

The Manhattan Transfer, Stomp Of King Porter

Alan's solo:

Gather roun' 'n hear my story

Oh boy!

'Bout the time when Jelly Roll was in town

(Stompin' it off, stompin' it off...)

He heard a local pianist

What joy!

Stompin' out music on an old upright pi-ano

Here comes King

that was downright ragged in a Scott Joplin way

(Here he comes-Master of the stomp)

O' Jelly knew the fella could play

Dig him!

by the things he heard his right hand say

(Now - we're gonna romp)

(There was no doubtin' that the man could swing)

When Jelly Roll demanded his name

Hail! King Porter

Well, the man responded "Porter King"

(Dig 'Im!) By order!

Well, Jelly lef' th' city, but he wrote

(Dig 'Im!) Y' wanna dig 'im

a rompin' ditty 'bout the Porter

(Dig 'Im!) Y' gonna dig 'im

who was "King O' The Stomp"

Porter King sho' can stomp

Jelly wrote a ditty 'bout a fella who could romp

This is the tune - "King Porter Stomp"

When Porter's stridin' hands are flyin'

An' all his fingers are testifyin'

His two feet stompin' in ragged time

That's a feelin' that is so sublime - Y' dig it?

He's generatin' so much excitement

Y' keep forgettin' just what uptight meant

N' that's that fella named Porter King

His style's the essence o' Swing

(Well, well, well)

Oh, well, go on n' tell it

Cheryl's solo:

When Jelly first heard Porter King

He declared he heard the very heart an' soul of swing

A certain ragged kind o' romp

in between a jump and a stomp

When Jelly heard, well, he really knew

because he played too

That Porter was a King, really n' truly a stone king

Another thing, somethin' never heard of

"Somethin' else" is the sort o' phrase

A fella'd prob'ly have t'use

if'e was gonna describe

the way Porter plays

There never was - an never's gonna be

another strider fine as he

I know no other ear will ever hear another like it here.

Cheryl's solo background:

Who you hunchin'?
Dig them stompin'
See them bunchin'
They rompn'

Sweat is poppin'
Hips're rollin'
Funk is droppin'
Souls soulin'

Heat is massin'
Folks're swingin'
Time is passin'
Arms flingin'

There's contagion
Takin' over
Swing is ragin'
All over

Janis' solo:

Hey!!!
Stop that!!!
That stomp knocked me outta my hat!
Who's that abusin' piano?
Tell me his name, because he's boun' f' fame
'N how'd he figure such rhythm?
Did he bring it here with 'im?
What kinda cat is King Porter?
Plinkin' an' plunkin' that romp he calls a stomp.

Janis' solo backgrounds:

Everybody groovin' and gigglin'
Mercy! Take a look at that wigglin'
See the cutie in the corner
She's losin' her blues by stompin' outta her shoes
The folks are hoopin' n' hoppin'
Dig how all the fingers're poppin'
Over there's a wild cat stone drunk
The floor be his bunk.

Tim's solo:

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp
Just keep on ballin' till we
start fallin' right through the floor
It's so natch'ral
You want more?
Come - git it!

Porter - he's the King!
He knows how to stomp an' swing,
That's King Porter
Master of how to stomp

Tim's solo backgrounds:

Outside the moon is beamin'
Inside the joint is steamin'
Them folks can really, really party
All night long
Porter's stompin'
Gits everybody rompin'
Then everybody knows that one thing
Porter's king.

Who's the absolute Master of Stomp?
King Porter!
The rollicking Rajah of Romp?
King Porter!
The plinkin'est plunker
This side o' the border?
Who? Except King Porter

Who is the King of the Keys?
King Porter!
An' constantly able to please?
King Porter!
An' who tickles ivories like nobody livin'?
That's King Porter! He's the man!

Unloosen yo' shoes
(unloosen yo' shoes)
Start payin' them dues
(start payin' them dues)
Git shed o' them blues
Git shed o' them -
Dang them blue! You don't shed 'em, you lose
Spend a quarter!
(spend a quarter)
Give the order!
(give the order)
Mr. Porter -
Mister Barrellhouse man git t' stompin'
Make 'em git hot - git 'em rompin'
The got t' dig King Porter Stomp!