

All God's Chillun Got Rhythm

Judy Garland

I got a frown, you got a frown
All God's chillun got a frown on their face
Take no chance with that frown
A song and a dance, turn it upside down

Ah, ah-ah-ah-ah, zazoo, zazoo
All God's chillun got rhythm, all God's chillun got swing
Maybe haven't got money, maybe haven't got shoes
All God's chillun got rhythm for to push away their blues

All God's chillun got trouble, troubles do-on't mean a thing
When they start to go hoh-hoh-hoh
The old troubles bound to go 'way, say
All God's chillun got swing

All God's children got rhythm
Da-da-do-day, ra-do-day, ra-do-da-do, da-da, da-da-day...
Doh-da-do-day, ra-do-day, ra-do, da-do, da-do-day

Maybe haven't got money or maybe haven't got shoes
All God's chillun got rhythm for to push, for to push
For to push away their blues

All God's children got trouble, troubles do-on't mean a thing
When they start to go hoh-hoh-hoh
The old troubles bound to go 'way, say
All God's chillun got swing

Swing it high, swing it low, hell, let 'em go, hah-hah, go
Swing it up, swing it down, he-ell, let it go, oh-hoh, yes

Ain't got money, ain't got shoes
All God's chillun got rhythm
For to push away their dog-gone weary blues

Three cheers for the red, white and blue
Swing it up to the sky, don't ask how, don't ask why
Brother, go-go-oh-hoh, blow-blow, 'way-hay-ay... the-em
Them dog-gone, shoo 'em now
Swing - swing - swing...