Hot Lips

Pacific!

There's a boy that's in our band
And how he blows that horn
Finest since you're born
When he starts you're gone
They all call him "Hot Lips" for
He blows real red-hot notes
And ev'rybody on the floor just floats
(That's what they say)

He's got hot lips when he plays Jazz
He draws out steps like no one has
You're on your toes and shake your shoes
Boy, how he goes when he plays Blues
I watch the crowd until he's through
He can be proud they're "cuckoo," too
His music's rare you must declare
The boy is there with two hot lips

He's got hot lips when he plays Jazz
He draws out steps, like no one has
You're on your toes, and shake your shoes
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Heard him play the other night
And old man Oscar Clive who is eighty five
Sure as you're alive
Got so frisky when he started out to do his stuff
Was told to sit right down for being rough
(And then he said)

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