

Cornet Man

Barbra Streisand

Well, I just put the kids to sleep
And swept the shack
Took my sweet mans satchel down
And watched him pack I said, "Darlin', while the stove still smolders
Unpin your woman's hair and rub her shoulders"
I threw myself across the doorway
Beggin', "Stay, sweet man, stay" But there's more in my mans life
Than this old hag
Its jelly roll Morton and a shiny cornet
And jazzin' the rag The lady ain't been born
Can take the place of a horn
With a cornet man
A-goin' where there's blowin' Travelin' cornet man
Just anytime they call him
Hell leave his wife and kiddies
Sittin' with their tongues out To play for peanuts in a dive
And blow his lungs out
Hell hop a choo-choo on a moments notice
To play some dates with Billy Bates Or rag-time Otis
The lady ain't see light
Can give a horn a fair fight
With a cornet man A rootin', shootin', ever-tootin' dapper Dan
Who carries in his satchel
A powder-blue Norfolk suit
A silver-plated wah-wah mute There is whiskey, gamblin', each one is a curse
But I'm up against a devil that's worse
Yes, a horn is my thorn
My travelin' cornet man Kill yourself
tell me about it! yeah, yeah A powder-blue Norfolk suit
I said a silver-plated wah-wah mute
Oh, he's shy on height
He's short on weight But he's the only man
Can make my coffee peculate
A dapper Dan
My cornet playin' man!

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