

# Sing You Sinners

## Manhattan Transfer

Once a mockingbird, dig, he was overheard, what?  
Singing out a word, I, to a cattle heard, heardAll you bovine creatures dig what I'm layin' down!  
All you sinners drop everything, everything  
Let the melody and the harmony ring, let it ring  
Lift arms up to heaven and sing, ring a ding  
Sing you sinners won't you sway and swing, what a thingStart with clappin' your hands all about, all about  
Don't be silent, let the Lord hear you shout, shout it out  
And just let the music come out of your snout  
Sing you sinners won't you sway and swing, check it outDig the drift of what I mean in a world where there's  
no music  
Old scratch Satan gets his kicks, he's up to his tricks  
He'll be laughing up and down the banks  
Of that river StyxYou're so wicked baby, and you're depraved, you can rave  
It's apparent that you have misbehaved, to your grave  
But if you should wanna be saved, just behave  
Take a listen now to the birdStop all that chewin' your curd and all that standin' in the mud there  
Swing people! Swing every chortle from your mortal, portal  
I know that everyone believes that cattle prodigies are like a sneeze  
Hard blowin', missin one lick of blowin' talent to show  
If you sing, you gotta swingBut remember that the day will come when you  
Will be just steak on a plate, folks, you know it's fate  
So dig the music of the swing of sphere  
Before your swing arrives too lateThat's a little too dark  
Still, it is true, we've got breath for such a limited time  
What, are ya stupid, ya cows?  
You'd think to sing was a crimeIn defense now, hence now, here comes Adele McCluck  
Mrs. Mockingbird, I must say you haven't heard  
Of the friendly bellowing swing of our friends the cows  
As they shed their way from Tea garden to FullerInstead of spendin' every day just sneakin' around  
To live another lick, these cats work on their cow tone  
So when they get up to blow  
They blow a fatter bone tone into the ozoneAnd furthermore, you tweety-birds are always singin' away  
Never givin' up a thought of what you say  
We cows do shedding takes up most of our day  
So when we start settlin' to play, we could say  
A moo is an array of what we've always known to be  
The best and only way to play, what we mean to say isBefore the band will let ya sing, sing with Fletcher  
Henderson  
You've got to get your self to swing like the Bean or Satch

So your horn can blow, a single note or two of deeper thinking  
That's the way to swing So set your mind upon a tone when you're shedding all alone  
And you will have a cornerstone like the bass trombone  
Blow your horn and take a bow, so that you're swinging like the cows  
Pythagoras would be so proud of us

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