

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 inoculated 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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