

# Gimme A Pigfoot And A Bottle Of Beer

[Billie Holiday](#)

Up in Harlem every Saturday night  
Where the highbrows get together  
It's just too right, they all congregate and all night hop  
And what they do is ooh boppa dapOle Hammer Brown from way across town  
Gets full of corn and starts  
Bringing them down and at the break of day  
You can hear ole Hammer say Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer  
Send me a gate, I don't care  
I feel just like I wanna clown  
Give the piano player a drink Because he's bringing me down  
He's got rhythm, yeah, when he stomps his feet  
He sends me right off to sleep  
Check all your razors and all your guns We're gonna be arrested when the wagon comes  
Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer  
Send me 'cause I don't care I want a pigfoot and a bottle of gin  
Send me daddy, move right in  
I feel just like I wanna shout  
Give the piano player a drink Because he's knocking me out  
He's got rhythm when he stomps his feet  
He moves me right off to sleep  
Check all your razors and your guns Do the hucklebuckle to the rising sun  
Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of gin  
Move me 'cause I'm in my sin  
Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer

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