

Utt-Da-Zay

Cab Calloway

My mother used to sing to me
A haunting little melody
Nobody knows where it came from
Or where it was composed

"Utt da zay", sings the tailor
As he fashions pretty clothes
"Utt da zay", sings the tailor
As he sews, sews, sews

He's as busy as a bee
Making lovely finery
Things my baby loves to wear
When I take her to the fair

"Utt da zay", sings the tailor
All it means is, "That's the way"
When I buy the things he made her
Says the tailor, "Utt da zay"

Oh, do you dig, dig, dig?
Do you chop, chop, chop?
Are you hep to this jive
That I'm laying to you?