

# The Jitterbug Waltz

Michel Legrand

The night is getting on  
The band is getting slow  
The crowd is almost gone  
But here we are still dancing Nothing to do, but waltz Our feet can barely move  
My legs are yelling "Whoa"  
But we're in such a groove  
And love is still advancing Nothing to do, but waltz You can't suggest that we could go on jitterbugging  
No bugging We've nothing left for moves more strenuous than hugging  
Just hugging But we don't need much room to gently cut-a-rug in, we two We're dead on our feet  
And the sauce is repeatin'  
But what can you do? I tried another juice  
And get from head to toe  
My body's feeling loose  
And warm and kind of supple Nothing to do, but waltz My man would slip away  
My arms just won't let go  
I think I'd like to stay,  
Till we're the only couple Nothing to do, but waltz You never know how far this sort of thing can get you  
One never knows, one never, never knows We're not as tired as we would like to think, I bet you  
You stay up half the night with me, if I would let you  
Yes So come, let the waltz play again

Songwriters

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