

Ain't Misbehavin'

Music: Fats Waller

Lyrics: various

Book: Murray Horwitz + Richard Maltby, Jr.

Premiere: Wednesday, February 8, 1978

- 1.Honeysuckle Rose
- 2.(What Did I Do To Be So) Black and Blue
- 3.Fat & Greasy
- 4.Mean To Me
- 5.Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now
- 6.The Joint Is Jumpin'
- 7.Ain't Misbehavin'
- 8.Cash for your Trash
- 9.Find Out What They Like
- 10.Handful Of Keys
- 11.How Ya Baby
- 12.I Can't Give You Anything But Love (Baby)
- 13.I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter
- 14.It's A Sin To Tell A Lie
- 15.I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling
- 16.I've Got My Fingers Crossed
- 17.Spreadin' Rhythm Around
- 18.Reefer Song
- 19.Jitterbug Waltz
- 20.Ladies Who Sing with the Band
- 21.Lookin' Good But Feelin' Bad
- 22.Lounging at the Waldorf
- 23.Viper's Drag
- 24.Off-Time
- 25.Squeeze Me
- 26.'T Ain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do
- 27.That Ain't Right
- 28.When the Nylons Bloom Again
- 29.Two Sleepy People
- 30.Yacht Club Swing
- 31.Your Feet's Too Big

1.Honeysuckle Rose

Lyrics by Andy Razaf

Music by Thomas "Fats" Waller

Ev'ry honey bee fills with jealousy
When they see you out with me.
I don't blame them, goodness knows,
Honeysuckle Rose.

When you're passin' by flowers droop and sigh,
And I know the reason why.
You're much sweeter, goodness knows,
Honeysuckle Rose.

Don't buy sugar,
You just have to touch my cup,
You're my sugar,
It's sweet when you stir it up.

When I'm takin' sips from your tasty lips,
Seems the honey fairly drips,
You're confection, goodness knows,
Honeysuckle Rose.

2.(What Did I Do To Be So) Black and Blue
Lyrics by Andy Razaf
Music by Thomas "Fats" Waller and Harry Brooks

Cold, empty bed,
Springs hard as lead,
Pains in my head,
Feel like old Ned.
What did I do
To be so black and blue?

No joys for me,
No company,
Even the mouse
Ran from my house,
All my life through
I've been so
Black and blue.

I'm so forlorn,
Life's just a thorn,
My heart is torn,
Why was I born?
What did I do to be so
Black and blue?

I'm white inside,
But that don't help my case.
'Cause I can't hide
What is on my face,
Oh!

[Alternative lyrics
for the last verse]
I'm sad inside,
But it don't help my case
'Cause I can't hide
All the sorrow
That's on my face.

3.Mean To Me
Music and Lyrics by Roy Turk and Fred E. Ahlert

You're mean to me
Why must you be mean to me?
Gee, honey, it seems to me
You love to see me cryin'
I don't know why
I stay home each night
When you say you phone
You don't and I'm left alone.

Sing the blues and sighin'
You treat me coldly each day in the year
You always scold me
Whenever somebody is near, dear
I must be great fun to be mean to me
You shouldn't, for can't you see
What you mean to me

4.Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now Music and Lyrics by A.Razaf and T. "Fats" Waller

Keepin' out of mischief now
I really am in love and how
I'm through playin' with fire
It's you whom I desire

All the world can plainly see
You're the only one for me
I have told them in advance
They can't break up our romance
Livin' up to all my vows
'Cause I'm keepin' out mischief now

Keepin' out of mischief now
I really am in love and how
I'm through playin' with fire
It's you whom I desire

All the world can plainly see
You're the only one for me
I have told them in advance
They can't break up our romance
Livin' up to all my vows
'Cause I'm keepin' out mischief
Oh, yeah!
Keepin' out of mischief
Oh, yeah!
Keepin' out of mischief now!

5.The Joint Is Jumpin' Lyrics by Andy Razaf and J. C. Johnson Music by Thomas "Fats" Waller

The joint is jumpin',
It's really jumpin',
Come in cats an' check your hats,
I mean this joint is jumpin'.
The piano's thumpin',
The dancers bumpin'.
This here spot is more than hot,
In fact the joint is jumpin',

Check your weapons at the door,
Be sure to pay your quarter.
Burn your leather on the floor,
grab aybody's daughter.
The roof is rockin',

The neighbor's knockin'.
We're all bums when the wagon comes.
I mean this joint is jumpin'.
Let it beat!

The joint is jumpin',
It's really jumpin',
Ev'ry mose is on his toes,
I mean this joint is jumpin'.
No time for talkin',
It's tim for walkin'
(Yes!)
Grab a jug an' cut the rug,
I mean this joint is jumpin'.
Get your pig feet, beer an' gin,
There's plenty in the kitchen.
Who is that that just came in?
Just look at the way he's switchin'.
Don't mind the hour,
'Cause I'm in power.
I got bail if we go to jail.
I mean this joint is jumpin'.
This joint is jumpin',
It's really jumpin',
We're all bums when the wagon comes.
I mean this joint is jumpin'.
Don't give your right name.
No, no, no!

6. Ain't Misbehavin'

Lyrics by Andy Razaf

Music by Thomas "Fats" Waller and Harry Brooks

No one to talk with,
All by myself,
No one to walk with,
But I'm happy on the shelf
Ain't misbehavin',
I'm savin' my love for you

I know for certain,
The one I love,
I through with flirtin',
It's just you I'm thinkin' of.
Ain't misbehavin',
I'm savin' my love for you
Like Jack Horner in the corner
Don't go no where,
What do I care,
Your kisses are worth waitin' for
Be-lieve me
I don't stay out late,
Don't care to go,
I'm home about eight,
Just me and my radio
Ain't misbehavin',
I'm savin' my love for

7. Handful Of Keys

Lyrics and Music by Fats Waller

I like to tinkle on an old piana.
I like to play it in a subtle mannah.
I get a lot o' pleasure
With a spano' keys
Underneath my finger tips.
Tricklin' off o' my lips.
A handful o' keys
And a song to sing,
Now how could you ask for more?
Than ticklin' the ivory,
Singin' jive,
I repeat what I said before.

I like to sing a little tune that's mellah.
I like to vocalize,
There's nothin' swellah.
I love to have a supple melody
Just tricklin' off o' my lips.
A handful o' keys
And a song to sing,
Now how could you ask for more?
Than ticklin' the ivory,
Singin' jive,
I repeat what I said before.

I like to tinkle on an old piana.
I like to play it in a subtle mannah.
I know I'll always be the top banana
With a handful o' keys

8. I Can't Give You Anything But Love (Baby)

Music and Lyrics by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh

I can't give you anything but love, baby
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby
Dream a while scheme a while
We're sure to find
Happiness and I guess
All those things you've always pined for
Gee, I'd like to see you looking swell, baby
Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't sell, baby
Till that lucky day
You know darned well, baby
I can't give you anything but love

9. I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter

Lyrics by Joe Young
Music by Fred E. Ahlert

I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came from you

I'm gonna write words, oh, so sweet
They're gonna knock me off my feet,
A lotta kisses on the bottom,
I'll be glad I got 'em

I'm gonna smile and say:
"Gee, I hope you're feeling better."
And close "with love" the way you .
I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
And make believe it came,
(Make believe)
I'm gonna make believe it came from you.

10.It's A Sin To Tell A Lie
Music and Lyrics by B. Mayhew

Be sure it's true when you say
"I love you"
It's a sin to tell a lie
Millions of hearts have been broken
Just because these words were spoken

I love you
Yes I do
I love you
If you break my heart I'll die
So be sure that it's true when you say
"I love you"
It's a sin to tell a lie

11.Lookin' Good But Feelin' Bad
Lookin' Good But Feelin' Bad
Lyrics by A. Santley
Music by Fats Waller

Lookin' Good But Feelin' Bad
From grievin' over you,
Lookin' good to hide those bitter blues.

Weary days and lonely nights
I'm waiting here for you,
Hopin' that my love you won't refuse.
Roh doh doh doh doh doh doh
Roh doh doh doh doh
Roh doh doh doh doh doh doh
Bah bah bah bah bah bah bah

When I'm feelin' blue
And needin' you.

12.'T Ain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do
Music and Lyrics by P. Graninger and E. Robbins)

There ain't nothin' I can do
Or nothing I can say

That folks don't criticize me
But I'm gonna do what I want to anyway
And I don't care just what people say
If I should take a notion to jump into the ocean
'T ain't nobody's bizness if I do
If I go to church on Sunday then cabaret all day Monday
'T ain't nobody's bizness if I do
If my man ain't got no money and I say take all mine honey
'T ain't nobody's bizness if I do
If I give him my last nickel and it leaves me in a pickle
'T ain't nobody's bizness if I do
I'd rather my man would hit me
Than for him to jump up and quit me
'T ain't nobody's bizness if I do
I swear I won't call no coppa if I'm beat up by my poppa
'T ain't nobody's bizness if I do
Nobody's bizness, ain't nobody's bizness
Nobody's bizness if I do

YOUR FEETS TOO BIG (Bensen - Fisher -The Four Inkspots)

Fats Waller Version of Lyrics:

Who's that walkin' round here, Mercy
Sounds like baby patter, baby elephant patter thats what I calls it
Say up in Harlem at a table for two
There were four of us,
me, your big feet and you
From your ankles up, I'd say you sure look sweet
From there down there's just too much feet
Yes, your feets too big
Don't want ya, cause ya feets too big
Can't use ya, cause ya feets too big
I really hate ya, cause ya feets too big
"Do wahs etc"
Where did ya get em
Your girl she likes you, she thinks you're nice
Got what it takes to be in paradise
She likes your face
She likes your (???)
Man oh man those things are too big
Your feets too big
Don't want cha, cause ya feets too big
Mad at you, cause your feets too big
I hate you, cause your feets too big
----my goodness (words missing) ----shiff shiff shiff
Oh your (peddelick ???) extremities are colossal
To me you look just like a fossil
Got me walkin', talkin' and squarkin"
Cause your feets too big
Yeah, Come on and walk that thing
Oh I've never heard of such walkin', Mercy
Your (???) extremities really are obnoxious
one never knows do one

Chubby Checker version of Lyrics

Who's that walkin' round here, Mercy
Say at a diner at a table for two
There are four of us,
me, your big feet and you
From your ankles up, you sure look sweet
From there down there's just too much feet
Yeah, your feets too big
Don't want ya, cause ya feets too big
Can't use ya, cause ya feets too big
I really hate ya, cause ya feets too big
Yeah, let's hear it now
Where did ya get em
Your baby she likes you, she thinks you're nice
Got what it takes to be in, ar paradise
She likes your face
She likes your (???)
Man oh man them things are too big
Oh your feets too big
Can't Twist, cause ya feets too big
Can't Shake it, cause your feets too big
You just don't make it, cause your feets too big
Come on walk that thing
Never heard such walkin' Mercy
Where'd ya get em
Oh your (???) extremities are colossal
To me you look just like a fossil
You've got me walkin', talkin' and squarkin"
Your feets too big, too big, too large
Yeah, your feets too big
Don't want cha, cause your feets too big
I can't stand ya, cause your feets too big
I'm mad at cha, cause ya feets too big
Hey,
Where'd ya get em
Your (???) extremities really are obnoxious
one never knows do one