

Who Pumped the Wind In My Doughnut

Washboard Sam, via Johnny Wilson (1935)

G, E7, A7-D7, G
G, E7, A7, D7
G, G7, C, Cm
G, E7, A7-D7, G

Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, down on that yamyan tree
I wasn't there when the pumping was done
But whosoever pumped was a pumpin' son of a gun
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me

Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, down on that yamyan tree
I like my doughnuts nice and sweet
But everybody tastes them up and down the street
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me

(Scatting)
(Scatting) down on that yamyan tree
I like my doughnuts nice and round
But everybody tastes them all over this town
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me

(Scatting)
(Scatting) down on that yamyan tree
Now my doughnuts, they are hard to beat
You eat three of them and you can't stand on your feet
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me

(Scatting)
(Scatting) down on that yamyan tree
I got doughnuts all in my house
You eat my doughnuts, they will melt in your mouth
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me

Now who pumped the wind in my doughnut? Sure don't resemble me. I don't know who did it, but ... whosoever did it ... they was a ... pumpin' son of a gun.

Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, down on that yamyan tree
I wasn't there when the pumping was done
But whosoever pumped was a pumpin' son of a gun
Who pumped the wind in my doughnut, sure don't resemble me
Hey hey baby, sure don't resemble me