

Judy Garland, Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son

It was going pop
And it couldn't stop
Now it's number one,
Thanks to Tom the piper's Son.

Tom, Tom, the piper's Son
Stole a tune and away he run
And away run he
With that melody
Tom was hot, the tune was sweet
But he revamped it with a new off-beat
And the classic thing,
Got a shot of swing

Mr. Brahms cried och!
So did Mozart and Bach
And to hear them rave
Paganini tumbled over in his grave

And now that tune, that no one played
Has stepped right up and hit the hit parade
It was growing pop
And it couldn't, STOP!

Now it's number one thanks to Tom the piper's son.
Chorus with swing ;)

Tom was hot, the tune was sweet
But he vamped it with a boogie beat
And the classic thing,
Got a shot of swing

Beethoven turned gray
So did Debussy and Bose
It was such a stew
Tchaikovsky said "I'm gonna sue!"

And now that tune, that no one played
Has stepped right up and hit the hit parade
It was growing pop and it couldn't, stop...
Now it's number one thanks to Tom the piper's son.

Ev'ry Little Movement

Ev'ry little movement,
Has a meaning of it's own
Ev'ry thought and feeling,
By some posture can be shown.

And ev'ry love thought
That comes a stealing
All your being Must be revealing
All it's sweetness In some appealing little gesture
All of it's own.