

# Gimme a Pigfoot (And a Bottle of Beer)

**Diana Ross**

Up in Harlem every Saturday night  
Where the highbrows get together, just to write  
They all congregate at an all-night hack  
What they do is ooh papa dah  
Ol' Hannah Brown, way cross town  
Gets full of corn and starts brining 'em down  
And at the break of day  
You can hear ol' Hannah say Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer  
Send me daddy, move right down  
I feel just like I wanna clown  
Give the piano player a drink  
Because he's bringing me down  
He's got rhythm, when he stomps his feet  
He moves me right off to sleep  
Check all your razors and your guns  
We're gonna be arrested when the wagon comes Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of beer  
Send me 'cause I don't care I want a pigfoot and a bottle of gin  
Send me daddy, move right in  
Feel just like I wanna shop  
Give the piano player a drink  
Because he's knocking me out  
He's got rhythm when he stomps his feet  
He moves me right off to sleep  
Check all your razors and your guns  
We're gonna do the huckabuck until the rising sun

Songwriters

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