

Ella Fitzgerald, If You Can't Sing It

Mister Paganini, please play my rhapsody
And if you cannot play it, won't you sing it
And if you can't sing it, you simply have to
Swing it
I said swing it
Oh-oh-oh swing it
And don't ding it

Oh Mister Paganini, we breathlessly await
Your masterful d‚tente, go-o on and sling it
And if you can't sling it
You'll simply have to swing it
I said swing it
And scattywahwah

And wahdyscatla

We've heard your repertoire and
At the final bar
We've greeted you with wild applause
But what a great ovation
Your interpretation
Pat-scoodle-atty-doody yeah yeah yeah

Oh Mister Paganini, now don't you be a meanie
What have you up your sleeve, go on and spring it

And if you can't spring it, you'll simply have to
Swing it