

Take Me to the Land of Jazz

music by Pete Wendling • lyrics by Edgar Leslie & Bert Kalmar • 1919



It was down in Ten-nes-see that the jazz-y mel-o-dy O-ri-gi-nal
There is mu-sic in each breeze, ev-en trom-bones grow on trees, You hear 'em
nat-ed then wait-ed for pop-u-lar-i-ty, Now in
moan-in' and groan-in' their tune-ful har-mo-nies, Ev-'ry
ev-'ry cab-a-ret, it's the on-ly thing they play, I
cot-ton plant-er's son, when he meets his lov-in' "hon," Is
love to hear it, must be near it, that's why I say:
simp-ly pest-ered, and re-quest-ed to join the fun.
Take me to the land of jazz, let me hear the kind of blues that Mem-phus has,
I want to step to a tune that's full of gin-ger and pep,
Pick 'em up and lay 'em down, learn to do the raz-ma-taz,
Let me give you a warn-ing, we won't get home un-til morn-ing, 'Cause
ev-'ry-bod-y's full of jazz-bo in the lov-in' land of jazz.