

Feet Up (Pat Him on the Po-Po)

Guy Mitchell

Feet up, pat him on the po-po
Let's hear him laugh ha-ha
Feet up, pat him on the po-po
Let's hear him laugh

Ain't seen a babe like this before
He's so good-lookin', gonna have some more
Feet up, pat him on the po-po
Let's hear him laugh

Ha-ha, now I've been known to gamble
Take a little drink
Then there's the night, I had a fight
And landed in the clink

But now my rootin' tootin'
Days are done
Gotta be the man that he thinks I am
'Cause I love my son, oh

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Let's hear him laugh

Ha-ha, I knew a lotta women
When I was on the go
They'd stand in line to drink my wine
And help me spend my dough

But my wife Rosie
Ain't that kind
Got her to thank for a buck in the bank
'N' this kid of mine

Ha ha ha
Ha ha ha
Ha ha, ha ha ha
La la la la, la la la la
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

I'm gonna do some braggin'
Up and down the town
I'm walkin' into joints a-new
And passin' news around

That me and Rosie got a son
Though he's just been born
Gonna buy him a horn
A baseball and drum, oh

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Let's hear him laugh

He, he's as tiny as a peanut
Yet I do declare
Some day he'll look at me and say
"Hey, how you doin' down there?"

He'll be good-hearted
Like his ma
But I bet, he'll be a lady-killer
Just like his pa, oh

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He's so good-lookin', gonna have some more
Feet up, pat him on the po-po
Let's hear him laugh

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Let's hear him laugh, hey