

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