

# Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy

Bette Midler

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-blowin' Reveille  
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

They made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam  
It really brought him down because he could not 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

A-root, a-toot, a-toot-diddely-ada-toot  
He blows it eight-to-the-bar, in boogie rhythm  
He can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar is playin' with 'im  
A-ha-ha-hand the company jumps when he plays Reveille  
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

He was some boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B  
And when he plays boogie-woogie bugle he was busy as a "bzzzy" bee  
And when he plays he makes the company jump eight-to-the-bar  
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

A toot-diddelyada, toot-diddelyada, toot-toot  
He blows it eight-to-the-bar  
Can't blow a note if the bass and guitar isn't with 'im  
A-ha-ha-hand the Company jumps when he plays Reveille  
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

(bugle solo)

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 he blows when someone gives him a beat  
Whoa-whoa he breaks it up when he plays Reveille  
The boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B

A-root, a toot, a-toot-diddely-ada-doot to-to-toot  
He blows, eight to the bar  
He can blow a note if the bass and guitar isn't, whoa, with him  
And the company jumps when he plays Reveille  
He's the boogie-woogie bugle boy of Company B!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>