

All God's Chillun Got Rhythm

Judy Garland

I got a frown, you got a frown
All God's chillun got a frown on their face
Take no chance with that frown
A song and a dance, turn it upside down Ah, ah, ah, ah, zazoo, zazoo
All God's chillun got rhythm, all God's chillun got swing
Maybe haven't got money, maybe haven't got shoes
All God's chillun got rhythm for to push away their blues All God's chillun got trouble, troubles don't mean a
thing
When they start to go, "Ho ho ho"
The old troubles bound to go 'way, say
All God's chillun got swing All God's children got trouble
Da da do day, ra do day, ra do da do, da da, da da day
Doh da do day, da do day, ra do, da do, da do day Maybe haven't got money or maybe haven't got shoes
All God's chillun got rhythm for to push, for to push
For to push away their blues All God's chillun got trouble, troubles don't mean a thing
When they start to go, "Ho ho ho"
The old troubles bound to go 'way, say
All God's chillun got swing Swing it high, swing it low, hell, let 'em go, hah hah, yea
Swing it up, swing it down, ah hah let it go, oh hah, yea Ain't got money, ain't got shoes
All God's chillun got rhythm
For to push away their doggone weary blues Three cheers for the red, white and blue
Swing it up to the sky, don't ask how, don't ask why
Brother, go go oh hoh, blow blow, way hay ay
All God's chillun got swing, swing, swing

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