

# Cornet Man

Diana Ross

Wa wa wa?  
Is that all you can say?

The lady ain't been born  
Can't take the place of a horn  
With the cornet man  
I'll go on with this blowing  
Traveling cornet man

Just anytime they call him  
He leaves his wife and kiddies  
Sitting with their tongues out  
To play for peanuts in some dive  
And blow his lungs out

He'll hop the choo-choo on the moon  
It's noticed to play someday's with Billy Bates  
A ragtime oldies

The lady ain't see light  
Can't give a home a fair fight  
With that cornet man  
A rutting shooten  
A never tooten dapadam

Who carries in his schedule  
Upon the blue North folks suit  
A silver plated wow, wow mute

There is drinking, gambling  
Each one a curse  
But I'm over against  
A devil that's worse  
Yeah, a horn is my thorn  
He's the traveling cornet man

He's gotta go  
Up on the road  
He's got some dates

That Millie hates

He leaves his notice  
On ragtime oldies  
He's gotta go  
Back on the road

The lady ain't see light  
Can't give a home a fair a fight  
With that cornet man  
A rutting shooten  
A never tooten dapadam

Who carries in his schedule  
Upon the blue North folks suit  
Silver plated wow, wow mute

There is drinking, gambling  
Each one is a curse  
But I'm over against  
A devil that's worse  
Yeah, a horn is my thorn  
He's the traveling cornet man

Say it again!  
Upon the blue North folks suit  
A silver plated wow, wow mute  
He's shy on height  
He's short on weight  
But he's the only man  
Can make my coffee percolate  
I never dare  
My cornet player man

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