

Now They Call It Swing

Billie Holiday

Once they called it ragtime
And it had its fling
It's the same old syncopation
Now they call it swing Then they played it jazz time
To a buck and wing
Once again it sweep the nation
Now they call it swing When singers used to sing
They would go hot cha
But with this modern thing
Now they go dru, du du, dra, da da Rhythm has its seasons
Summer, fall and spring
But for seven silly reasons
Someone pulled the string
And they started dancing
Now they call it swing

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