When he Plays Jazz he's Got —

HOT LIPS

(A Blues Fox Trot Song)

Words and Music by
Henry Busse
Henry Lange and
Lou Davis
Lovely Lucerne
WALTZ SONG

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Introducing to America "LOVELY LUCERNE" the big European Waltz Sensation.
Words by Fred W. Leigh, Music by Felix Godin, Composer of "Valse Septembre."

When falls the calm of even tide, There comes a vision

glowing, Once more I see the mountain side, The glacier

waters flowing. Tho' old en days can never return, Their

memory leaves me never, And golden dreams of

Fair Lucerne, Remain with me for ever.
HOT LIPS
A Blues Fox Trot Song

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HENRY BUSSE, HENRY LANGE
and LOU DAVIS

Allegro moderato

The boy's in our band
And how he blows that
heard him play the
other night
And old man Oscar

horns,
Clive
Finest since you're born,
Who is eight-five,
When he starts you're gone,
Sure as you're alive,

They all call him "Hot Lips" for
He blows real red-hot notes,
And
Got so frisky when he started out to do his stuff, Was

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5040-3
ev'rybody on the floor just floats (that's what they say;)
told to sit right down for being rough (and then he said)

CHORUS
He's got hot lips — When he plays jazz — He draws out

steps, Like no one has, You're on your toes,

— And shake your shoes, Boy, how he goes — When he plays
Blues. I watch the crowd until he's through. He can be proud. They're 'cue-ko' too. His music's rare.

must declare. The boy is there. With two hot lips. He's got hot lips. D.S.