

When I Do The Hoochy-coochy In De Sky - song lyrics

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

WHEN I DO THE HOOCHY-COOCHY IN DE SKY.

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Words and Music by Gussie L. Davis.

"ain't got no money and I don't need none,
'Cos I don't expect to stay here very long;
An' old colored preacher by de name of Parson Brown,
He used to sing to me dis good ole song:
Says he, "I know you coons will stare when I fly up thro' the air,
When I bid all of you black chromos good bye;
I will raise a big sensation with the white population,
When I do the hoochy coochy in de sky.

Chorus.

When you feel that fanny feeling, as it over you is stealing,
You will flop your snow-white wings and try to fly:
I know the angels they will giggle when I do that awful wiggle,
When I do the hoochy coochy in de sky."

They'll turn the X rays on me when the music plays,
So dat ev'ry one can see into the dance:
I'm going to do de hoochy coochy seven thousand diff'rent ways,
An' I'll knock the Midway people in a trance.
Oh, I have got a big balloon, with a seat for ev'ry coon,
So now ev'ry nig most either no or die;
Don't you listen to strange minors, but go buy a pair of "bloomers,"
For to do the hoochy coochy in de sky.-Chorus.