

Wise Guys, Charlie Razzamatazz

Charlie Jones used to try to be cool,
he tried to find some friends at school,
said on the diving board he wasn't a fool,
but Fred and Marty pushed him in the swimming pool.
Charlie Jones started staying at home,
found a rusty horn that had never been blown.
He oiled it and polished 'til it shone like chrome,
and made a hell of a noise blowing on his saxophone!

Charlie Razzamatazz,
all you ever had is your jazz,
any time you're feeling alone,
play the blues on your saxophone.

Fred and Marty grew tall and proud,
everybody loved to hang in their crowd,
they took the girls to a Saturday ball,
and of course they never thought of giving Charlie a call.
The jazz band was the talk of the town,
everybody loved their incredible sound.
Fred and Marty went home alone
and the girls screamed for Charlie's saxophone!

Charlie Razzamatazz,
syncopate some more of your jazz,
anytime you're feeling alone,
play the blues on your saxophone...

(You never heard a better sound!)

Charlie Razzamatazz,
give us your sensational jazz,
anytime you're feeling alone,
play the blues on your saxophone.