

Hot Lips

The Firehouse Jazz Band

Henry Busse, Henry Lange, Lou Davis - 1922
 First recorded by Paul Whiteman with trumpet
 solo by Henry Busse - 1922. Became one of
 Busse's themes when he left Whiteman to form
 his own band. Rec. by McKinney's Cotton
 Pickers (Phil Napoleon-trmp., Miff Mole-trmb.)
 1922, Ted Lewis 1922, Henry Busse 1934,
 Horace Heidt 1937

Concert Pitch

Verse:

A

Since the rhythms in the "Chorus" are altered to be more as this song is usually performed, I put the entire original lyrics here:

Verse #1: (Letter "A")

There's a boy that's in our band, And how he blows that horn,
 Finest since you're born, When he starts you're gone.
 They all call him "Hot Lips" for, He blows real red-hot notes, And
 ev'rybody on the floor just floats: (that's what they say:)

Chorus: (Letter "B")

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.

("C" is midway thru Chorus:)

I watch the
 crowd, Until he's through, He can be proud, They're "coo-ko" too.
 His music's
 rare,-, You must,-, declare, The boy is there, with two hot lips.

Verse #2: (Letter "A")

Heard him play the other night, And old man Oscar Clive,
 Who is eighty-five, Sure as you're alive,
 Got so frisky when he started out to do his stuff, Was
 told to sit right down for being rough: (and then he said:)

Repeat the Chorus: (Letters "B" & "C").