BACK ON MY FEET AGAIN

Moderately

Doctor, let me tell you something about myself;
He took her down to Mobile in a railroad train;

I'm a college man and I'm very wealthy,
he said, "Driver, take me to the Hotel Parée."

I've got no time to trifle with trash like you;
He went into the wash-room, washed his face and hands;

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN
must be 'bout my business, He said,

My brother's a machinist in a textile mill
"Girl, I ain't a Negro, I'm a millionaire

and he makes more money than you ever will.

He just got married to a Polish girl
So many women were after my money,
with a space between her teeth,
but I'm proud to say that you were only after me.

My sister's a dancer up in Baltimore
I'm gonna teach you to play polo and how to water ski
Doctor, doctor,
what you say,
and you won't have to dance no more.
how 'bout letting me out today?

But she ran off with a Negro from the Eastern shore.
Ain't no reason for me to stay;
Doctor, she didn't even know his name.
Get me back on my feet again,

back on my feet again,

Open the door and set me free,
get me back on my feet again.

2. D.S. al Coda

Coda

back on my feet again.