

Berlin Irving

"Pullman Porters On Parade, The"

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[Lyric credited to "Ren G. May", pseudonym of Irving Berlin.]

[1st verse:]

Here they come down the street
See them comin'
Hear the drums how they beat
Hear the drummin' oh, my one little hon' better run to
the fun
They're parading, hear the yell from the boys!
Honey, listen! Can't you tell by the noise
That we're missing all the fun?
Come and see the big parade
My honey

[chorus:]

Just see those Pullman porters
Dolled up with perfumed waters
Bought by their dimes and quarters
Here they come, here they come, here they come
Just see those starched up collars
Hear how that captain hollers
Keep time, keep time
It's worth a thousand dollars
To see those tip collectors
Those upper berth inspectors
Those Pullman porters on parade

[2nd verse:]

Look at flat-footed Mose
See him juggling
His hat as he goes
See the struggling of bow-legged Joe, don't he go
rather slow?
Watch him stepping on the ground like a hen!
All in clover, see those round-shouldered men
Stoopin' over, oh my!
Hon', that's what I call some parade My honey

