

Stompin' At the Savoy

Louis Armstrong

Savoy, the home of sweet romance,
Savoy, it wins you with a glance,
Savoy, gives happy feet a chance to dance.
Your old form just like a clinging vine,
Your lips so warm and sweet as wine,
Your cheek so soft and close to mine, divine. How my heart is singing,
While the band is swinging,
I'm never tired of romping,
And stomping with you at the Savoy. What joy, a perfect holiday,
Savoy, where we can glide and sway,
Savoy, let me stomp away with you
The home of sweet romance,
It wins you at a glance,
Gives happy feet a chance to dance. Just like a clinging vine,
So soft and sweet as wine,
So soft and close to mine, divine. How my heart is singing,
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Songwriters

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