

BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE BOY OF COMPANY B

He was a famous trumpet man from out Chicago way
He had a boogie style that no one else could play
He was the top man at his craft
But then his number came up, and he was gone with the draft
He's in the army now a-blowing reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

[Verse 2]

They made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam
It really brought him down because he couldn't jam
The captain seemed to understand
Because the next day the Cap' went out and drafted a band
And now the company jumps when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

[Chorus]

A root, a toot, a toot diddle-anda-toot
He blows it eight to the bar, in boogie rhythm
He can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar is playing with him
He makes the company jump when he plays reveille
He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B
He puts the boys to sleep with boogie every night,
And wakes 'em up the same way in the early bright.
They clap their hands and stamp their feet,
'cause they know how it goes when someone gives him a beat.
He really breaks it up when he plays reveille.
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