

# Back On My Feet Again

Randy Newman

Doctor, let me tell you something about myself  
I'm a college man and I'm very wealthy  
I've got no time to trifle with trash like you  
'Cause I must be 'bout my business  
My brother's a machinist in a textile mill  
He makes more money than you ever will  
He just got married to a Polish girl  
With a space between her teeth  
My sister's a dancer up in Baltimore  
At a small cafe on Main  
But she run off with a Negro from the Eastern Shore  
Doctor, she didn't even know his name  
Get me back on my feet again  
Back on my feet again  
Open the door and set me free  
Get me back on my feet again  
He took her down to Mobile in a railroad train  
He said, "Driver, take me to the Hotel Patee"  
He went into the washroom, washed his face and hands  
When he come out he was white as you and me  
He said, "Girl, I ain't a Negro, I'm a millionaire  
As you can plainly see  
So many women were after my money  
But I'm proud to say that you were only after me  
I'm going to teach you to play polo and how to water ski  
And you won't have to dance no more  
And I no longer have to pretend to be  
A Negro from the Eastern Shore"  
Get me back on my feet again  
Back on my feet again  
Open the door and set me free  
Get me back on my feet again  
Doctor, doctor, what you say  
How 'bout letting me out today?  
Ain't no reason for me to stay  
Everybody's far away  
Get me back on my feet again  
Back on my feet again  
Open the door and set me free  
Get me back on my feet again  
Get me back on my feet again  
Back on my feet again  
Open the door and set me free  
Get me back on my feet again

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