

Nina Simone

"Hey, Buddy Bolden"

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Buddy Bolden, tunin' up
Blowing horn was his game
Born with a silver trumpet in his mouth

He played the horn before he talked
Born on the after beat
He patted his foot before walked

When Buddy Bolden tuned up, you could hear him
clean across the river
Clean across the river
He woke up the working people and kept the easy living

Call him Buddy Bolden
Call him Buddy Bolden

Watch him, he's calling his flock now
He's calling his flock now
Here they come

Call him Buddy Bolden
He's calling his flock now
Here they come here they come, here they come
Come on Buddy Bolden
Here they come

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