

YOU'RE OUTA HERE

(based on Fats Waller's recording of "The Minor Drag")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

You're more than a minor drag.....

Now the clock on the wall says 11:30,
Give a minute or two.
When the little and the big hand meet at 12,
I wanna see the last of you.
I know I said I loved you, but tonight, my honey dear,
Three other words are on my mind:
You're outa here.

Take your books and your bike and your Barcalounger.
Leave the table and chairs.
Keep your big mouth shut or I'll tell you what,
You're gonna feel your butt bounce down the stairs.
No time for explanations, or one more German beer;
Put down the chips and read my lips:
You're outa here.

Go, damn you, go!
None of your crying.
No reminders of the tender kiss
You won't be supplying.
Book the Plaza, sleep in the park, or
Ring up that blonde cashier.
Stay wherever you want to;
You're outa here.

You never will back down,
Your favorite pastime is to nag me.
You bully and you bluster
Like some would-be Jimmy Cagney.
My sweaters are too small,
My 501's are far too baggy.
It bugs me, it bugs me,
I've got to set you free.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
That's yours, that's mine,
Keep an eye on the clock.
Leave this, take that,
Wait, that was mine – oh well, it's fine.
Don't stop, don't stop.
Oo-wee, you look ready to me, so
Call a cab, that's that,
Close the door, don't step on the cat.

It's not the way you got next to me
Just to borrow my car.
The little things you do and say,
Betray the guy you are.
You called my doorman "Pancho"
And my Uncle Bob "a queer."
Well I sure don't dig where you're comin' from,
And now you're outa here.

I was alone in bed because you said
You were hangin' with the guys,
Rolled over to hug your pillow,
And much to my surprise,
Underneath that pillow
Was a polka-dot brassiere.
I've never cared for polka-dots.
Mm, you're outa here.

Tock-tick, tock-tick,
That's yours, that's mine;
Get a move on it, Slick.
Take this, and that,
Wait, that one's mine, oh hell it's fine.
Make like a tree and leave.
Oo-woo, won't do to
Sit there like a bump on a log;
Hit the road,
Steer clear of the dog!

Sayonara, see you around.
One day I'll catch you on the rebound.
Take a 20 if you wish,
But don't yell, you'll frighten the fish.
Hop to, hop to, you got
10 seconds to grab a clue.
I know I swore that I loved you,
But tonight I'm even more sincere
When I say so long, you're outa here.