

Sam Cooke, Twistin' The Night Away

Let me tell you 'bout a place
Somewhere up-a New-York way
Where the people are so gay
Twistin' the night away
Here they have a lot of fun
Puttin' trouble on the run
Man, you find the old and young
Twistin' the night away
They're twistin', twistin', everybody's feelin' great
They're twistin', twistin', they're twistin' the night away
Here's a man in evenin' clothes
How he got here, I don't know, but
Man, you oughta see him go
Twistin' the night away-ay
He's dancin' with the chick in slacks
She's a-movin' up and back
Oh man, there ain't nothin' like
Twistin' the night away
They're twistin', twistin', everybody's feelin' great
They're twistin', twistin', they're twistin' the night away
Let's twist a while!
Lean up, lean back
Lean up, lean back
Watusi, now fly, now twist
They're twistin' the night away
Here's a fella in bluejeans
Dancin' with a older Queen
Who's dolled up in-a diamond rings and
Twistin' the night away-ay
Man, you oughta see her go
Twistin' to the rock and roll
Here you find the young and old
Twistin' the night away
They're twistin', twistin', man, everybody's feelin' great
They're twistin', twistin', they're twistin' the night away
One more time!
Lean up, lean back
Lean up, lean back
Watusi, now fly, now twist
They're twistin' the night away