

The Lip

Louis Prima

Down on the Mississippi River in a knockdo* dive
I met a trumpet playin' character and Man alive!
When he began to rip, he really played it from the hip
And when I asked about his name, they told me, "That's 'The Lip
'."

Yip yip yip yip

No one plays high notes like The Lip.

He's got a tone that's reminiscent of a boy named Bix

He plays so high that only dogs can hear him, just for kicks.

And when I asked him does he read

He says, "I'll tell you, hon, I read a little bit but not enough
to hurt me none."

Yip yip yip yip.

No one plays high notes like The Lip.

I said The Lip.

She must mean Ray Anthony, huh?

I said The Lip.

No, man, she means Harry James.

I said The Lip.

You mean Louis Prima.

I said The Lip.

Noo, LIP-er-ace.

Yip yip yip yip

No one plays high notes like The Lip.

I never heard a trumpet player play a note so high

And I had to coax a lot before The Lip would tell me why

Then he took out a little jar that's labelled 'High-
note Grease'

And he rubs a little every night on his mouthpiece

Yip yip yip yip

No one plays high notes like The Lip.

Listen here gal, are you kiddin' about all that 'high-
note grease'?

No, man, I swear, he had ten in his valise.

Wha', you mean he goes to the drugstore and gets them from the
medicine shelf?

No, some cat's told me he makes it himself.

Yip yip yip yip

Tell us the secret of The Lip.

Well..you take a bucketful of steam

And a dozen rooster eggs

And you mix 'em up gently with a bushel full of goldfish legs

And ya hang 'em on a sky hook in the midnight sun

Mmm and then you fry them until they're done.

Yip yip yip yip

That's the secret of The Lip