

In the Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening

Bette Midler

Sue wants a barbeque.
Sam wants to boil a ham.
Grace votes for builabaise stew.
Jake wants a weenie bake,
stake and a layer cake.
He'll get a tummy ache, too.
We'll rent a tent or teepee.
Let the town cryer cry.
And if it's RSVP,
this is what I'll reply:

In the cool, cool, cool of the evenin',
tell 'em I'll be there.
In the cool, cool, cool of the evenin',
better save a chair.
When the party's gettin' a glow on,
singin' fills the air.
In the shank of the night,
when the doins' are right,
well you can tell 'em I'll be there.

"Oui," said the bumblebee,
"Let's have jubilee."
"When?" said the prairie hen, "Soon?"
"Sure," said the dinosaur.
"Where?" said the grisly bear.
"Under the light of the moon."
"How 'bout your brother, jackass?"
everyone gaily cried.
"You comin' to the fracas?"
"Offer respects," he sighed.

In the coooool of the evenin',
tell 'em I'll be there.
In the coooool of the evenin',
better save a chair.
When the party's gettin' a glow on,
singin' fills the air.
If I ain't in a clique,
and there's something to pick,
well you can tell 'em I'll be there.
If I can crawl out of bed
and slap a hat on my head,
well you can tell 'em I'll be there.
If there's room for one more,
and you need me, why sure,
tell 'em, tell 'em I'll be there.