Lyric by
JACK FROST

Music by
"SLAP" WHITE

Moderato

Ev-ry-bod-y's talk-ing of a
Law-yers and phy-si-cians like to

Ev-ry-bod-y's wait-ed for a syn-co-pat-ed chance
To learn the way that they
E-ven the mu-si-cians strike the notes of the en-core,
For they are glad they can

syn-co-pat-ed dance,

dance it on the floor,

and the pol-i-ti-cians seem to
hol-ler out for more,
do it Lis - ten to the rhythm, now it seems that one and all
play it Once I saw a preach-er throw his shoul-ders in the air,
Want to take it with 'em when they're go-in' to the ball, E-ven play the mu-sic on the
Danc-ing with a teach-er who was shout-ing, "It's a bear!" Just like E-va Tanguay, I sup-
pia-no in the hall, And here's the way they go through it.
poses she did - n't care When once they start-ed to sway it.

CHORUS

There it goes! now you step to the side, On your toes and get

The Pussyfoot Prance 3
ready to glide, In the crowd rag as much as you please, You're allowed only

one little squeeze. Step around like a motor boat rocks,

Up and down like a Jack-in-the-box, And then you get together and you

do that dance, That lov-in' Pussyfoot Prance.