Born To Hand Jive

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Medium tempo, in 2

fore I was born, late one night,
barely walk when I milked a cow.

my papa said, "Everythings all right."
When I was three, I pushed a plow.
The doctor made Ma-ma lay down,
While chop-pin' wood, I'd move my legs,

with her stom-ach boun-cin' all a-round.
and I start-ed dance-in' while I gath-ered eggs.

'Cause a be-bop stork was a-
The town-folk clapped I was bout to ar-rive.
Ma-ma gave birth to the only five. "He'll out-dance 'em all. He's a born hand jive."
I couldBorn to
hand jive, baby.
Born to

d. s. \( \frac{3}{8} \) (instrumental) at Coda

Now, can you hand jive, baby?
Oh, can you jive, baby?

Oh, yeah.

Oh, yeah.

Yeah. Born to jive, oh yeah!