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.

Lyrics submitted by Liam Watson.

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