

# Ella Fitzgerald, (If You Can't Sing It) You'll Have To

Mister Paganini, please play my rhapsody  
And if you cannot play it, won't you sing it  
And if you can't sing it, you simply have to  
swing it  
I said swing it  
Oh-oh-oh swing it  
And don't ding it

Oh mister Paganini, we breathlessly await  
Your masterful dtente, go-o on and sling it  
And if you can't sling it  
You'll simply have to swing it  
I said swing it  
And scattywahwah  
And wahdyscatla

We've heard your repertoire and  
At the final bar  
We've greeted you with wild applause  
But what a great ovation  
Your interpretation  
Pat-scoodle-atty-doody yeah yeah yeah

Oh Mister Paganini, now don't you be a meanie  
What have you up your sleeve, go on and spring it

And if you can't spring it, you'll simply have to  
swing it