

Stompin' At The Savoy

Harry Connick, Jr.

R: Savoy, the home of sweet romance,
Savoy, it wins you at a glance,
Savoy, gives happy feet a chance,
To dance...

Your form, just like a clingin' vine,
Your lips, so warm and sweet as wine,
Your cheek, so soft and close to mine
Divine...

How my heart is singin',
While the band is swingin',
Never tired of rompin',
And stompin' with you, at the Savoy

What a joy, a perfect holiday,
Savoy, where we can glide away,
Savoy, there let me stomp away,
With you.

R: