

She's goin' to put on her favorite dress
And find her favorite shoes
She's going to make up her pretty face
And cast away her weekday blues
She's going out to Zanzibar
Where the drinks are strong
And the men are smooth
No need to fret or concern self
From here on out
Everything is cool

When I walk up in the door they gon say
Who that girl and how she get so funk-ay
Swingin' her hips from side to side
How she move somebody when Mr. Trombone

Slide
When Mr. Trombone Slide
Slide, Slide, Slide
When Mr. Trombone Slide

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Slide

Slide, Slide
When Mr. Trombone Slide
Slide, Slide, Slide

Hey Jill let me get a little bit of this

Slide
When Mr. Trombone Slide
Slide, Slide, Slide
When Mr. Trombone Slide