

## Dutchman

Chuck Berry

A bunch of guys was in this bar room  
Most of them had been there half the day  
They'd been telling jokes and fairy tales lying  
Just to pass the time away  
Then suddenly someone cracked the bar room door  
And then pushed it open wide  
And this huge tall dark dude  
Bowed his head and stepped inside  
I wonder where he's from?  
Some blonde asked  
The wind must have blown him in  
But an old Dutchman offered him a drink  
What will it be, whisky, rum or gin?  
Sick him Fido, a redhead shouted  
Show him his way back to the street  
But the Great Dane just walked over and licked his hand  
And lay down at his feet  
He said if you spare me that drink, Dutchman  
I promise I'll tell you how  
That I came to be the helpless sight  
That stands before you now  
I used to be an artist  
Not one who sits and fiddle out on the curb  
But in my day and time  
My music was considered superb  
I wrote a song about a poor kid  
Raised down in New Orleans  
It didn't make the hall of fame  
But it bought us shrimp, rice and beans  
He kept at it until it made the big time,  
Playing town after town  
Until he met a woman he fell in love with  
And it really turned his life around  
She had eyes like Cleopatra  
And a head of luxurious hair  
With the brilliance of her beauty  
None other could compare  
When she lifted her eyes to his  
Her lips would fall apart  
Each time she allowed him kiss her  
It near petrified his heart  
But when he ask her would she marry him  
He'd give her everything he had  
She turned and walked away  
And it nearly drove him mad  
He promised her a half a million  
And would even pay in advance  
If she would let him prove himself  
Or at least give him a chance  
And if he should go blind  
And had to use his hands to feel  
He would hire someone to do her work  
And prepare her every meal  
How could a man love a woman so much?  
Not one of you would think!  
Well, I did and I still do  
Hey Dutchman, you promised me a drink!