

Catherine Zeta Jones, All That Jazz

Come on babe, why don't we paint the town?
And all that jazz
I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings down
And all that jazz
Start the car
I know a whoopee spot
Where the gin is cold
But the piano's hot
It's just a noisy hall, where there's a nightly brawl
And all that jazz
Slick your hair and wear your buckle shoes
And all that jazz
I hear that Father Dip is gonna blow the blues
And all that jazz
Hold on, hon
We're gonna bunny hug
I bought some aspirin, down at United Drug
I case you shake apart
And want a brand new start
To do that jazz
Skidoo!
And all that jazz
Hotcha!
Whoopee!
And all that jazz
Ha! Ha! Ha!
It's just a noisy hall where there's a nightly brawl
And all that jazz
Find a flask, we're playing fast and loose
And all that jazz
Right up here is where I store the juice
And all that jazz
Come on, babe
We're gonna brush the sky
I bet you luck Lindy, never flew so high
'Cause in the stratosphere
How could he lend an ear
To all that jazz?
Oh, you're gonna see your sheba shimmy shake
And all that jazz
Oh, she's gonna shimmy 'till her garters break
And all that jazz
Show her where to park her girdle
Oh, her mother's blood'd curdle
If she'd hear her baby's queer
For all that jazz
And all that jazz
Come on, babe
Why don't we paint
The town?
And all that ja