

Royal Garden Blues

Bobby Hackett

No use of talkin' no use of talkin'
You'll start in dog-walkin' no matter where.
There's jazz-copation blues modulation,
Just like a Haitian you'll rip and tear.
Most everybody likes the blues Here's why I'm ravin', here's why I'm ravin'
If it's blues you are cravin' just come on down.
You'll hear 'em playin', you'll hear 'em playin'
Soon you'll be sayin', "Hon jazz me 'round"
Because your feet they can't refuse. What's that familiar strain that true blue note refrain
It's drivin' me insane,
Can't keep still, tho' it's against my will;
I'm on my P's and Q's I just can't refuse. There goes that melody, it sounds so good to me,
And I am up a tree,
It's a shame, you don't know the name;
It's a brand new blues,
The Royal Garden Blues. Everybody grab somebody And start jazzing 'round Hon don't you hear that trombone
moan?
Just listen to that saxophone.
Gee, hear that clarinet and flute,
Cornet jazzin' with a mute,
Makes me just throw myself away,
When I hear 'em play. That weepin' melancholy strain,
Say, but it's soothing to the brain;
Just wanna get right up and dance,
Don't care I'll take most any chance;
No other blues I'd care to choose,
But Royal Garden Blues.

Songwriters

LEWIS, GEORGE /Published by

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