

Stompin' At The Savoy

Louis Armstrong & Ella Fitzgerald

Savoy, the home of sweet romance Savoy, it wins you with a glance Savoy, gives happy feet a chance to dance
Your old form just like a clinging vine Your lips so warm and sweet as wine
Your cheek so soft and close to mine, divine

How my heart is singing While the band is swinging I'm never tired of romping And stomping
with you at the Savoy What joy, a perfect holiday Savoy, where we can glide and sway Savoy,
let me stomp away with you

The home of sweet romance It wins you at a glance Gives happy feet a chance to dance Just
like a clinging vine So soft and sweet as wine So soft and close to mine, divine

How my heart is singing While the band is swinging I'm never, never, never tired of romping
And stomping with you at the Savoy What joy, a perfect holiday Savoy, where we can glide
and sway Savoy, let me stomp away with you

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>