Tenor Sax, Clarinet

To Clarinet
I get blue when I hear the wheeze of the choo choo

I want you to go too__ with me on the choo choo__
The day's here so get near, see what I have to say. Get your stuff and pack up coz we're going away. The sun shines my heart pines for those las- ses and cakes. You know that they taste good. Way down in the cane breaks.
So forget cares and let go of your troubles and blues.

Let's be gay on our way, let's get on the choo choo.
Choo Choo

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Choo Choo

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