

Boogie woogie bugle boy

He was a famous trumpet man out Chicago way
He had a boogie style that no one else could play
He was the top man of his craft
But then his number came up and he was gone with the draft
He's in the army now, a blowin' reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

They made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam
It really brought him down because he could not jam
The captain seemed to understand
Because the next day the "cap" went out and drafted a band
And now the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

A root, a toot, a toot-di-dle ahda toot
He blows eight to the bar, in boogie rhythm
He can't blow a note unless a bass and guitar is playin' with him
And the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B
He was some boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

When he played boogie woogie bugle he was busy as a busy bee
And when he played he made the company jump eight to the bar
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

Ahda toot diddle ahda toot diddle ahda toot toot
He goes eight to the bar
He can't blow a note if a bass and guitar isn't with him
And the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

MELLEMSPIIL

He puts the boys to sleep with boogie every night
And wakes them up the same way in the early bright
They clap their hands and stamp their feet

Because they know how he plays when someone gives him a beat
He really breaks them up when he plays reveille
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