

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

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

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