

Sing Sing Sing

Anita O'Day

I walk with my baby
And I know in nothing flat
She's got something mellow
Lots of fellows whistle at
When we go for a walk
I know soon as we're out
With no shadow of doubt
She's got lots to be proud of.

I'm hip, I'm lucky to have
Someone so endowed;
A girl half as lovely would made
Lots of fellows proud
I love all of her charms
But one's really a ball:
I love those shiny stockings most of all