

Phil Harris

"Darktown Poker Club"

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Bill Jackson was a poor old dub
Who joined the Darktown Poker Club
But cursed the day he told them he would join
His money used to go like it had wings
If he yelled queens, someone had kings
And each night he would contribute all his coin
Then he said Iâ€™m gonna play â€™em tight tonight
He said thereâ€™ll be no bobtail flushes make me bite
â€™Cause when I gets in them my hands will be a peach
And he played them tight but lost his pile
And Bill got peevish after a while
So he rose, looked all around, and made this speech

He said you all see this brand new razor
I had it sharpened just today
Now Iâ€™m coming in there with my rules
That you must follow when you play
Now keep your big bony hands on the table
While you dealing, please
And donâ€™t be slippinâ€™ them aces down there
Er, in between your knees
And donâ€™t be makinâ€™ all them funny signs
Like you tryinâ€™ to tip off your hand
Just talk in American, boy, American
Soâ€™s I can understand
And donâ€™t be dealinâ€™ off the bottom
Because ooh thatâ€™s rough
Take five, five, then stop, thatâ€™s enough
Now when you bet put up the chips
Because I donâ€™t like it when you shy
Then if you get busted go on out and get some
Iâ€™m gonna be here by and by

Pass them cards for me to shuffle
Everytime before you deals
Then if anythingâ€™s wrong, I must see
â€™Cause I mean, you always ainâ€™t no, er
Keep playinâ€™ that game according to Mr. Hoyle
You all play this game accordinâ€™ to me

Now sittinâ€™ right there in that there clan
There chance to be a one-eyed man

And Bill kept watchin' him out the corner of his eye
When ole one-eye would deal and then
Would cost that Bill another five or ten
Bill got up again, looked all around him with a sigh
He said, Lord, this is an awful shame
He said, There someone cheatin' in this 'ere game
He said, it goes, er,
It ain't no do for me to name the guy
So I'll refrain from mentioning the party's name
If I catch him cheatin' just once again
I'm gonna take my fist and close that other eye

Now you see this brand new razor
I had it sharpened just today
I'm comin' in there with my own rules
That you must follow when you play
Hey kid, keep your hands up there
While you're givin' them out, please
Stop puttin' them wildies
Down there 'tween your knees
Stop makin' all them funny signs
Like you're tryin' to tip off your hand
Keep talkin' in American, big AAA
That's what I can understand
And don't be gettin' them off the bottom
Because I keep tryin' to tell you it's rough
This an army game, five, five, halt, that's enough
Now when you bet let me see the reds and blues
'Cause I don't like it when you shy
Then if you run out of gas, go get pumped up
I'm gonna be here by and by

Pass them pasteboards for me to shuffle
Everytime before you deal, let me ripple
Anything wrong, I wanna see
I mean, you always ain't gonna keep playin' the
game now
According to that Mr. Hoyle
You all gonna play this game according to me
Henry, if you break the seal on that new deck of
bicycles
We'll go on from there, yeah
Yeah yeah yeah

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