

Sheena

Trader Horne

Sheena, oh Sheena
Just came in from Monterey
Every night and day
I've been going crazy Sheena, oh Sheena
Steel guitar and saxophone
Who would like to know
Who she's taking home? I'm playing the piano
'Til my fingers' like bananas
But I want to go But I have to keep up playing
Through the day and through the wall
And the through back door home Sheena, Sheena, oh Sheena
Burgundy and Beaujolais
And when Sheena stay
She throws her pants away I'm playing the piano
'Til my fingers' like bananas
And it hurts me so But I have to keep up playing
Through the day and through the wall
And the through back way home Sheena, oh Sheena
Going back to Monterey
By this time today
I should be far away No more playing the piano
And my fingers' like bananas
I got up to go But I have to keep up playing
Through the day and through the wall
And just to end my door Sheena, oh Sheena
Sheena, oh Sheena

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