

Thin Lizzy "Fats"

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Check out Fats, he's a real cool cat
He's got a black and white tux with lots of class
He says, "I love that jazz, I love that razz-ma-tazz, I love
to swing
I just go crazy when you give me room to do my thing"
That's Fats

Well, check out Fats, he's a real cool cat
He's got bright white spats and a sharp dark trilby hat
He's got a chick that's slick and I like her looks
And I like the way her lipstick, it matches the carnation
on his tux

I love his jazz, I love his style, makes me feel so nice
Oh Fats, won't you play for me a while?
That's Fats

Oh well, Sigmund Freud, he gets very annoyed
He was checking out Fats and Waller just didn't like
that cat

He said, "I don't like his looks, I don't like his fashion"
I love his jazz, I love his style, makes me feel so nice
Oh Fats, won't you play for me a while?
Not that Fats

He's such a real cool cat, that's Fats
Nobody plays that jazz, not like Fats
He's a real cool cat, that's Fats
He's a real cool cat, that's Fats
He's a real cool cat, that's Fats

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