

The Real American Folk Song

Ella Fitzgerald

Near Barcelona, the peasant crooned
The old traditional Spanish tunes
The Neapolitan street song sighs
You think of Italian skys Each nation has a creative vein
Originating a native strain
With folk songs plaintive and others gay
In their own peculiar way American folk songs, I feel
Have a much stronger appeal The real American folksong is a rag
A mental jag
A rhythmic tonic for the chronic blues
The critics called it a "joke song" but now
They've changed their tune, and they like it, somehow For it's inoculated with a syncopated
sort of meter, sweeter
Than a classic strain, boy you can't remain, still or quiet, for it's a riot The real American
folksong
Is like a fountain of youth
You taste, and it elates you, and then, invigorates you
The real American folksong, the masses coaxed on, is a rag (instrumental break) The real
American folksong is a rag
A mental jag
A rhythmic tonic for the chronic blues The critics called it a "joke song" but now
They've changed their tune, and they like it, somehow For it's inoculated with a syncopated
sort of meter, sweeter
Than a classic strain, boy you can't remain, still or quiet, for it's a riot
The real American folksong
Is like a fountain of youth
You taste, and it elates you, and then, invigorates you
The real American folksong, is a rag

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