

Hoop-dee- doo, Hoop-dee- doo, I hear a pol-ka and my trou-bles are through—
 Hoop-dee- doo, Hoop-dee- doo, this kind of mus-ic is like hea-ven to me.—
 Hoop- dee - doo, Hoop- dee- doo, it's got me high-er than a kite.—
 Hand me down my soup and fish, I am gon-na get my wish Hoop- dee - doo- in' it to -
 night. When there's a trom-bone play-in' rah - ta dah-dah - dah. I get a thrill,—
 I al-ways will— when there's a con- cer - ti - na stretch - in' out a
 mile, I 'al-ways smile, 'cause that's my style. When there's a fid-dle in the
 mid-dle and he oplays the tune so sweet, play the tune so sweet that I could die.
 Lead me to the floor and hear me yell for more 'cause I'm a hoop- dee -
 doo - in' kind of guy. *D.C. al Coda*
 do - in' it with all of my might, rain may fall and snow may come,
 noth - ings gon - na stop me from hoop - dee - doo - in' it to - night.