Stompin' at the Savoy

Chick Webb

Savoy, the home of sweet romance
Savoy, it wins you at a glance
Savoy, gives happy feet a chance, to dance.

Your form, just like a clinging vine
Your lips, so warm and sweet as wine
Your cheek, so soft and close to mine, devine

How my heart is singin'
While the band is swingin'
Never tired of rompin'
And stompin' with you, at the Savoy,
What joy, a perfect holiday
Savoy, where we can glide and sway
Savoy, There let me stomp away with you.

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