

Ella Fitzgerald

"Give It Back To The Indians"

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Old Peter Minuet had nothing to lose
When he bought the Isle of Manhattan
For twenty-six dollars and a bottle of booze
And they threw in The Bronx and Staten

Pete thought that he had the best of the bargain
But the poor Red man just grinned
And he grunted, "Ugh!" meaning 'okay' in his jargon
For he knew poor Pete was skinned

We've tried to run the city
But the city ran away
And now Peter Minuet
We can't continue it

Broadway's turning into Coney
Champagne Charlie's drinking gin
Old New York is new and phony
Give it back to the Indians

Two cents more to smoke a Lucky
Dodging busses keep you thin
Now New York is simply ducky
Give it back to the Indians

Take all the reds
On the boxes made for soap
Whites on Fifth Avenue
Blues down in Wall Street, losing hope
Big bargain today
Chief, take it away

Come, you busted city slickers
Better take it on the chin
Father Nick has lost his knickers
Give it back to the Indians

Take all the reds
On the boxes made for soap
Whites on Fifth Avenue
Blues down in Wall Street, losing hope
Big bargain today

Chief, take it away

Come, you busted city slickers
Better take it on the chin
Father Nick has lost his knickers
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