

Chaka Khan & Natalie Cole, Paganini

The concert was over at Carnegie Hall
The maestro took bow after bow
He said, My dear friends, I have given my all
I'm sorry but it's all over now
When from the gallery way up high
There suddenly came this mournful cry
Mr. Paganini, please play my rhapsody
And if you cannot play it, won't you sing it?
And if you can't sing it, you'll simply have to
Mr. Paganini, breathlessly we wait
Your masterful baton, go on and sling it
And if you can't sling it, simply have to
We've heard your repertoire and at the final bar
We greeted you with a round applause
What a great ovation, your interpretation
Oh Mr. Paganini, now don't you be a meanie
What you got up your sleeve? Come on and spring it
And if you don't spring it, need you're gonna have to
Mr. Paganini, please play my rhapsody
And if you cannot play it, won't you sing it?
And if the boys are bopping, there ain't no need in stopping
Mr. Paganini, we breathlessly await
Your masterful baton, go on and sling it
And if the boys are bopping, ain't no need in stopping
Yeah, we heard your repertoire and at the final bar
We greeted you with wild applause
What a great ovation, your interpretation
Mr. Paganini, oh, don't you be a meanie
What have you up your sleeve? Come on and spring it
And if you don't spring it, that just means you'll have to
We've heard your repertoire and at the final bar
We greeted you with round applause
What a great ovation with your interpretation
I never cared much for moonlit skies
I never wake back the fireflies
Oh Mr. Paganini, don't you be a meanie
What have you up your sleeve? Come on and spring it
And if you don't spring it, might as well sing
You'll have to come on, swing it
Come on, swing it
Come on, swing it
Come on, come on, come on
Come on, swing it
Come on, swing it
Come on, swing it
Come on, swing it
Come on, come on, come on
Come on, swing it
Come on, swing it
Come on, swing it
Come on, come on, come on