

Louis Jordan "Reconversion Blues"

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I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues
Can't wait to buy a new automobile
And a pair of two-tone shoes
I can walk right past my draft board
And I won't get no dirty looks
I can go down to the grocer
Without takin' my ration books
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues
I can drive in a gas station
And get most anything I choose
I forgot the taste of bacon
Butter and whipped cream cake
At night I wake up screamin':
"Bring me a nice fat juicy steak!"
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues
I'm gonna buy my baby nylons,
All the nylons she can use
No more fish on Tuesdays,
I get plenty meat in my stews
There's plenty of cigarettes and chewing gum
And nuts and bolts and screws
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues
If someone say "for the duration"
Brother, I'm gonna blow my fuse
I'm gonna reconvert my baby
With a house and a diamond ring
We're gonna lock our door this winter
And we won't come out till spring
I got those re-hee-hee, reconversion blues
I'm gonna buy a brand new radio
That don't know how to get the latest news

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