

# Stompin' At The Savoy

Louis Armstrong

Savoy, the home of sweet romance  
Savoy, it wins you with a glance  
Savoy, gives happy feet a chance to dance  
Your old form just like a clinging vine  
Your lips so warm and sweet as wine  
Your cheek so soft and close to mine, divine

How my heart is singing  
While the band is swinging  
I'm never tired of romping  
And stomping with you at the Savoy

What joy, a perfect holiday  
Savoy, where we can glide and sway  
Savoy, let me stomp away with you

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Gives happy feet a chance to dance

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So soft and sweet as wine  
So soft and close to mine, divine

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