

## Chicago Soundtrack

### "All That Jazz"

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Come on babe  
Why don't we paint the town  
And all that jazz...  
I'm gonna rouge my knees  
And roll my stockings down  
And all that jazz...  
Start the car  
I know a whoopy spot  
Where the gin is cold  
But the piano's hot  
It's just a noisy hall  
Where there's a nightly brawl  
And all...that...jazz  
  
And all that jazz...  
And all that jazz...  
  
Slick your hair  
And wear your buckle shoes  
And all that jazz...  
I hear that Father Doop  
Is gonna blow the blues  
And all that jazz...  
Hold on hun  
We're gonna bunny hug  
I bought some asprin  
Gun that united drug  
Unless you shake apart  
I wanna brand new start  
To do...that...JAZZ!!  
  
Find a flask  
We're playin fast and loose  
And all that jazz...  
Right up here

Is where I store the juice  
And all that jazz...  
Come on babe  
We're gonna brush the sky  
I bet your lucky limbs  
They never flew so high  
Cuz in the stratosphere  
I'll bet he lend an ear  
To all...that...jazz...

Oh You're gonna see  
Her shiver shimmy shake  
And all that jazz  
Oh She's gonna shimmy  
Til her garters break  
And all that jazz  
Show  
Her where to park her gertle  
Oh Her mind and blood will curtle

If she hear  
Her baby squeal  
For all...that...jazz

All that jazz...

Come on babe  
Why don't we paint the town  
And all that jazz...  
I'm gonna rouge my knees  
And roll my stockings down  
And all that jazz...  
Start the car  
I know a whoopty spot  
Where the gin is cold  
But the piano's hot  
It's just a noisy hall  
Where there's a nightly brawl  
And all...that...jazz

No  
I'm no one's wife, but  
Oh I love my life  
And all that jazz

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