

Chicago Musical Revue

"All That Jazz"

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Velma:
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 whoopee 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!

[Dance break]

Slick your hair
And wear your buckle shoes
And All That Jazz!

I hear that father dip
Is gonna blow the blues
And All That Jazz

Hold on, hon
We're gonna bunny hug
I bought some Aspirin
Down at United Drug

In case you shake apart
And want a brand-new start
To do that -

Velma & Company:
Jazz!

Company:
Skidoo!

Velma:
And All That Jazz

Company:
Hotcha!
Whoopee!

Velma:
And All That Jazz

Company:
Hah! Hah! Hah!

Velma:
It's just a noisy hall
Where there's a nightly brawl

All:
And all that Jazz

(Fred Casely and Roxie Hart enter)

Fred:
Listen, your husband ain't home, is he?
Velma:
No, her husband is not at home!
Find a flask
We're playing fast and loose

Company:
And All That Jazz!

Velma:
Right up here
Is where I store the juice

Company:
And All That Jazz!

Velma:
Come on babe
We're gonna brush the sky
I bet you lucky Lindy
Never flew so high
'Cause in the stratosphere
How could he lend an ear
To All That Jazz

Company:
Oh, you're gonna see her sheba shimmy shake

Velma:
And All That Jazz!

Company:
Oh, she's gonna shimmy till her garters break

Velma:
And All That Jazz

Company:
Show her where to park her girdle
Oh, her mother's blood is curdle
If she'd hear
Her baby's queer
For All That Jazz!

Velma: Company:
And All That Jazz!
Come on, Babe Oh, you're gonna see
Why don't we paint Your
The town? Sheba
And All That Jazz Shimmy shake
And All That Jazz!

I'm gonna Oh,
Rouge my knees She's gonna shimmy
And roll my 'Till her garters
Stockings down Break
And All That Jazz And All That Jazz

Start the car Show her where to
I know a whoopee spot Park her girdle
Where the gin is cold Oh, her mother's blood'd
But the piano's hot. Curdle
It's just a noisy hall If she'd hear
Where there's a nightly brawl Her baby's queer
And All That Jazz! For All That Jazz!

Roxie:
So, that's it, huh Fred?
Fred:
Yeah, I'm afraid so Roxie.
Roxie:
Oh, Fred...
Girls:
Oh, Fred...
Fred:
Yeah?

Roxie:
Nobody walks out on me.

(Roxie shoots him.)

Fred:
Sweetheart -

Roxie:
Oh, don't "sweetheart" me, you son-of-a-bitch!

(Roxie shoots him again. Fred dies.)

Company:
Hotcha!
Whoopee!
Jazz!
Roxie:
Oh, I gotta pee.

(Roxie exits.)

Velma:
No, I'm no one's wife
But, oh, I love my life
And All That Jazz!

Company:
That Jazz!

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