

# 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.  
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