

Hank Snow

"Twelfth Street Rag"

Visit "[Twelfth Street Rag](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In a certain city, where
The girls are cute and pretty,
They have a raggy jazzy jazz time tune.
When you hear that syncopated
Jazz created melody
You could dance all morning
Night and noon,
When the slide trombone
And moaning saxophone begin to play.
It will make you sad,
'Twill make you glad
Oh! Boy,
What Joy,
Burn my clothes for I'm in Heaven,
Wish I had a million women,
Soloman in all his glory,
Could have told another story,
Were he but living here today,
With his thousand wives or more,
A Jazz Band on some Egypt shore,
He could dance the night and day away.
I will tell you how they dance
That tantalizing 12th. Street Rag.

Chorus:
First you slide and then you glide,
Then shimmie for a while;
To the left then to the right

"Lame Duck" "Get over Sal"
Watch your step then Pirouette,
Fox Trot, then squeeze your pal
Over you comes stealing
Such a funny feeling
'Til you feel
Your senses reeling,
Tantalizing, hypnotizing,
Mesmerizing strain,
I can't get enough of it
Please play it o'er again
I could dance for ever

To this refrain,
To that 12th. Street,
Oh you 12th. Street Rag.

Visit [Hank Snow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.