

## Ella Fitzgerald

### "Dont Be That Wayef"

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Got a little rhythm, a rhythm, a rhythm  
That pitter-patters through my brain  
So darn persistent, the day isn't distant  
When it'll drive me insane  
Comes in the morning, without any warning  
And hangs around me all day  
I'll have to sneak up to it, someday and speak up to it  
I hope it listens when I say

Fascinatin' rhythm, you've got me on the go  
Fascinatin' rhythm, I'm all a-quiver  
What a mess you're making, the neighbors want to  
know  
Why I'm always shaking, just like a flivver  
Each morning I get up with the sun  
Start a-hopping, never stopping  
To find, that night, no work has been done  
I know that  
Once it didn't matter, but now you're doing wrong  
When you start to patter, I'm so unhappy  
Won't you take a day off, decide to run along  
Somewhere far away off, and make it snappy  
Oh, how I long to be the gal I used to me  
Fascinatin' rhythm, oh, won't you stop picking on me?

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