

## **Fitzgerald Ella**

### **"Give It Back To The Indians"**

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Old Peter Minuet had nothing to lose when he bought  
the isle of Manhatten

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!

instrumental break

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!

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