

The Manhattan Transfer, Wacky Dust

They call it wacky dust
It's from a hot cornet
It gives your feet a feeling so breezy
And oh, it's so easy to get

They call it wacky dust
It brings a dancing jag
And once it starts, then only a
Sap'll refuse to Big Apple or Shag

Oh I don't know just why
It gets you so high
Putting a buzz in you heart
You'll do a marathon
You'll wanna go on
Kickin' the ceilin' apart

They call it wacky dust
It's something you can't trust
And in the end the rhythm will stop
When it does, then you'll drop
From happy wacky dust

Instrumental

Oh we don't know just why
It gets you so high
Putting a buzz in you heart
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