Vaiter Vaiter Hot Potato - song lyrics

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VAITER! VAITER! HOT POTATO!
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Written and sung by Gus Williams.

I've always fancied dot I'm sharp, and knows my ways aboud,
Aldough I am a German I'm mistaken I find out,
For every time I get a start I seem to miss my way,
Und every business I get in is certain not to pay;
I've been clerk in a barber shop, vere vork is not so slow;
I've kept all sorts of little sdores, but noding seems to go;
I run an elevator voncc, dot did go up und down,
Und now I am a vaiter in a restaurant up town.

Spoken-Yes, und all day long dey are hollering at me-

Chorus.
Vaiter, vaiter, hot potato, vaiter:
Now, den, vaiter, vere's dot lamb? vere's dot lamb?
Ven's dot mutton coming, vaiter?
How's about dot veal und ham, veal und ham?
Fried eel, oatmeal, toast bread, calf's head, bluefish,
Warm dish, sauerkraut, stirabout!
Dot's de my dey holler at me, ev'ry moment, mit a frown;
Hurry, flurry, me dey worry at de restaurant up town.

At night dere's clearing dings avay und pick up de corks;
At morning setting tables und a-cleaning knives und forks;
De boss he vill have ev'ryding look neat as any pin,
Und he is always grumbling till de customers come in.
Ve get some funny customers, I tell you, now und den;
Dere's some dot cannot eat all, some vant to come again,
Some spend two dollars on a meal, some vant it for a cent,
Some get a check, get near de door, und den quick oud dey vent.

Spoken-Und I cannot run after dem. de people-are hollering:- Chorus.

I dink I'll leave dis business, for to stand it now I can't;
I never was intended to vork in a restaurant;
I'll start a lager beer saloon in some place dot is near,
Give chromos to de man vot drinks a keg of lager beer.
To be a vaiter und vork hard I tell you is no fun;
My legs, my shoulders, und my joints in fact are overdone;
I might get in a valking match and skip de tra la la;
In fact I could stand any ding 'cept ven dey yell at me:- Chorus.