

Berlin Irving

"Hey, Wop"

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[1st verse:]

I got da husband he's so lazy
Sleep all da time and he make me crazy
Seven o'clock he's still in bed, dead
Good-a-ness me but he make-a me sore-a
Like-a da cannon he make da snore-a
Every morning, I
Got to wake him up and cry

[chorus:]

Hey, wop
It's seven o'clock, get up
Sleep-a no more, sleep-a no more
You wake-a da kids when you make-a da snore
Hey, wop
Go to the barbershop
Take-a da razor and make-a da skip
Shave-a da face and collect-a da tip
What's dat?
You want your breakfast brought in da bed
Shut up, wop
I think you got the swell-a da head
You can sleep just as much as you like when you're
dead
It's seven o'clock, get up

[2nd verse:]

While I get up and put on my clothes-a
He sing an opera through his nose-a
All-a da kids they holler "Pop, shut up"
When he begin to make da snore-a
All-a da neighbors who live next door-a
Holler, "Holy Mose!
Put a clothes pin on his nose"

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