

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Lyrics by Fred Egg; Music by John Kander

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 ice 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 you shake apart and want a brand-new start,
And 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!

Show her where to park her girdle.
Oh, her mother's blood'll curdle,
If she'd hear her baby's weird,
For all that jazz!

Find a rug, we're gonna cut it loose.
And all the jazz.
All night long we're gonna lose the blues.
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!

And all that jazz!
That jazz!