

The Lady With The Rag-time Walk - song lyrics

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The Lady with the Rag-Time Walk.
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Words and Music by Armstrong Bros.

There's a wench that's raising Cain,
And dey call her "Rag-time" Jane;
She's got the coons all hypnotized
Around here, now that's plain:
For she walks and talks "Rag-time,"
She does the real coon-jine,
The nigs all sigh you'll hear dem cry,
When Jane comes down the line.

Chorus.
"Here comes that lady with the rag time walk,"
You'll hear them coons all say.
The lady with the "rag time" talk
Is a-comin' down this way:
She's got all the coons around insane,
They've all got "rag-time" on the brain.
For a dead-swell gal is Liza Jane,
De wench with the "rag-time" walk.

At a cake walk she excels
All the other colored belles;
The wenches black from her get back.
She captures all the swells;
When the colored belles turn out.
She's the "Queen" without a doubt,
As dark as night, dressed out of sight.
You'll hear them coons all shout:- Chorus.