Oh! Sister, Ain't That Hot!

Moderato

Bill Bailey is some struttin' fool—
You hear everybody say—
His ears go up just like a mule—
When he hears the music play—
At ev'ry ball, in ev'ry hall Where jazz predominates—
Those highbrow gals all sigh—
When they hear William cry!

Chorus

Oh! Sister ain't that hot!—
Oh! Sister ain't that hot?—
That band is full of pep—
And when you step, it makes you sizzle—
Oh! Sister, ain't that hot?—
It's hot as hot can be—
Those lovin' blues that leader man plays—
Set your two shoes right in a blaze—
When he lets go he's got the devil below—
Lookin' like an Eskimo, Oh! Sister, Ain't that hot?

Patter

When they're playin' the blues—
Smoke comes out of my shoes—
Folks say I'm a live wire—
Just an oil can on fire—
But I don't mind things like that—
I'm gonna grab myself a fireman's hat and hol' er.

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