

Dutchman

Chuck Berry

A bunch of guys was in this bar room
Most of them had been there half the day
They'd been telling jokes and fairy tales lying
Just to pass the time away
Then suddenly someone cracked the bar room door
And then pushed it open wide
And this huge tall dark dude
Bowed his head and stepped inside
I wonder where he's from?
Some blonde asked
The wind must have blown him in
But an old Dutchman offered him a drink
What will it be, whisky, rum or gin?
Sick him Fido, a redhead shouted
Show him his way back to the street
But the Great Dane just walked over and licked his hand
And lay down at his feet
He said if you spare me that drink, Dutchman
I promise I'll tell you how
That I came to be the helpless sight
That stands before you now
I used to be an artist
Not one who sits and fiddle out on the curb
But in my day and time
My music was considered superb
I wrote a song about a poor kid
Raised down in New Orleans
It didn't make the hall of fame
But it bought us shrimp, rice and beans
He kept at it until it made the big time,
Playing town after town
Until he met a woman he fell in love with
And it really turned his life around
She had eyes like Cleopatra
And a head of luxurious hair
With the brilliance of her beauty
None other could compare
When she lifted her eyes to his
Her lips would fall apart
Each time she allowed him kiss her
It near petrified his heart
But when he ask her would she marry him
He'd give her everything he had
She turned and walked away
And it nearly drove him mad
He promised her a half a million
And would even pay in advance
If she would let him prove himself
Or at least give him a chance
And if he should go blind
And had to use his hands to feel
He would hire someone to do her work
And prepare her every meal
How could a man love a woman so much?
Not one of you would think!
Well, I did and I still do
Hey Dutchman, you promised me a drink!