

# Cornet Man

Lea Michele

Well

The lady ain't been born  
Can take the place of a horn  
With a cornet man  
A-goin' where there's blowin'  
Travellin' cornet man  
Just anytime they call him  
He'll leave his wife and kiddies  
Sitting with their tongues out  
To play for peanuts in a dive  
And blow his lungs out  
He'll hop a choo-choo on a moment's notice  
To play some dates with Billy Bates  
And Rag-time Otis

The lady ain't seen light  
Can give the horn 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's-a whiskey, gamblin'  
Each one's a curse  
But I'm up against a devil that's worse  
Yes, his horn's my thorn  
He's my travellin' cornet man

Pick it up, Ottessa!  
I'm Fanny by the way, nice to meet ya  
Boy, are you gorgeous!  
I know this part!  
My mama taught me this one  
My daddy taught me this one  
Back it up, boys  
I'm takin' us home!

A powder-blue Norfolk suit  
A silver-plated wah-wah mute  
'Cause, he's shy on height  
He's short on weight  
But he's the only guy to make my coffee percolate  
Dapper Dan  
My cornet-playin' man