

Fred Astaire, Let Yourself Go

(from "Follow the Fleet")

GINGER:

As you listen to the band, don't you get a bubble?
As you listen to them play, don't you get a glow?
If you step out on the floor, you'll forget your trouble.
If you go into your dance, you'll forget your woe. So...

Come! Get together.
Let the dance floor feel your leather.
Step as lightly as a feather.
Let yourself go.

Come! Hit the timber.
Loosen up and start to limber.
Can't you hear that hot marimba?
Let yourself go.

Let yourself go.
Relax and let yourself go. Relax.
You've got yourself tied up in a knot.
The night is cold but the music's hot. So...

Come! Cuddle closer.
Don't you dare to answer, "No, sir."
Butcher, baker, clerk and grocer,
Let yourself go.

With CHORUS:
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Let the dance floor feel your leather.
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