A TEENY WEENY BIT OF JAZZ

SONG

Words and Music by
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Moderato

When I wake up in the early morning,
I just start to hum and sing,
And I

Every flower needs the morning sunshine,
Every lover needs a kiss,
And the
keep it up till evening
Like a birdie in the things I need are most-
y All the things which I might

spring miss;
But I'm happy and contented All de-

one of thousand things that "dazz" It's entranc-
ing and in-
sires and wrongs are set a-right, When the mu-

spir-ing When you get a little bit of jazz.

playing And I hear a little jazz each night.
REFRAIN

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
It follows

me I can hear it again;
Oh, it penetrates, fascinates

young and old,
Crazes you, dazes you, makes you bold!

La-la-la-la-la-la
I eat my
meals and I bathe with that strain: It flips dips
makes you forget and live, That syncopated bit of
razz; It skips grips you any place you go, That
teen-y ween-y bit of jazz.

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