

The Purest Kind of a Guy
By:Paul Robeson
composed by Marc Blitzstein

[Spoken] I wish to sing a song about a certain kind of a guy.

[Sung] I ain't a readin' man; I ain't a thinkin' man;
An eatin', drinkin' man, when I can get it to eat and drink.
I ain't the suffer kind; I ain't the ruffer kind;
I ain't the buffer kind; I'm just a happy-go-lucky gink.
But one thing I have got; I got a extra sense. I know what guys is like;
I know what makes 'em click; I know what makes 'em tick.
And when a man's okay, I know it a mile away.

There's the kind of man, when he passes by,
I can tell that man's the purest kind of a guy.
Black or white or tan ain't the reason why
I will know that man's the purest kind of a guy.
Go on and ask me how I can be certain,
How I can pick him out in a shot.
And he will never upset my plot
By acting dirty or sly like the usual guy in a spot.
Well, I don't know how I know that I know, but I know he will not!

How he says hello, how he says goodbye,
How he winks his eye will show the purest kind of a guy.
Though he's easygoing, you'll find that he knows his mind.
That's the purest kind of a guy.

Our little pride and joy, Our little baby boy,
He's kind-a lookin' up; he's gettin' big, oh me, oh my!
He's got a birthday; it is his birthday; it is the best day
For the purest kind of a guy.
Take it from one who knows, and don't make no mistake,
Whenever there are Joes, the world is on the make!
And so, tonight, is why we give a hello
To the purest kind of a guy!