

Little Jazz Bird

Blossom Dearie

Into a cabaret
One fatal day
A little songbird flew
Found it so very gay
He thought he'd stay
Just to get a bird's eye view
When he heard the jazz band playing
He was happy as a lark
To each measure he kept swaying
And he stayed 'til after dark
Then back to the land he knew
Thrilled through and through
He sailed on in the air
Called all the other birds
And in these words
Started gurgling then and there
I'm a little jazz bird
And I'm telling you to be one too
For a little jazz bird
Is in heaven when it's singin' blue
I say it with regret
But you're out of date
You ain't heard nothing yet
'Til you syncopate
When the going is rough
You will find your troubles all have flown
If you warble your stuff
Like the moanin' of a saxophone
Just try my recipe
And I'm sure you'll agree
That a little jazz bird
Is the only kind of bird to be
I say it with regret
But you're out of date
You ain't heard nothing yet
'Til you syncopate
When the going is rough
You will find your troubles all have flown
If you warble your stuff
Like the moanin' of a saxophone
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