## Ella Fitzgerald, The Real American Folk Song

Near Barcelona, the peasant crooned The old traditional Spanish tunes The Neapolitan street song sighs You think of Italian skys

Each nation has a creative vein Originating a native strain With folk songs plaintive and others gay In their own peculiar way

American folk songs, I feel Have a much stronger appeal

The real American folksong is a rag A mental jag A rhythmic tonic for the chronic blues

The critics called it a "joke song" but now They've changed their tune, and they like it, somehow

For it's innoculated with a syncopated sort of meter, sweeter Than a classic strain, boy you can't remain, still or quiet, for it's a riot

The real American folksong Is like a fountain of youth You taste, and it elates you, and then, invigorates you The real American folksong, the masses coaxed on, is a rag

[Instrumental break]

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