

Jazzbo Brown from Memphis Town

Bessie Smith

Don't you start no crowin', lay your money down
I've got mine on Jazzbo, that mis'able clown, that hound!
He ain't got no equal, no way in this land
So let me tell you people 'bout this Memphis man

Jazzbo Brown from Memphis Town
He's a clown, that hound!
He can't dance, he can't sing
But lawdy how he can play that thing!

He ain't seen no music school
He can't read a note
But 's the playin'est fool
On that Memphis boat!

When he wraps his big fat lips
Round that doggone horn
Helpin' out on sin and cheer
Lord, carryin' on!

I could dance a mon' ago
If that fool would only blow!

Jazzbro brown, that clown, that hound
From Memphis Town

Jazzbo Brown from Memphis Town
He's a clown, that hound!
When he blows and pats his feet
Makes a butcher leave his meat!

He don't play no classic stuff
Like them Hoffman Tales
What he plays is good enough
For the Prince of Wales!

He can moan an' he can groan
I ain't foolin' you!
There ain't nothin' on that horn
That old Jazz cain't do!

That sure does mark your card
And I'll give you all the odds
On Jazzbo Brown, that clown, that hound
From Memphis Town