

Stompin' At The Savoy

Ella Fitzgerald

Savoy, the home of sweet romance
Savoy, it wins you with a glance
Savoy, gives happy feet a chance to dance
Your old form just like a clinging vine
Your lips so warm and sweet as wine
Your cheek so soft and close to mine, divine

How my heart is singing
While the band is swinging
I'm never tired of romping
And stomping with you at the Savoy
What joy, a perfect holiday
Savoy, where we can glide and sway
Savoy, let me stomp away with you

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