Swing it or not.

I understand why records spin a-round, all groovy, woovy. Stylus mines the music concentricly. It's all so plain and clear: I see, I hear. It makes sense to me, you see. But C Ds escape my savvy. That las-er, how in the blazes does it read three-point-five miles of day-ta, you say data, day-ta, data. I __

CODA

–tay-to, po-tah-to, to-may-to, to-mah-to, ee-ther, eye-ther, day-ta, you say data, day-ta, data, day-ta data.

Singers proceed in a three part round. After multiple passes, and when the first singer chooses, she should move from line 2 to the CODA. The other singers follow suit when their turn comes. After everyone is singing the CODA in unison, conclude in unison with the last measure.