

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Charlie Green, Play that Thing

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I know a fool who blows a horn
He comes from way down south.
You never heard such blowin' since you was born
When he puts that trombone to his mouth;
 He cries and moans, he grunts and groans
 He sounds just like a cow.
 Ain't no one doin' his stuff
 Cause he won't show 'em how---

Charlie Green! Blow that thing!
I mean that slide trombone.
Make it talk, make it sing
Where did you get that tone?
 If Gabriel could hear you blow
 He'd let you lead his band, I know
 Oh Charlie Green. Blow that thing!
 I mean that slide trombone.

Charlie Green! Blow that thing!
I mean that slide trombone.
You could even make a king
Jump right off his throne.
 And he'd break a leg, I know
 Doin' the Charleston when you blow,
 Oh Charlie Green. Blow that thing!
 I mean that slide trombone.

Charlie Green! Blow that thing!
I mean that slide trombone.
Make it talk, make it sing
I mean that slide trombone,
 You never saw such a shakin' of the hips
 Like when he's got it to his lips,
 Oh Charlie Green. Blow that thing!
 I mean that slide trombone.

An old Bessie Smith blues.
Recorded by Erik Darling, also Hoyt Axton
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