

Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar

Glenn Miller

In a little honky-tonky village in Texas
There's a guy who plays the best piano by far
He can play piano any way that you like it
But the way he likes it best is eight to the bar
When he plays it's a ball
He is the daddy of them all...
The people gather round when he gets on the stand
Then when he plays he gets a hand
The rhythm he beats puts the cats in a trance
Nobody there bothers to dance
And when he jams with the bass and guitar
They holler all, "Beat me daddy, eight to bar!"
A plink, plunkin' on the keys
A riff, well, a-riffin' out with ease
And when he jams with the bass and guitar
They holler all, "Come on and beat me daddy, eight to bar!"

Songwriters

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