

# 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