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And All That Jazz

Reference number pt0503

Come on, Babe
Why don't we paint the town,
And all that jazz?
I'm gonna rouge my knees
And roll my stockings down,
And all that jazz.

Start the car,
I know a whoopee spot,
Where the gin is cold
But the piano's hot.
It's just a noisy hall
Where there's a nightly brawl
And all that jazz.

Slick your hair
And wear your buckle shoes
And all that jazz.
I hear that Father Dip
Is gonna blow the blues
And all that jazz!

Hold on, hon,
We're gonna Bunny Hug.
I bought some aspirin
Down at United Drug
In case we shake apart
And want a brand new start
To do that jazz.

Find a flask,
We're playing fast and loose.
And All That Jazz.

Right up here

Is where I store the juice
And all that jazz.
Come on, babe,
We're gonna brush the sky,
I betcha Lucky Lindy
Never flew so high
'Cause in the stratosphere
How could he lend an ear
To all that jazz?

Oh, you're gonna see her Sheba shimmy shake.
And all that jazz.
Oh, she's gonna shimmy till her garters break.
And all that jazz.
Show her where to park her girdle.
Oh, her mother's blood'd curdle
If she'd hear her baby's queer for all that jazz.

Find a flask, we're playing fast
and loose
And all that jazz!

Oh,
You're gonna see your
Sheba shimmy shake,
And all that jazz!

Right up here
is where I store the juice,
And all that jazz!

Oh,
I'm gonna shimmy till my
garters break,
And all that jazz!

Come on, babe,
we're gonna brush the sky,
I betcha lucky Lindy never
flew so high,
'Cause in the Stratosphere
how could you lend an ear to

Show me where to park my
girdle,
Oh,
My mother's blood'd curdle
if she'd hear her baby's
queer for

All that jazz!

No, I'm no-one's wife, but oh, I love my life
and all that jazz!