

# **Hot Lips**

## **DJ Fbi**

There's a boy that's in our band  
And how he blows that horn  
Finest since you're born  
When he starts you're gone  
They all call him "Hot Lips" for  
He blows real red-hot notes  
And ev'rybody on the floor just floats  
(That's what they say)

He's got hot lips when he plays Jazz  
He draws out steps like no one has  
You're on your toes and shake your shoes  
Boy, how he goes when he plays Blues  
I watch the crowd until he's through  
He can be proud they're "cuckoo," too  
His music's rare you must declare  
The boy is there with two hot lips

He's got hot lips when he plays Jazz  
He draws out steps, like no one has  
You're on your toes, and shake your shoes  
Boy, how he goes when he plays Blues  
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He can be proud they're "cuckoo," too  
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Heard him play the other night  
And old man Oscar Clive who is eighty five  
Sure as you're alive  
Got so frisky when he started out to do his stuff  
Was told to sit right down for being rough  
(And then he said)

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He draws out steps, like no one has  
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Boy, how he goes when he plays Blues  
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