The Razzle Dazzle Glide
A Song for Singing and Dancing Acts and Coon Shouters

J. WALTER LEOPOLD

Moderato

Way down on the sea-shore where the break-ers roll,
new step dance,

There they have a dance that goes right to your soul;
Oh, ma hon-ey, get in line and take a chance;

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Makes you think you're riding on a great big wave,
Turn around again and slide along the floor,

It's the only dance that ever makes you rave,
When the music stops you're bound to ask for more.

Talk about Salome or the grizzly bear,
If you're feeling lonesome and you've got the blues,

Monkey rag and others, why they can't compare,
Razzle is the only medicine to use,
Won't you come and try the slick-est dance I know,
Goin' to take this dance to heaven when I die,

Put your arm a-round me Hon' come on let's go.
Teach it to the an-gels way up in the sky.

CHORUS

That Raz-zle Daz-zle Glide, my hon-ey, is some dance,

Makes you feel as if you want to take a chance,
All you've got to do is turn around and dip, Seems as if you're sailing in a big air-ship. Where they do this loving dance, they dance all night,

Everybody keeps it up with all their might, Get into the swing and then you'll want another ride, When you do the Raz-zi-le Daz-zi-le Glide.