

Tony Bennett, Sing You Sinners

(W. Franke Harling / Sam Coslow)

All you sinners drop everything
Everything
Let the melody and the harmony ring
Let it ring
Lift arms up to Heaven and sing
Ring-a-ding
Sing you sinners woncha sway n' swing
What a thing

Start with clappin' y'hands all about
All about
Don't be silent - Let the Lord hear y'shout
Shout it out
And jus' let the music come out
Of yr snout
Sing you sinners woncha sway n' swing
Check it out
(Dig the drift of what I mean)

In a world where there's no music
(Old Scratch)
Satan gets his kicks
(He's up to his tricks)
He'll be laughing up and down the banks
(Hee, hee, hee)
Of that river Styx

You're so wicked baby, and you're depraved
You can rave
It's apparent that you have misbehaved
To your grave
But if you should wanna be saved
Jus' behave
Take a listen now to the bird...

Stop all that chewin' yer cud - and all that standin' in the mud there
Swing people! Swing every chortle from yer mortal portal
I dig that everyone believes that all cattle prodigies
Are like a sneeze
Hard blowin'-missin one lick of blowin' talent to show

(If y'sing - y' gotta swing!)

But remember that the day will come when you
Will be just steak on a plate
(Folks, y'know it's fate)
So dig the music of the swing-o-sphere -
(before your swing arrives too late)

That's a little too dark
Still, it's true - we've got breath for such a limited time
What are ya, stupid, ya cows?? - you'd think to sing was a crime

In defense now; hence now; Here's comes Adele McCluck:

Mrs. Mockingbird, I must say you haven't heard
The friendly bellowing swing of our friends the cows -
As they shed their way from Teagarden to Fuller
Instead of spendin' ev'ry day jus' sneakin' around
To life another lick -
These cats work on their cow-tone, so when they get up to blow
They blow a fatter bone-tone into the ozone

(And furthermore...)

You tweety-birds are always singin' away
Never givin' up thought of what you say
We cows do - shedding takes up most of our day
So when we start and settle in to play - we can say
A moo is an array of what we've always known to be
The best and only way to play

(What we mean to say is...)

Before the band will letcha sing
(Sing with Fletcher Henderson)
You've got to get y'self to swing
(Like the Bean or Satch)
So your horn can blow - a single note or two
Of deeper thinking
(That's the way to swing)
So set your mind upon a tone
(When you're shedding all alone)
And you will have a cornerstone
(Like the bass trombone)
Blow your horn and take a bow
So that you're swinging like the cows
Pythagoras would be so proud of us