In a certain city, where the girls are cute and pretty, they have.
Jazz-time music is the rage, this is a syncopated age, ev.
—a raggy jazzy jazz-time tune.
—ry-body loves a jazz-time tune.
When you hear that syncopated
For the music captivating,
Jazz created melody you could dance all morning, night and noon,
sets your heart a palpitating you just can't make your feet behave,

When the slide trombone and moaning saxophone begin to play, It
Ancients youths of sixty-four, do steps they never did before, Fa

— will make you sad, 'twill make you glad
ther time is mad, no one grows old.

Oh! Boy, What Joy,
Oh! Boy, What Joy,

Burn my clothes for I'm in Heaven, Wish I had a million women,
Put your loving arms around me, Say Babe, ain't you glad you found me.
Sol-o-man in all his glo-ry, could have told an-o-th-er sto-ry,
Cle-o-pat-ra on the Nile, could vamp right in the lat-est style, if

Were he but liv-ing here to-day, With his thou-sand wives or more, a
she'd on-ly known this rag-time tune; Old King Cole a mer-ry soul, called

Jazz-Band on some E-gypt shore, he could dance the night and day a-
for his pipe and then his bowl, and the first jazz-band his fid-dlers

way.
three,

I will tell you how they dance-
Play, oh play me while I dance-

19th. St. Rag 5
That tantalizing 12th. Street Rag.

CHORUS

First you slide—and then you glide, then shimmy for a while;

To the left—then to the right—"Lame Duck" "Get over Sal!"

Watch your step—then Pl rou-ette, Fox Trot, then squeeze your pal.

Over you comes
stealing such a funny feeling 'till you feel your senses reeling, tantalizing,

hypnotizing, mesmerizing strain, I can't get enough of it—please play it over again; I could dance for ever to this refrain,—To that 12th Street,

Oh you—12th Street Rag.