

Ray Charles, On Your Toes

See the pretty apple, top of the tree,
The higher up, the sweeter it grows.
Picking fruit you've got to be
Up on your toes!
See the pretty penthouse, top of the roof,
The higher up, the higher rent goes.
Get that dough, don't be a goof;
Up on your toes!
They climb the clouds
To come through with airmail.
The dancing crowds
Look up to some rare male
Like that Astaire male.
See the pretty lady, top of the crop.
You want to know the way the wind blows?
Then, my boy, you'd better hop
Up on your toes!
Up on your toes!

Remember the youth 'mid snow and ice
Who bore the banner with the strange device:
"Excelsior!"
This motto applies to folks who dwell in
Richmond Hill or New Rochelle, in Chelsea or
In Sutton Place.
You've got to reach the heights to win the race.