

Fats Waller

"A Tisket, A Tasket"

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A tisket, a tasket,
Brown and yellow basket,
Sent a letter to my baby,
On the way I dropped it.

I dropped it, I dropped it, yes, on the way I dropped it,
Pretty girlie picked it up,
And put it in her pocket.

She was truckin' on down the avenue,
Without a single thing to do,
Kept on truckin' all around,
When she spied it all around,

Ah, she took it, she took it!
The little yellow basket,
And if she doesn't bring it back,
I think that I shall die.

Get it for me, son.
Yeah.
Get out there and find my basket.
Yeah. Ha ha! That's what I'm talking about.
All right, here's my basket.
You get a basket,
Everybody get a basket! Yeah!
Well, all right, then!

She was truckin' down the avenue,
Without a single thing to do,
Kept on truckin' all around,
When she spied it on the ground!

She took it, took it,
The little yellow basket,
And if she doesn't bring it back,
I think that I shall die.

Was it red?
No, no!
Was it green?

No, no!
Was it blue?
No, no!
No, just a little yellow basket!

Yeah! Get that basket fixed.

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