

Kimemie Rhodes

"Git You A Job"

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Early every morning on Tin Pan Alley, you could hear
'em rattlin' round
Old Jefferson the trash man and his little boy, Junior
Brown.
Man, he was a real big talker, talkin' to that kid
We'd listen out the window, you could hear every word
he said.
He said, "Son, ya got them baggy pants, your shoes
are full of holes."
The little boy belongs to the trash man's, got a long
way to go.
Gonna' git you a job as a water boy in the cafe down
the street.
People gonna' come and drink that water just to hear
you sing.
Rich lady tip you a quarter from the mansion on the hill
Song man come, pick you up, probably tip you a dollar
bill.
Say, tell you what I'm gonna' do, I'm gonna' get you a
job at the Can Can Show.
The little boy belongs to the trash man's got a long way
to go.
Gonna' work a little while for the Can Can, sing and
dance for the folks.
Git you a job on Broadway, playin' in a big time show.
Little boy says, "Hey, Daddy, hey, Daddy, tell me
more."
Daddy says, "You're nearly eight years old, we better
git you something goin'.
People gonna' call you Mister, hang a big star on the
door."
Little boy belongs to the trash man's got a long way to
go.

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