

Cab Calloway **"Blue Serge Suit"**

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He isn't hep to jive, he's only half alive
Hep cats call him square
You won't believe this jack
All his clothes date back
To '29 I swear

He wears a blue serge suit with a belt in the back
No drape, no shape, just a belt in the back
Strictly calm and he's off the cob
Wears a pocket watch with a pearly fob
He'd be just as sharp in a sack
As in the blue serge suit with the belt in the back

He isn't old and grey but he's so passÃfÂ©
Swing bands make him frown
He don't get no kicks
From boogie-woogie licks
Oh he's dead but he won't lay down

He wears a blue serge suit with a belt in the back
No flare, so rare, just a belt in the back
He thinks a cat is a household pet
His favorite dance is the minuet
Maybe one day he's gonna crack
And burn that blue serge suit with the belt in the back

He's got a gal named "V", she's twice as square as he
What a gruesome pair
The way they fuss and frown
When gators strut on down
Is more than I can bear

He wears a blue serge suit with a belt in the back
A pip, a zip, a belt in the back
He wears high shoes and a pair of spats
If you dig that junk it'll drive you bats
Maybe some day he's gonna crack
And burn that blue serge suit with the belt in the back

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