

## **Manhattan Transfer, The "Stomp Of King Porter"**

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Gather roun' 'n hear my story  
Oh boy  
'Bout the time when Jelly Roll was in town  
(Stompin' it off, stompin' it off)  
He heard a local pianist

What joy  
Stompin' out music on an old upright piano  
Here comes King  
That was downright ragged in a Scott Joplin way  
(Here he comes, master of the stomp)

Ol' Jelly knew the fella could play  
Dig him  
By the things he heard his right hand say  
(Now, we're gonna romp)  
(There was no doubtin' that the man could swing)

When Jelly Roll demanded his name  
Hail, King Porter  
Well, the man responded "Porter King"  
(Dig 'I'm)

By order  
Well, Jelly lef' th' city, but he wrote  
(Dig I'm)  
Y' wanna dig I'm

A rompin' ditty 'bout the Porter  
(Dig I'm)  
Y' gonna dig I'm  
Who was "King O' The Stomp"  
Porter King sho' can stomp

Jelly wrote a ditty 'bout a fella who could romp  
This is the tune "King Porter Stomp"

When Porter's stridin' hands are flyin'  
An' all his fingers are testifyin'  
His two feet stompin' in ragged time  
That's a feelin' that is so sublime y' dig it?

He's generatin' so much excitement  
Y' keep forgettin' just what uptight meant  
N' that's that fella named Porter King  
His style's the essence o' swing  
(Well, well, well)  
Oh, well, go on n' tell it

When Jelly first heard Porter King  
He declared he heard the very heart an' soul of swing  
A certain ragged kind o' romp  
In between a jump and a stomp

When Jelly heard, well, he really knew  
Because he played too  
That Porter was a King, really n' truly a stone king  
Another thing, somethin' never heard of

"Somethin' else" is the sort o' phrase  
A fella'd prob'ly have t'use  
If'e was gonna describe  
The way Porter plays

There never was an never's gonna be  
Another strider fine as he  
I know no other ear will ever hear another like it here

Who you hunchin'?  
Dig them stompin'  
See them bunchin'  
They rompn'

Sweat is poppin'  
Hips're rollin'  
Funk is droppin'  
Souls soulin'

Heat is massin'  
Folks're swingin'  
Time is passin'  
Arms flingin'

There's contagion  
Takin' over  
Swing is ragin'  
All over

Hey, stop that  
That stomp knocked me outta my hat  
Who's that abusin' piano?  
Tell me his name, because he's boun' f' fame

'N how'd he figure such rhythm?  
Did he bring it here with I'm?  
What kinda cat is King Porter?  
Plinkin' an' plunkin' that romp he calls a stomp

Everybody groovin' and gigglin'  
Mercy, take a look at that wigglin'  
See the cutie in the corner  
She's losin' her blues by stompin' outta her shoes

The folks are hoopin' n' hoppin'  
Dig how all the fingers're poppin'  
Over there's a wild cat stone drunk  
The floor be his bunk

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp  
Just keep on ballin' till we  
Start fallin' right through the floor

It's so natch'ral  
You want more?  
Come git it

Porter, he's the King  
He knows how to stomp an' swing  
That's King Porter  
Master of how to stomp

Outside the moon is beamin'  
Inside the joint is steamin'  
Them folks can really, really party  
All night long

Porter's stompin'  
Gits everybody rompin'  
Then everybody knows that one thing  
Porter's king

Who's the absolute master of stomp?  
King Porter  
The rollicking Rajah of Romp?  
King Porter

The plinkin'est plunker  
This side o' the border?  
Who? Except King Porter

Who is the King of the keys?  
King Porter  
An' constantly able to please?

King Porter  
An' who tickles ivories like nobody livin'?  
That's King Porter, he's the man

Unloosen yo' shoes  
(Unloosen yo' shoes)  
Start payin' them dues  
(Start payin' them dues)

Git shed o' them blues  
Git shed o' them  
Dang them blue, you don't shed 'em, you lose  
Spend a quarter  
(Spend a quarter)

Give the order  
(Give the order)  
Mr. Porter  
Mister Barrellhouse man git t' stompin'  
Make 'em git hot, git 'em rompin  
The got t' dig King Porter stomp

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