

My Orange-colored Yaller Gal - song lyrics

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My Orange-Colored Yaller Gal.
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Words and Music by Samuel Lapin

Dar am a gal in dis yer town who ma heart am yearning for.
She am de only one I eber lubb'd;
She am a trifle shady, a real warm baby,
I could eat her, yes I could;
She am big and fat and shoots crap, you can't fool her on any game;
At the cake-walk she's de belle:
Dar's not a coon in town dat could Malinda down,
My orange-colored yaller gal.

Chorus.
Malinda, will you be mine, is what I'm gwine to say;
If you'll only say de word your board I will pay;
I drinks gin by de gallon, I likes ma watermelon.
But I lubs ya best of all. my honey,
I'll chop de wood and I will tote ya up de coal;
I'll build yer de fires and de dinners I will boil;
I'll gib yer all my money, won't yer be my honey,
My orange-colored yaller gal.

I call'd on her de odder night a-feelin' kinder 'spicious.
For I'se a very jealous coon;
Found my anticipation widout de least foundation,
I guess I was too soon.
She e am de sweetest and de neatest, she'm a red-hot member;
She done sot my brain in a whirl.
I want yer all to know I'm gwine to propose
To ma-a red-hot orange-colored yaller gal.-Chorus.