

# Rocking Chair

Roberta Donnay

All she ever wanted  
When the day turned indigo  
Was to leave her grubby life behind her  
To the buzzing streets below  
Tainted passion and temptation  
Led her down a trail of lust  
Now, the fate of Faye Delroy  
Is written in the dust  
Written in the dust  
Oh, my rockin' chair  
Rock me tender in the night air  
Oh, my rockin' chair  
Rock me back and make me be there  
She said her head don't move the same way  
That her hand usually does  
That she's got memory bubble  
Almost like the rest of us  
And ADD salamanders  
Cannot figure what to wear  
And they'll be standing in the closet  
And every dress is savoir faire  
Every dress is savoir faire  
Oh, my rockin' chair  
Rock me tender in the night air  
Oh, my rockin' chair  
Rock me back and make me be there  
Oh, my rockin' chair  
Rock me tender in the night air  
Oh, my rockin' chair  
Rock me back and make me be there  
Rock me here, rock me there  
Rock me in my rockin' chair  
Rock me here, rock me there  
Rock me in my rockin' chair  
Rock me here, rock me there  
Rock me in my rockin' chair  
Rock me here, rock me there  
Rock me in my rockin' chair  
Oh, my oh my, rock me

Tender in the night air  
Za va ba, za ba bi ya  
Ca va pas, za ba bi ya  
Romeo Boyz, they'll be dancing  
With the Cha Cha Girlz  
Za va ba, za ba bi ya  
Ca va pas, za ba bi ya  
Romeo Boyz, they'll be dancing  
With the Cha Cha Girlz  
Oh, my rockin? chair  
Rock me tender in the night air  
Oh, my rockin? chair  
Rock me back and make me be there  
Oh, my rockin? chair  
Rock me tender in the night air  
Oh, my rockin? chair  
Rock me back and make me be there

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