

Stomp Of King Porter

The Manhattan Transfer

Gather roun' 'n hear my story
Oh boy
'Bout the time when Jelly Roll was in town
(Stompin' it off, stompin' it off)
He heard a local pianist

What joy
Stompin' out music on an old upright piano
Here comes King
That was downright ragged in a Scott Joplin way
(Here he comes, master of the stomp)

Ol' Jelly knew the fella could play
Dig him
By the things he heard his right hand say
(Now, we're gonna romp)
(There was no doubtin' that the man could swing)

When Jelly Roll demanded his name
Hail, King Porter
Well, the man responded "Porter King"
(Dig 'I'm)

By order
Well, Jelly lef' th' city, but he wrote
(Dig I'm)
Y' wanna dig I'm

A rompin' ditty 'bout the Porter
(Dig I'm)
Y' gonna dig I'm
Who was "King O' The Stomp"
Porter King sho' can stomp

Jelly wrote a ditty 'bout a fella who could romp
This is the tune "King Porter Stomp"

When Porter's stridin' hands are flyin'
An' all his fingers are testifyin'
His two feet stompin' in ragged time
That's a feelin' that is so sublime y' dig it?

He's generatin' so much excitement
Y' keep forgettin' just what uptight meant
N' that's that fella named Porter King
His style's the essence o' swing
(Well, well, well)
Oh, well, go on n' tell it

When Jelly first heard Porter King
He declared he heard the very heart an' soul of swing
A certain ragged kind o' romp
In between a jump and a stomp

When Jelly heard, well, he really knew
Because he played too
That Porter was a King, really n' truly a stone king

Another thing, somethin' never heard of

"Somethin' else" is the sort o' phrase
A fella'd prob'ly have t'use
If'e was gonna describe
The way Porter plays

There never was an never's gonna be
Another strider fine as he
I know no other ear will ever hear another like it here

Who you hunchin'?
Dig them stompin'
See them bunchin'
They rompn'

Sweat is poppin'
Hips're rollin'
Funk is droppin'
Souls soulin'

Heat is massin'
Folks're swingin'
Time is passin'
Arms flingin'

There's contagion
Takin' over
Swing is ragin'
All over

Hey, stop that
That stomp knocked me outta my hat
Who's that abusin' piano?
Tell me his name, because he's boun' f' fame

'N how'd he figure such rhythm?
Did he bring it here with I'm?
What kinda cat is King Porter?
Plinkin' an' plunkin' that romp he calls a stomp

Everybody groovin' and gigglin'
Mercy, take a look at that wigglin'
See the cutie in the corner
She's losin' her blues by stompin' outta her shoes

The folks are hoopin' n' hoppin'
Dig how all the fingers're poppin'
Over there's a wild cat stone drunk
The floor be his bunk

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp
Just keep on ballin' till we
Start fallin' right through the floor

It's so natch'ral
You want more?
Come git it

Porter, he's the King
He knows how to stomp an' swing
That's King Porter
Master of how to stomp

Outside the moon is beamin'
Inside the joint is steamin'
Them folks can really, really party
All night long

Porter's stompin'
Gits everybody rompin'
Then everybody knows that one thing
Porter's king

Who's the absolute master of stomp?
King Porter
The rollicking Rajah of Romp?
King Porter

The plinkin'est plunker
This side o' the border?
Who? Except King Porter

Who is the King of the keys?
King Porter
An' constantly able to please?
King Porter
An' who tickles ivories like nobody livin'?
That's King Porter, he's the man

Unloosen yo' shoes
(Unloosen yo' shoes)
Start payin' them dues
(Start payin' them dues)

Git shed o' them blues
Git shed o' them
Dang them blue, you don't shed 'em, you lose
Spend a quarter
(Spend a quarter)

Give the order
(Give the order)
Mr. Porter
Mister Barrellhouse man git t' stompin'
Make 'em git hot, git 'em rompin
The got t' dig King Porter stomp