

## Twree-Twee-Tweet

Cab Calloway

Hear those robins in the tree  
Boy, oh boy, they're rocking me  
My fine feathered friends sure can sing  
It isn't corn it's solid swing

Tweet-tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet  
All the birdies getting hep to keet  
They swing that beat  
With the tweet-tweet-tweet  
I heard robin redbreast arrivin' on a low down riff  
He knocks them stiff  
With the riff, riff, riff

(Take it up)  
Mister Robin there is jumpin' the jive  
(Take it up)  
Mister Robin if you want to hear jive  
(Break it up)  
Mister Robin, oh the air is alive  
(Then you end up)

(Tweet-tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet)  
(Chase the higgys-wiggies off the street)  
Stay on that beat  
With the tweet-tweet-tweet

Take it up  
Take it down  
Break it up  
Then you swing it

Take it, Jones  
Break it, Chu  
Take it, Dizzy  
Take it, band

Tweet-tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet  
Ain't you ready to get hep to keet?  
When you swing that beat  
With the tweet-tweet-tweet  
You swing that beat  
With the tweet-tweet-tweet