

Dance that Dengoza With me 'Oo-La-La'

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[Paródia sobre o maxixe Dengoso, de Ernesto Nazareth]

There's a tune that ev'ry one's dancing
Slow and dreamy, it's so entrancing
Oh that ever fascinating Dengoza strain
Ev'rywhere you go you hear that haunting refrain
It's a cure for you if you're lazy,
Ev'rybody 'bout it is crazy
Gee, I think it's grand
So I beg each band, play that Dengoza for me.

Gradma's taking her lesson daily,
Pa and Ma are dancing gayly,
In his little high chair baby Brother so sweet
When he hears that Maxie [sic] how he wiggles his feet
Uncle, Auntie, Sister and Brother,
Love this tune, and dance to no other,
If they fail to play, someone's sure to say,
Please play that Dengoza tune.

Chorus

Play it, oh, play it, that Dengoza strain, oo-La-La, oo-La-La,
And then we'll all go dancing, dancing around
No more Tango, Trot, or Hesitation
Whirl me, and twirl me, to that melody, oo-La-La, oo-La-La,
You should worry 'bout old Missus Rip Van Winkle,
You'll forget about the little stars that twinkle,
There goes the band,
Honey, give me your hand
And dance that Dengoza with me.

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