

# 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 womans hair and rub her shoulders"  
I threw myself across the doorway  
Beggin, "Stay, sweet man, stay" But theres more in my mans life  
Than this old hag  
Its jelly roll Morton and a shiny cornet  
And jazzin the rag The lady aint been born  
Can take the place of a horn  
With a cornet man  
A-goin where theres blowin Travlin 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 aint 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 Im up against a devil thats worse  
Yes, a horn is my thorn  
My travlin cornet man Kill yourself  
tell me about it! yeah, yeah A powder-blue norfolk suit  
I said a silver-plated wah-wah mute  
Oh hes shy on height  
Hes short on weight But hes the only man  
Can make my coffee peculate  
A dapper dan  
My cornet-playin man

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