

Fats Waller

"Jitterbug waltz"

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The night is getting on
The band is getting slow
The crowd is almost gone
But here we are still dancing

Nothing to do, but waltz

Our feet can barely move
My legs are yelling "Whoa"
But we're in such a groove
And love is still advancing

Nothing to do, but waltz

You can't suggest that we could go on jitterbugging
No bugging

We've nothing left for moves more strenuous than
hugging
Just hugging

But we don't need much room to gently cut-a-rug in, we
two

We're dead on our feet
And the sauce is repeatin'
But what can you do?

I tried another juice
And get from head to toe
My body's feeling loose
And warm and kind of supple

Nothing to do, but waltz

My man would slip away
My arms just won't let go
I think I'd like to stay,
Till we're the only couple

Nothing to do, but waltz

You never know how far this sort of thing can get you
One never knows, one never, never knows

We're not as tired as we would like to think, I bet you
You stay up half the night with me, if I would let you
Yes

So come, let the waltz play again

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