

# 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...