

# Stomp of King Porter

## Manhattan Transfer

Gather roun' 'n hear my story  
Oh boy  
'Bout the time when Jelly Roll was in town  
(Stompin' it off, stompin' it off)  
He heard a local pianist What joy  
Stompin' out music on an old upright piano  
Here comes King  
That was downright ragged in a Scott Joplin way  
(Here he comes, master of the stomp) Ol' Jelly knew the fella could play  
Dig him  
By the things he heard his right hand say  
(Now, we're gonna romp)  
(There was no doubtin' that the man could swing) When Jelly Roll demanded his name  
Hail, King Porter  
Well, the man responded "Porter King"  
(Dig 'I'm) By order  
Well, Jelly lef' th' city, but he wrote  
(Dig I'm)  
Y' wanna dig I'm A rompin' ditty 'bout the Porter  
(Dig I'm)  
Y' gonna dig I'm  
Who was "King O' The Stomp"  
Porter King sho' can stomp Jelly wrote a ditty 'bout a fella who could romp  
This is the tune "King Porter Stomp" When Porter's stridin' hands are flyin'  
An' all his fingers are testifyin'  
His two feet stompin' in ragged time  
That's a feelin' that is so sublime y' dig it? He's generatin' so much excitement  
Y' keep forgettin' just what uptight meant  
N' that's that fella named Porter King  
His style's the essence o' swing  
(Well, well, well)  
Oh, well, go on n' tell it When Jelly first heard Porter King  
He declared he heard the very heart an' soul of swing  
A certain ragged kind o' romp  
In between a jump and a stomp When Jelly heard, well, he really knew  
Because he played too  
That Porter was a King, really n' truly a stone king  
Another thing, somethin' never heard of "Somethin' else" is the sort o' phrase  
A fella'd prob'ly have t' use

If'e was gonna describe  
The way Porter plays There never was an never's gonna be  
Another strider fine as he  
I know no other ear will ever hear another like it here Who you hunchin'?

Dig them stompin'  
See them bunchin'  
They rompn' Sweat is poppin'  
Hips're rollin'  
Funk is droppin'  
Souls soulin' Heat is massin'  
Folks're swingin'  
Time is passin'  
Arms flingin' There's contagion  
Takin' over  
Swing is ragin'  
All over Hey, stop that  
That stomp knocked me outta my hat  
Who's that abusin' piano?  
Tell me his name, because he's boun' f' fame 'N how'd he figure such rhythm?  
Did he bring it here with I'm?  
What kinda cat is King Porter?  
Plinkin' an' plunkin' that romp he calls a stomp Everybody groovin' and gigglin'  
Mercy, take a look at that wigglin'  
See the cutie in the corner  
She's losin' her blues by stompin' outta her shoes The folks are hoopin' n' hoppin'  
Dig how all the fingers're poppin'  
Over there's a wild cat stone drunk  
The floor be his bunk Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp  
Just keep on ballin' till we  
Start fallin' right through the floor It's so natch'ral  
You want more?  
Come git it Porter, he's the King  
He knows how to stomp an' swing  
That's King Porter  
Master of how to stomp Outside the moon is beamin'  
Inside the joint is steamin'  
Them folks can really, really party  
All night long Porter's stompin'  
Gits everybody rompin'  
Then everybody knows that one thing  
Porter's king Who's the absolute master of stomp?  
King Porter  
The rollicking Rajah of Romp?  
King Porter The plinkin'est plunker  
This side o' the border?

Who? Except King Porter Who is the King of the keys?

King Porter

An' constantly able to please?

King Porter

An' who tickles ivories like nobody livin'?

That's King Porter, he's the man Unloosen yo' shoes

(Unloosen yo' shoes)

Start payin' them dues

(Start payin' them dues) Git shed o' them blues

Git shed o' them

Dang them blue, you don't shed 'em, you lose

Spend a quarter

(Spend a quarter) Give the order

(Give the order)

Mr. Porter

Mister Barrellhouse man git t' stompin'

Make 'em git hot, git 'em rompin

The got t' dig King Porter stomp

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