

Gimme a Pigfoot (And a Bottle of Beer)

Diana Ross

Up in Harlem every Saturday night
Were 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 bringing '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

Gimme a pigfoot and a bottle of gin
Move me 'cause I don't care
I want a pigfoot and a bottle of beer