

Trout Fishing In America, Sam's Last Boogie

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

In the darkest part of the city,
And on the coldest night of the year,
A dangerous man with a gun in his hand
Put an end to a brief career.

You won't read about it in the paper,
You won't hear about it on the news,
But handsome Sam the Boogie Man
hung up his dancing shoes.

Let me tell you 'bout Sam the Boogie Man
He was the king of Second Street
He was a dancer from his fingertips
To the bottoms of his feet.

Well, inside that boy an unnatural joy
Just swinging to the beat.

His dips and slides would mesmerize
Each woman that he'd meet.

And that boy could boogie!

Sure could boogie!

Yeah, boogie was the beat that moved the feet
Of Sam that Boogie Man.

Well, Ruby was this showgirl
with opalescent eyes,

An ivory smile and a diamond heart,
And alabaster thighs.

He met her in the summertime

Out on a parquet floor,

And he danced her from those neon lights

Right to her bedroom door.

And that boy could boogie!

Sure could boogie!

Yeah, boogie was the beat that moved the feet
Of Sam that Boogie Man.

He thought it was another fling,

But that girl was much too strong,

She swore that she would see him dead

If he ever did her wrong.

As summer lost its leaves to fall,

So this fine affair

Was fading fast, it couldn't last;

Sam vanished in the air.

And that boy could boogie!

Sure could boogie!

Yeah, boogie was the beat that moved the feet
Of Sam that Boogie Man.

Well, he couldn't go to dance halls

'cause he knew that he'd be found;

But he slipped up in Saint Louie,

When he heard that boogie sound.

And he was tearing up the dance floor

when they escorted him outside;

Said, "You want to dance, well here's your chance."

And they took him for a little ride.

It was Sam's last boogie,

Sam's last boogie,

It was Sam's last boogie

but he boogied 'til the day he died!