

# Line For Lyons

Chet Baker

Listen to them play our song,  
how they shock my poor brain with that electric refrain  
I hear a buzzin', just like a dozen doorbells.

Everytime I hear our song,  
I get weak in the knees my heart pumps up a breeze  
Sending a stream to every extremity.

Parts of my anatomy are not controlled by me  
The music's magic spell  
Leaves me a mess of quivering jelly.

Even on a violin,  
How those sweet dulcet tones pull marrow out of my bones,  
I must confess, it leaves me a mess, our song.

[sax solo] [bass solo]

Parts of my anatomy are not controlled by me  
The music's magic spell  
Leaves me a mess of quivering jelly.

Even on a violin,  
How those sweet dulcet tones pull marrow out of my bones,  
I must confess, it leaves me a mess, our song does  
I love to hear our song 'cause  
It grooves me so our song.

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Lyrics submitted by Liam Watson.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>