

JITTERBUG

I'm so excited, I can hardly wait
 I palpitate, when I anticipate
 The great success I'm going to be
 This dance will turn a new leaf for me
 No more grief for me, at last
 Once and for all
 I'll be the belle of the ball
 I used to be a wallflower
 No one ever made a pass at me
 I'd sit home sighing by the hour
 Growing sour in my bower
 Dances might mean romances
 To girls with adoring misters
 But when I cavorted - unescorted
 All I got was blisters
 From sitting out sets on my two twin sisters
 My feet would itch, my hips would twitch
 As the trumpet took a good hot chorus
 And my face grew stiff, from looking as if
 My beau had just phoned to see a man about a hor-uss
 My sorority sisters tried no end
 To get their dates to bring a friend for me
 But you see - -
 I'd still be the wench, alone on a bench
 And you could always find
 My blind date off in a corner of the bar
 Desperately getting blind
 So I got hold of myself and I said, my dear
 Look here
 You may not be so pretty, you may not be so witty
 But in school you were considered pretty smart
 And you could learn to make men yearn
 If you approach it as a science, then turn it into art
 So I watched the dopes who knew the ropes
 To see what they had got
 I learned that coyness and flutter
 Was now to utter, utter
 What I needed was to get HOT
 So I learned the trick of doing a lick
 I got the shag in the bag
 Learned to Susie Q, to go WooWoo
 And now I'm set to be the shag-line's pet

 I learned to swing, to get in the swing
 I do it brown, when I go to town
 I've gotten oh ho ho so jivy
 No more clinging ivy
 Watch me move in the groove, with Ri-di-ti-ti-ti-ti
 Now I can swing, and get in the swing
 I learned to bring, to slide and to sling
 I'm just a pixilated, alligated, jitterbug sort of thing
 I learned to sing--shoot the liquor to the joy-boy
 Swing--You're a killer diller, Mr. Miller
 And bing--take it sow, Mr. Mose
 I'm in the swing.
 (16 bars with hot trumpet--last half of chorus)