

Berlin Irving

"Ragtime Jockey Man, The"

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[1st verse:]

Down upon the track
On a horse's back
Warming up his fingers, sits the ragtime jockey
Smile upon his face
Ready for the race
In his colors so gay
See 'em spread apart
Now they're goin' to start
Kindly keep an eye upon the ragtime jockey
Never mind your cold, don't stop to cough
They're off!

[chorus:]

Go, go, go, go
I've got a bet upon you
Go, go, go, go
I'm betting heavy on you, Pop
Giddy-up, giddy-up, giddy-up
Like I know you can
Run, run, run, run
And leave the rest behind you
Run, run, run, run
Don't ever let 'em find you
I'll bet a swag on the ragtime jockey man

[2nd verse:]

Hear the people yell
"Someone surely fell!"
"Did I hear you say it was the ragtime jockey?"
Sure enough, you're right
See me turning white
All my money is gone!"
"No, it isn't boss!
See, he's on his hoss
He was only kidding all the other jockeys
He's just playing with them like a toy Good boy!"

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