

# Poinciana

Joe Thomas, Bob Babbit, Jerry Freidman & Steve Gad

Blow Tropic wind, sing a song to the trees  
Trees sigh to me, soon my love I will see

Poinciana, your branches speak to me of love  
Pale moon is casting shadows from above

Poinciana, somehow I feel the jungle heat  
Within me there grows a rhythmic savage beat

Love is everywhere, its magic perfume fills the air  
To and fro you sway, my heart's in time, I've learned to care

Poinciana, though skies may turn from blue to gray  
My love will live forever and a day

Poinciana, from now until the dawning day  
I'll learn to love forever, come what may

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written by SIMON, NAT/BERNIER, BUDDY

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