

# All That Jazz – Chicago

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

skidoo

And all that jazz

Hotch

Whoopee

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

Aaand all that jazz

Hold on hon, we're gonna bunny-hug

I bought some aspirin down at United drug

In case you shake apart and want a brand new

Start

To do that jaaaaazz

Find a flask, we're playin' 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

It's all that jazz?

Oh, you're gonna see your sheba shimmy-shake

And all that jazz

Oh, she's gonna shimmy 'til her garters break  
And all that jazz  
Shooow her where to park her girl  
Oh, her mother's blood'll curdle  
(If she'd hear her baby's queer)  
For all that jazz  
All that jazz  
Come on babe, why don't we paint the town?  
Oh, you're gonna see your Sheba shimmy  
shake  
And all that jazz and all that jazz  
I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my  
Stockings down  
Oh, she's gonna shimmy 'til her garters  
break  
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  
No, I'm no one's wife  
But oh, I love my life  
And all that jazz  
that jazz



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych