

Perry Como, Get Your Kicks On, Route 66

Mister . . . you may . . . have travelled near or far,
But you haven't seen the country,
'Till you've seen the country by car!

Mister . . . may I . . . recommend a royal route?
It starts in Illinois, let me tell you boy!
If you ever plan to motor west,
Travel my way, take the highway, that's the best!
Get your kicks . . . on Route 66!

It winds from Chicago to L.A.,
More than two thousand miles all the way!
Get your kicks . . . on Route 66!

Now, you go through St. Louis, Joplin, Missouri,
And Oklahoma City is a mighty purdy!
You'll see Amarillo, Gallup, New Mexico,
Flagstaff, Arizona, don't forget Winona,
Kingman, Barstow, San Bernardino!

Won't you get hip to this timely tip,
When you make that California trip?

Get your kicks . . . on Route 66!

Springfield, Illinois . . . Springfield, Missouri too!
Seven states, count 'em, seven,
Spread out in front of you!

< instrumental break >

You'll like the aroma, of Tulsa, Oklahoma,
Albuquerque and Tucumcari, make New Mexico extraordinary!
You'll wanna own a piece of Arizona,
Needles, Essex, Amboy, Azusa,
No one in sunny Cal is a loser . . .

So . . . get hip to this timely tip,
When you make that California trip!
If any Joe . . . tells you to go . . . some other way,
Say nix!
Get your kicks . . . on Route 66!

Words and Music Bobby Troup, 1946