

Berlin Irving

"Yam, The"

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Come on and hear the yam man cry,
"Any yam today?"
The sweet potatoes that he'll fry
Will be yam today
The little step that you'll see him do
With ev'ry yam that he sells to you
Is something that you ought to try
Come and Yam today

Come get what I've got
It will hit the spot
Get your sweet and hot
Yam

Raise your hand and sway
Like you hold a tray
When you're on your way
Yam

Come on, shake your depression
And let's have a yam session
There's that long note
One, two, three
Yam

Ev'ry orchestra
In America
Will be doing the
Yam

[patter:]
I didn't come to do the Charleston
I didn't come to Ball the Jack
I didn't come to do
The Suzy Q
Or do the Bottom they call Black
I didn't come to do Big Apple
I didn't come to do the Shag
But, honey, here I am
To do the Yam Because the Yam is in the bag

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