

Mame

Johnnie Ray

You coax the blues right out of the horn, Mame,
You charm the husk right off of the corn, Mame,
You've got that banjoes strummin'
And plunkin' out a tune to beat the band,

The whole plantation's hummin'
Since you brought Dixie back to Dixie land.
You make the cotton easy to pick, Mame,
You give my old mint julep a kick, Mame,

Who ever thought a Yankee would put
A little Dixie mouse to shame.
You've made us feel alive again,
You've given us the drive again,

To make the South revive again, Mame.
Beauregard Burnside:
You've brought the cake-walk back into style, Mame
You make the weepin' willow tree smile, Mame,

Your skin is Dixie satin,
There's rebel in your manner and your speech,
You may be from Manhattan,
But Georgia never had a sweeter peach.

You make our black-eyed peas and our grits, Mame,
Seem like the bill of fare at the Ritz, Mame,
You came, you saw, you conquered
And absolutely nothing is the same.

You're special fascination'll prove to be inspirational,
We think you're just sensational, Mame.
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Mame! Mame! Mame! Mame!