

Struttin' With Some Barbecue

Louis Armstrong

Struttin' with some barbecue,
Swingin' with the band.
Like the happy people do,
Way down in Dixieland.
Hear that ol' trombone
And the trumpet ad lib.
Love to hear the lick,
While I do my pickin' on a juicy rib.
Cause I'm struttin' with some barbecue,
Feelin' mighty grand.
Pass another helpin' please,
Of that good ol' Dixieland.
And mister waiter if you please,
Another rib or two.
And I'll go strut, strut, struttin',
Struttin' with some barbecue.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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