Raz-ma-taz

Lyrics by
Harold Atteridge

Music by
Al Jolson

Allegro moderato

Two song-makers who were fakers Had a little idea For something new to dance to.

They wrote a funny melody, As odd as it could be With funny time, peculiarly
They gave it to an orchestra, they started to play;

The orchestra got themselves, and started to sway.

They asked them, "What's the name of that?" And they heard the writers say:
Chorus

That's the Raz-ma-taz,
that's the Raz-ma-taz!

Take a little bit of Fox-trot, mixed with Jazz;

We had to use a little blues To make it

fit your dancing shoes; There is some
moo-chin, too, And some she-wabby new; There's ev'-ry-
thing a new dance has; And if it's

(spooken) to you to shake a wicked shoe, you'll say when you get through, I'm glad to know roll. The way to

a tempo do the Raz-ma-taz! That's the Raz-ma-taz!

a tempo