

Lizzy Thin

"Fats Lynott White"

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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 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, it makes me feel so nice

Oh Fats, won't you play for ma a while? That's Fats

Oh well, Sigmund Freud, he gets very annoyed

He was checking out Fats and Waller just don'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, it 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

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