## **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?