

# Cornet Man

Diana Ross

Wah-wah-wah?  
Is that all you can say?

The lady ain't been born  
Can take the place of a horn  
With the cornet man  
A goin' where there's blowin'  
Trav'lin' cornet man.

Just anytime they call him  
He leaves his wife and kiddies  
Sittin' with their tongues out  
To play for peanuts in some dive  
And blow his lungs out.

He'll hop a choo-choo  
On a moment's notice  
To play some dates  
With Billy Bates or Ragtime Otis.

The lady ain't see the light  
Can give a home a fair fight  
With a cornet man  
A rootin', shootin'  
Ever-tootin' Dapper Dan  
Who carries in his satchel  
A powder-blue Norfolk suit  
A silver plated wah-wah mute.

There is drinkin' and gamblin', each one a curse  
But I'm up against a devil that's worse  
Yeah, a horn's my thorn  
He's a trav'lin' cornet man.

(He's gotta go out on the road  
He's got some dates with Billy Bates  
He gave his notice to Ragtime Otis  
He's gotta go, back on the road.)

The lady ain't see the light  
Can give a horn a fair fight  
With that cornet man  
A rootin', shootin'  
Ever-tootin' Dapper Dan  
Who carries in his satchel  
A powder-blue Norfolk suit  
Silver plated wah-wah mute.

There is drinkin', gamblin', each one a curse  
But I'm up against a devil that's worse  
Yeah, a horn's my thorn  
He's a trav'lin' cornet man.  
Say it again!

A powder-blue Norfolk suit  
Silver plated wah-wah mute  
Shy on height, he's short on weight

But he's the only guy  
Can make my coffee percolate  
Dapper Dan, my cornet player man.