

Stompin' At the Savoy

Ella Fitzgerald

Savoy, the home of sweet romance
Savoy, it wins you at 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, divineHow my heart is singing
While the band is swinging
Never tired of romping
And stomping with you at the SavoyWhat joy, a perfect holiday
Savoy, where we can glide and sway
Savoy, let me stomp away with youBoo ba di ba di di bo bo bo(Savoy) the home of sweet romance
(Savoy) wins you at a glance
(Swing it Ella) happy feet
A chance to dance at the Savoy
Like a clinging vine
So warm and sweet as wine
And close to mine, divineHow my heart is singing
While the band is swinging
I'm never tired of romping
And stomping with you at the Savoy(Savoy) a perfect holiday
Where we can glide and sway
Let me stomp away with youDa ba da ba di da doo loopWhat joy to be together at Savoy
Romping and stomping with you at the Savoy
Never tired of romping
And stomping with you
While the band is romping
What do we do, what do we doJump, jump, jump, jump, swing at the Savoy
Romp, romp, romp, romp, romp at the SavoyCould be was it
Atlantic city
Lord we would talk about that night
Yeah we're talking about some boy
Bet to the Savoy
Bet to the Savoy
To the Savoy
Never romping stomp away
We're shakin' at the Savoy
You shake my hand

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