

Maureen McGovern, Little Jazz Bird

I'm a little jazz bird
And I'm telling you to be one too
For a little jazz bird
Is in heaven when she's singing blue
I say this with regret
But you're out of date
You ain't heard nothin' yet
Till you syncopate

When the going gets rough,
You will find your troubles all have flown
If you warble your stuff
Like the moaning of a saxophone
Just try my recipe
And I'm sure you'll agree
That a little jazz bird
Is the only kind of bird to be

SCATTING

When the going gets rough,
You will find your troubles all have flown
If you warble your stuff
Like the moaning of a saxophone
Just try my recipe
And I'm sure you'll agree
That a little jazz bird
That a little jazz bird
That a little jazz bird
Little jazz bird, little jazz bird
Is the only bird to be

SCATTING