

The Brown Skin Gal In The Calico Gown

Duke Ellington

She's a camptown tune at a barbecue,
an old fashioned curt'sy
And a how dee ya' do,
a tintype from somebody's locket
The wind and the stars and the earth
But in practical terms of the pocket,
Here's how I measure her worth
A penny for the moon, a nickel for a dream,
a quarter for a tune like the "Old Mill Stream"
But I'd give a dollar and my heart to foller to
The Brown-Skin Gal In The Calico Gown.
A puzzler for a pal
A jack-knife for a song, a garter for a gal
in a blue sarong:
But I'd give a necklace because I'm reckless
for a kiss from the miss in the Calico Gown.
Haven't much use for worldly goods
Robin Hood's for me; if my love's worth a nickel,
It's worth a Peso mine for the giving;
hers for the "say so"
A penny for a cart to take her out to dine;
a scissor cuts a heart on a valentine;
then a sky-blue bonnet with pink ribbons on it
for The Brown-Skin Gal In The Calico Gown.
A penny for the moon, a nickel for a dream,
a quarter for a tune like the "Old Mill Stream"
But I'd give a dollar and my heart to foller to
The Brown-Skin Gal In The Calico Gown.
A puzzler for a pal
A jack-knife for a song, a garter for a gal
in a blue sarong:
But I'd give a necklace because I'm reckless
for a kiss from the miss in the Calico Gown.
Haven't much use for worldly goods
Robin Hood's for me; if my love's worth a nickel,
It's worth a Peso mine for the giving;
hers for the "say so"
A penny for a cart to take her out to dine;
a scissor cuts a heart on a valentine;
then a sky-blue bonnet with pink ribbons on it
for The Brown-Skin Gal In The Calico Gown.