

Minnie The Moocher

Words & Music:
Cab Calloway (ca. 1930)

Am
Folk's here's the story 'bout Minnie the Moocher.

Am F7 E7 Am
She was a red hot hootchie-cootcher.

Am
She was the roughest, toughest, frail.

Dm Am E7 Am
But Minnie had a heart a big as a whale

CHORUS: *[call & response]*

Am
Hi-di-hiiiiii-de-hi! *[Hi-di-hiiiiii-de-hi!]*

Am
Ho-de-ho-de-ho-de-ho! *[Ho-de-ho-de-ho-de-ho!]*

Am
Hi-di-hiiiiii-de-hi! *[Hi-di-hiiiiii-de-hi!]*

Dm Am E7 Am
But, Minnie had a heart as big as a whale.

She messed around with a bloke named Smokey.
She loved him, though he was coke-y.
He took her down to Chinatown
And he showed her how to kick the gong around.

They went to the dope house the other night, knew that the lights would
be burning bright
Called the man and ordered a toy of hop, started to smoke and thought
they'd never stop

CHORUS:

She had a dream about the King of Sweden.
He gave her things that she was needin'.
Gave her a home built of gold and steel,
A diamond car, with the platinum wheels.

CHORUS:

He gave her a townhouse and his racing horses.
Each meal she ate was a dozen courses.
She had a million dollars worth of nickels and dimes.
She sat around and counted them a million times.

CHORUS: *[double-time]*

Poor Minnie met old Deacon Lowdown.
He preached to her she ought to slow down.
But Minnie wiggled her jellyroll
Deacon Lowdown hollered, "Oh, save my soul!"

CHORUS:

She stabbed herself with an inchee gow,
Laid with her head on a suee pow.
She started to scream and started to shout
When "Bang! Bang!" and the dope gave out.

CHORUS:

They took her where they put the crazies.
Now, poor old Minnie is picking up daisies.
You've heard my story, this ends the song.
She was just a good gal, but they done her wrong.

CHORUS:

 Dm E7 Am
Poor Min, poor Min, poor Ain!