

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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