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, come on, come on Come on, swing it Come on, swing it Come on, swing it Come on, come on, come on