

(oh) Didn't He Ramble

Louis Armstrong

Didn't he ramble; he rambled
Rambled all around in and out of town
Didn't he ramble, didn't he ramble
He rambled till the butcher cut him down

His feet was in the market place, his head was in the street
Lady pass him by, said look at the market meat
He grabbed her pocket book and said I wish you well
She pulled out a forty-five, said I'm head of personnel

Didn't he ramble; I said he rambled
Rambled all around in and out of town
Didn't he ramble, oh, didn't he ramble
He rambled till the butcher shot him down

He slipped into the cat house, nmade love to the stable
Madam caught him cold, said I'll pay you when I be able
Six months had passed and she stood all she could stand
She said, buddy, when I'm through with you
Old groundhog gonna be shakin' yo' hand

And didn't he ramble; he rambled
Rambled all around in and out of town
Oh, didn't he ramble; he rambled
You know he rambled till the butcher cut him down
I said he rambled, Lord, till the butcher shot him down

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