

(when I Kiss You) I Hear Charlie Parker Playing

Sparks

Out of the doorway, into the morning Wish I was a bird that was migratory Spoken half in jest, catch the bird
that's in my nest Out of the doorway, into the morning All of them seem to be selling something Illegal
substances, or an hour with no kisses Though I am tempted, they are pre-empted You and your rosary are
exempted From criminality, still there is a duality You'll never know it, I'll never show it Only I hear it, only I
know that What's apropos for me, may for thee be blasphemy And the hills are alive with the sound of music
CHORUS: When I kiss you, when I kiss you I hear Charlie Parker playing Will I miss you, will I miss you
When the playing ends one night When I kiss you, when I kiss you I hear Charlie Parker playing Will I miss
you, will I miss you When I finally see the light Where are they going, what are they doing Who are they
chasing, who are they suing It all ends up OK in this Tennessee Williams play What are they facing, who are
they casing When you're attacked, tell me, who are you macing For me it's all just fine, 'cause she's a Frank
Lloyd Wright design The finest of material A little asymmetrical But that's the way it goes, my love for her just
grows and grows It's bigger than Fuji, bigger than Fuji Sometimes she's a little screwy But all that is offset
when we dispense with etiquette And the hills are alive with the sound of music CHORUS Out of the doorway,
into the morning Wish I was a bird that was predatory Spoken half in jest, catch the bird that's in my nest
There's rebel advances, labor disputes Somebody's shot and somebody shoots And hits the bullseye -bam-
captured on a portacam And the hills are alive with the sound of music

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