In a town where the curfew bell would ring, Every night there a church choir

Now they took off the bell from the old town clock, All the kids go to bed with the

used to sing, The village dancers would do the lancers, Slow Town, a

“Cradle Rock,” Each Sal and Jim-my, can shake the shim-mie, Oh, boy, they’ve

sleepy village, They never heard about a cabaret; There all gone crazy. And every time they have a marriage there, No
And all the fishes in the stream, They twist their tails and twist them mean, For poor old Slow Town—

Ducks start buck and winging and the worms begin to wriggle down in Jazz Town,

birds begin a-singing from each bough, And all the fishes in the stream, They twist their tails and twist them mean, For poor old Slow Town

is Jazz Town now.
each man loved his wife, until a Jazz Band came around that way.

mournful march they use, And brought them all to life. slow town just

A different melody will fill the air, They play the "Wedding Blues." slow town will

woke up from its nap, Changed its name to Jazz Town on the map.

ever be the same, Changed the way of living with the name.

CHORUS

All the trees are swayin' when the breeze begins a playin', down in Jazz Town,
Horses start in neigh-in' and the donkeys start in bray-in', down in

Jazz Town,

Turkeys turkey-trotting down the lawn.

And the chickens in the morn;

Shim-mie o-ver to their
daily corn,

All the pigs are prancing, all the cows are dancing,

All the crops just wiggle and the