

Beale Street Rhymes

By Angela Wilson

(Performed as opening number of the show, right before curtains open)

It's about that time, it's about that time!
It's half past nine, it's half past nine!
I swear on my life the women is fine,
So brothers and sisters, come on get in line!

You know what time it is, don't need to remind ya,
By time midnight come, we'll know where to find ya.
Down on Beale Street baby – yep that's the one
It's the hottest thing going – three blocks of fun!

Oh it's a happening place, respectable by day
But when the sun go down, saints and sinners come out to play,
Decked out in they finest, smellin' like new money,
Struttin' into the jazzy night with dizzying blue rhythms honey.
Beale is hustlers and gamblers and pimps and the blues,
With plenty of shakin' and a whole lotta booze.

Music is the sound you smell and the and the fragrance you hear,
Your heartbeat is the drum that make your troubles disappear.
We headed to a place where folk know yo' name,
But the blues you been livin' is yo' claim to fame.

See we all in this boat lookin' for freedom's shore,
But in the meantime, my blue life keep me wantin' more,
My troubles and trials, I prefer to ignore,
An' you see Beale St. got everything I got a hankerin' for.

Step right up, Step right in, Step Aside, Step Aside,
Cause we 'bout to take you on a pulsating ride,
Down to the banks of the Mississippi River,
Where the beat of the night is sure to deliver.

And this little club on the corner is where it's happenin' tonight,
World famous pie and moonshine delight,
Where friends old and new and neighbors may dwell,
It's Clay's Place baby, stop on by for a spell!