

The Babbitt and the Bromide

Fred Astaire

A babbitt met a bromide on the avenue one day,
And held a conversation in their own peculiar way; They both were solid citizens, they both had been around,
And as they spoke you clearly saw their feet were on the ground! Hello!

How are you?

How's the folks?

What's new?

I'm great!

That's good!

Huh-huh!

Touch wood!

Well well!

what say?

How've you been?

Nice day!

How's things?

What's new?

That's fine!

How are you? Nice weather we are having, but it gives me such a pain,
I've brought my umbrella so of course it doesn't rain! Well, hey'ho!

That's life!

What's new?

How's the wife?

Got to run!

Oh my!

Ta-ta!

Olive oil!

Goodbye! Ten years went quickly by for both these subste-antial men,
And then it happened that one day they chanced to meet again! That they had both developed in ten years there
was no doubt,

And so of course they had an awful lot to talk about! Hello!

How are you?

How's the folks?

What's new?

I'm great!

That's good!

Huh-huh!

Touch wood!

Well well!

what say?

How've you been?

Nice day!

How's things?

What's new?

That's fine!

How are you? I seem to know your face but I just can't recall your name! Well how've you been old boy? You're looking just about the same! Well, hey'ho!

That's life!

What's new?

How's the wife?

Got to run!

Oh my!

Ta-ta!

Olive oil!

Goodbye! Before they met again, some twenty years they had to wait;

This time it happened up above, inside Saint Peter's gate! A harp each one was carrying, and both were wearing wings,

and this is what they said as they were strumming on the strings; Hello!

How are you?

How's the folks?

What's new?

Got to run!

Oh my!

Ta-ta!

Olive oil!

Goodbye!

Songwriters

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