

Cab Calloway, My Coo-Coo Bird Could Swing

We stole his bird,
Coo-coo!
A mighty fine bird,
Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
We stole this bird from the coo-coo clock, and Brother Treadway put it in hoc.

Stop all trains, close all roads,
There's a mystery up in Harlem way.
So just relax and take it slow,
Please dig what I have to say:

Now, who stole the bird from the coo-coo clock?
My coo-coo bird could swing.
At three o' clock he'd come on the hour,
And here's the way he'd sing:

Coo-coo!
Coo-coo!
Coo-coo!
My coo-coo bird could swing.

See? My little bird couldn't eat no food,
He only loved to swing.
At six o' clock, he'd come on the hour,
And here's the way he'd sing:

Coo-coo, coo-coo!
Coo-coo, coo-coo!
Coo-coo, coo-coo!
He only loved to swing.

Now, who stole the bird?
Won't you bring him on back?
That bird could solid swing.
At nine o' clock he'd come on out,
And here's the way he'd sing:

Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
My coo-coo bird could swing.

I want my coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!
My coo-coo bird could swing!