a small cafe on Main
But she ran off with a Negro from the Eastern Shore
Dr., she didn't even know his name

CHORUS

Get me back on my feet again
Back on my feet again
Open the door and set me free
Get me back on my feet again
He took her down to Mobile in a railroad train
He said, "Driver, take me to the Hotel Paree."
He went into the washroom
Washed his face and hands
Dr., when he come out he was white as you and me
He said, "Girl, I'm not a Negro I'm a millionaire
As you can plainly see
So many women love my money
But you have proved that you love only me.
"I'm going to teach you to play polo and how to water ski
And you won't have to dance no more
And I no longer must pretend to be
A Negro from the Eastern Shore."
Doctor, doctor, what you say
How 'bout letting me out today?
Ain't no reason for me to stay
Everybody's so far away

CHORUS