

Liza Minnelli, 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 stockin's 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 - a-that - Ja-yazz

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
In case we shake apart and want a brand new start
To do - a-that - Ja-yazz

Oh, you're gonna see your sheba shimmy-shake, and all that jazz
Oh, I'm gonna shimmy till my garters break, and all that jazz
Show me where to park my girdle, oh, my mother's blood'd curdle
If she'd hear her baby's queer
For all - that - Ja-yazz

Find the flask we're playin' fast and loose
(Oh, you're gonna see a shiver-shimmy-shake)
And all that jazz, and all that jazz
Right up here is where I store the juice
(Oh I'm gonna shimmy till my garters break)
And all that jazz, and all that jazz
Come on babe we're gonna brush the sky
(Show me where to park my girdle)
I bet you lucky Lindy never flew so high
(Oh, my mother's blood'd girdle)
'Cause in the stratosphere, how could he lend an ear
(If she'd hear her baby's queer)
To all that ja-yazz

No I'm no-one's wife, but oh I love my life
And all... that... Ja-yazz..., that Jazz