

Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy

Red Foley

Have you ever passed the corner of 4th and Grand
Where a little ball of rhythm's got a shoeshine stand
The people gather round and they clap their hands
He's a great big bungle of joy
He pops a boogie woogie rag the Chattanooga shoeshine boy

He charges you a nickel just to shine one shoe
He makes the oldest kind of laughter look like new
You feel as though you wanna dance when he gets through
He's a great big bungle of joy
He pops a boogie woogie rag the Chattanooga shoeshine boy

It's a wonder that the rag don't tear the way he makes it
pop
You ought to see him fan the air with his hoppity hippity
hoppity hippity hop
He opens up for business when the clock strikes nine
He likes to get 'em early when they're feeling fine
Everybody gets a little rise and shine with a great big
bungle of joy
He pops a boogie woogie rag the Chattanooga shoeshine boy

It's a wonder that the rag don't tear...
He pops a boogie woogie rag the Chattanooga shoeshine boy