Drummer Man

Nancy Sinatra

Hush, hush, little baby, don't you cry
Hush, hush, little baby, don't you cryDaddy works in a rock and roll band
He's a drummer man
Plays all night in a crummy dive
Down on Lincoln StreetLiving in a rat trap, hassle
And a-hustle with the welfare plan
Lord, it's tough when you're living
With a dream of a drummer manHush, hush, little baby, don't you cry
Don't you know, little baby, bye and byeDaddy's really going to make it big
Like Ringo done, be a Hollywood cat
And live up in the canyon
Where the sun shinesIf we can just hold on till
We find that once in a lifetime plan
Oh, Lord, it hurts to be living
With a dream of a drummer manHe's a drummer man, that's what he is
And I love him so and I clean his jeans
And I dry his tears, when the breaks don't come
And it ain't no funHe's my man and he's a real good drummer
It's a bummer when you've got to play the nickel
And the dime, kind of job that don't pay enough
To buy a can of beans, chicken bone's cleanHush, hush, little baby, don't you cry
Hush, hush, little baby, don't you cryDaddy works in a rock and roll band
He's a drummer man
He beats out time, drinks a lot of
Bad wine down on Lincoln StreetOne day daddy's going to be a star
But in the meantime, oh Lord, it's tough
To be living with a dream of a drummer man
Child, it's tough but your daddy
Is a dream of a drummer man

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/