

# 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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