

All That Jazz

Chicago Auditions | Velma Kelly

Come on babe, why don't we paint the town?
And all that jazz
I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings
down
And all that jazz
Start the car, I know a whoopee spot
Where the gin is cold but the piano's hot
It's just a noisy hall, where there's a nightly brawl
And all that jazz

Slick your hair and wear your buckle shoes
And all that jazz
I hear that Father Dip is gonna blow the blues
And all that jazz
Hold on hon, we're gonna bunny-hug
I bought some aspirin down at United Drug
In case you shake apart and want a brand new start
To do that jazz

Slick your hair and wear your buckle shoes
And all that jazz
I hear that Father Dip is gonna blow the blues
And all that jazz
Hold on hon, we're gonna bunny-hug
I bought some aspirin down at United Drug
In case you shake apart and want a brand new start
To do that jazz

Skidoo
And all that jazz
Hotcha
Whoopee
And all that jazz
It's just a noisy hall, where there's a nightly brawl
And all that jazz

Find a flask, we're playin' fast and loose
And all that jazz
Right up here is where I store the juice
And all that jazz
Come on babe, we're gonna brush the sky
I betcha Lucky Lindy never flew so high
'Cause in the stratosphere, how could he lend an
ear
To all that jazz?

Oh, you're gonna see your sheba shimmy-shake
And all that jazz
Oh, she's gonna shimmy 'til her garters break
And all that jazz
Show her where to park her girdle
Oh, her mother's blood'll curdle
If she'd hear her baby's queer
For all that jazz

Come on babe, why don't we paint the town?
(Oh, you're gonna see your Sheba shimmy shake)
And all that jazz (and all that jazz)
I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings
down
(Oh, she's gonna shimmy 'til her garters break)
And all that jazz (and all that jazz)
Start the car, I know a whoopee spot
(Show her where to park her girdle)
Where the gin is cold but the piano's hot
(Oh, her mother's blood will curdle)
It's just a noisy hall, where there's a nightly brawl
(If she'd hear her baby's queer)
And all that

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SPOKEN

Roxie: So that's fine oh uh Fred?

Fred: Yeah! I'm afraid so, Roxie.

Roxie: Oh Fred

Girls: Oh Fred

Fred: Yeah?

Roxie: Nobody walks out on me!

Fred: But sweetheart!

Roxie: Don't sweetheart me, you!

Fred: Uh, Roxie please!

Girls: Whoopee

Hotcha

Jazz

Oh, I gotta pee!

No, I'm no one's wife

But oh, I love my life

And all that jazz

That jazz