

Tommy Dorsey

"The Music Goes 'round And 'round"

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MUSIC, MAESTRO, PLEASE!

Tommy Dorsey

- words by Herb Magidson, music by Allie Wrubel

A table near the band

A small one

Some cigarettes, a drink

Yes, a tall one

And, waiter, I could use

A chaser for my blues

Tonight I mustn't think of her

Music, maestro, please!

Tonight

Tonight I must forget

How much I need her

So, Mister Leader

Play your lilting melodies

Ragtime, jazztime, swing

Any old thing

To help me ease the pain

That solitude can bring

She used to like waltzes

So please don't play a waltz

She danced divinely

And I loved her so

But there I go

Tonight I mustn't think of her

No more memories

Swing out

Tonight I must forget

Music, maestro, please!

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