

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