

Irving Berlin

"Top Hat, White Tie, And Tails"

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Just got an invitation through the mails
Your presence requested this evening, it's formal
A top hat, a white tie and tails
Nothing now could take the wind out of my sails
Because I'm invited to step out this evening
With top hat, white tie and tails

I'm puttin' on my top hat
Tyin' up my white tie
Brushin' off my tails

I'm dude-in' up my shirt front
Puttin' in the shirt studs
Polishin' my nails

I'm steppin' out, my dear
To breathe an atmosphere
That simply reeks with class
And I trust that you'll excuse
My dust when I step on the gas

For I'll be there
Puttin' down my top hat
Mussin' up my white tie
Dancin' in my tails

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