

Trombone Butter

Dinah Washington

I know a fool,
That blows a horn,
He came from way down south,
I ainâ€™t heard it blowing since I was born.
When that tramboneâ€™s in his mouth,
Well, he wails and moans,
He grunts and groans,
He moans just like a cow.
Nobody else canâ€™t do his stuff,
â€™Cause he wonâ€™t teach â€™em how.

Oh Butter, blow that thing,
Play that slide trombone
Make it talk, make it sing,
Lordie! Where did you get that tone?
If X did know how you could blow,
Heâ€™d let you lead his band I know,
Oh Butter, blow that thing,
Play that slide trombone.

Oh Butter, do you know,
You sure blows a horn.
Yes I swing, to-and-fro,
When you carry on.
You ainâ€™t seen such shaking hips,
Like when that horn is to your lips,
Oh Butter, blow that thing,
That slide trombone

Oh Butter, make it sing,
That slide trombone.
Youâ€™d even make a king,
Get down off his throne,
And he would break a leg, I know,
Doing the mambo.
Oh Butter, blow that thing,
Blow that slide trombone.
Oh Butter, lawd, blow that slide trombone.

Lyrics submitted by M Holland.

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