

Wacky Dust

Ella Fitzgerald, Chick Webb and His Orchestra & Ch

They call it wacky dust
It's from a hot cornet
It gives your feet a feeling so breezy
And oh, it's so easy to get
They call it wacky dust
It brings a dancing jag
And once it starts, then only a
Sap'll refuse to Big Apple or Shag
Oh I don't know just why it gets you so high
Putting a buzz in you heart
You'll do a marathon you'll wanna go on
Kickin' the ceilin' apart
They call it wacky dust
It's something you can't trust
And in the end the rhythm will stop
When it does, then you'll drop
From happy wacky dust
Oh we don't know just why it gets you so high
Putting a buzz in you heart
You'll do a marathon you'll wanna go on
Kickin' the ceilin' apart
They call it wacky dust, yeah
It's something you can't trust
And in the end the rhythm will stop
When it does, then you'll drop
From happy wacky
The rhythm will stop
When it does, then you'll drop
From happy wacky dust

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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