Ray Charles, Give It Back To The Indians

For twenty-six dollars and a bottle of booze and they threw in the Bronx and Staten

Old Peter Minuet had nothing to lose when he bought the isle of Manhatten

Pete thought that he had the best of the bargin but the poor red man just grinned, And he grunted "ugh!" meaning okay in his jargon for he knew poor Pete was skinned. We've tried to run the city....but the city ran away... And now Peter Minuet We can't continue it... Broadway's turning into Coney, Champagne Charlie's drinking gin, Old New York is new and phony Give it back to the Indians! Two cents more to smoke a Lucky, Dodging busses keep you thin, Now New York is simply ducky, Give it back to the Indians! Take all the reds, on the boxes made for soap Whites on Fifth Avenue Blues down in Wall Street losing hope... Big bargain today...Chief take it away! Come you busted city slickers, Better take it on the chin Father Nick has lost his knickers Give it back to the Indians!

[Instrumental Break]

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Blues down in Wall Street losing hope..
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Correction by Arthur