

# Gimme a Pigfoot and a Bottle of Beer

Bessie Smith

Twenty-five cents?

Ha! No! No!

I wouldn't pay twenty-five cents to go in nowhere 'cause listen here: Up in Harlem ev'ry Saturday night when  
the high-browns git together it's just too tight,

They all congregates at an all night strut and what they do is tut-tut-tut

Old Hannah Brown from 'cross town gets full of corn and starts breakin' 'em down

Just at the break of day you can hear old Hannah say,

"Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer"

Send me gate I don't care

I feel just like I wanna clown

Give the piano player a drink because he's bringin' me down

He's got rhythm, yeah!

When he stomps his feet, he sends me right off to sleep

Check all your razors and your guns

We gonna be rasslin' when the wagon comes

I wanna pigfoot and a bottle of beer

Send me 'cause I don't care

Slay me 'cause I don't care Gimme a reefer and a gang o' gin

Slay me, 'cause I'm in my sin

Slay me 'cause I'm full of gin

Songwriters

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