

Porters On A Pullman Train - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

PORTERS ON A PULLMAN TRAIN.

Copyright, 1890, by Hitchcock & McCargo Publishing Company.

Written and Composed by Charles D. Crandall.

We need no introduction, you can see just who we are,
Porters on a Pullman train.
Standing at the platform of the sleeping-car,
Ready, quick and willing to explain,
Where you are located, we must be remunerated,
Don't forget the little friendly tip.
We think you oughta give us a qua tah,
For then you'll have a very pleasant trip.

Chorus.

Porter, porter, give us more air-porter, the window please close-
Porter, this pillow is hard as a rock-porter, come, give us more clothes-
Porter, come here, porter, stay there, all night the people complain;
We are porters, dandy porters, And we run on the vestibule train;
We ar® porters, dandy porters, we run on the vestibule train.-(Dance.)

To study human nature, you should travel on the rail-
Those that have the least to say
Are the cultivated, sure as you are born;
They don't try to make a grand display;
But the very shoddy are always dressed so gaudy.
Try to make us think they know it all;
Uneducated and overrated,
While every night we listen to their call:-Chorus.

When our through run is finished, then we strut Sixth Avenue,
With our girls we then parade;
There's style about a darkey dressed in Pullman blue
That places other darkies in the shade;
We don't carry razors, or wear the striped blazers.
Or with the lower folks associate-
Aristocratic, And not erratic.
We're always at your service, never late.-Chorus.