

High Society

Louis Armstrong

Just dig that scenery floating by
We're now approaching Newport, Rhode I
We've been, for years, In Variety
But, Cholly Knickerbocker, now we're going to be

In High, High So-
High So-ci-
High So-ci-ety

I wanna play for my former pal-
He runs the local jazz festival
His name is Dexter and he's good news
But sumping kind of tells me that he's nursing the blues

In High, High So-
High So-ci-
High So-ci-ety

He's got the blues 'cause his wife, alas
Thought writing songs was beneath his class
But writing songs he'd not stop, of course

And so she flew to Vegas for a quickie divorce

In High, High So-
High So-ci-
High So-ci-ety

To make him sadder, his former wife
Begins tomorrow a brand-new life
She started lately a new affair
And now the silly chick is gonna marry a square

In High So-
High So-ci-
High So-ci-ety

But, Brother Dexter, just trust your Satch
To stop that wedding and kill that match
I'll toot my trumpet to start the fun
And play in such a way that she'll come back to you, son

In High, High So-
High So-ci-
High So-ci-ety