

Back On My Feet Again

Randy Newman

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 businessMy brother's a machinist in a textile mill
He makes more money than you ever will
He just got married to a Polish girl
With a space between her teethMy sister's a dancer up in Baltimore
At a small cafe on Main
But she run off with a Negro from the Eastern Shore
Doctor, she didn't even know his nameGet me back on my feet again
Back on my feet again
Open the door and set me free
Get me back on my feet againHe 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
When he come out he was white as you and meHe said, "Girl, I ain't a Negro, I'm a millionaire
As you can plainly see
So many women were after my money
But I'm proud to say that you were only after meI'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 have to pretend to be
A Negro from the Eastern Shore"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 againDoctor, doctor, what you say
How 'bout letting me out today?
Ain't no reason for me to stay
Everybody's far awayGet me back on my feet again
Back on my feet again
Open the door and set me free
Get me back on my feet againGet 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

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