

Papa's In Bed With His Britches On

Cab Calloway

(Band)

Send for the doctor and hurry quick
'Cause papa's in the bed, room seventy-six
Don't tell the neighbors what it's all about
He tried to take up all the liquor and it knocked him out
(Cab Calloway)

Mama, mama, hurry, mama, hurry
Oh, papa's in bed with his britches on
Papa's in bed with his britches on
Sister, brother, run and tell poor mother
Oh, papa's in bed with his britches on
Papa's in bed with his britches on
Late this mornin' 'bout half past ten
Old pops come falling in

Lipstick on his cheek and a knot on his chin
No hat, no shoes, but a belly full-a gin
Uncle, aunty, he's still got on his hauntie
Oh, papa's in bed with his britches on
Papa's in bed with his britches on

[Instrumental Break]

Late this mornin' 'bout five o'clock
Father brought down the entire block
The folks across the hall put the key in the lock
When he fell in the door he was beat to his socks
Oh, papa's in bed with his britches on
Papa's in bed with his britches on