## Cab Calloway, A Blue Serge Suit

He isn't hep to jive, he's only half alive Hep cats call him square You won't believe this jack All his clothes date back To '29 I swear

He wears a blue serge suit with a belt in the back No drape, no shape, just a belt in the back Strictly calm and he's off the cob Wears a pocket watch with a pearly fob He'd be just as sharp in a sack As in the blue serge suit with the belt in the back

He isn't old and grey but he's so pass Swing bands make him frown He don't get no kicks From boogie-woogie licks Oh he's dead but he won't lay down

He wears a blue serge suit with a belt in the back No flare, so rare, just a belt in the back He thinks a cat is a household pet His favorite dance is the minuet Maybe one day he's gonna crack And burn that blue serge suit with the belt in the back

He's got a gal named "V", she's twice as square as he What a gruesome pair
The way they fuss and frown
When gators strut on down
Is more than I can bear

He wears a blue serge suit with a belt in the back A pip, a zip, a belt in the back He wears high shoes and a pair of spats If you dig that junk it'll drive you bats Maybe some day he's gonna crack And burn that blue serge suit with the belt in the back