

# Edith And The Kingpin

## Herbie Hancock

The big man arrives  
Disco dancers greet him  
Plainclothes cops greet him  
Small town, big man, fresh lipstick glistening  
Sophomore jive  
From victims of typewriters  
The band sounds like typewriters  
The big man he's not listening  
His eyes hold Edith  
His left hand holds his right  
What does that hand desire  
That he grips it so tight Edith in the ring  
The passed-over girls are conferring  
The man with the diamond ring is purring  
All claws for now withdrawn  
One by one they bring  
His renegade stories to her  
His crimes and his glories to her  
In challenge they look on  
Women he has wanted grow old too soon  
He tilts their tired faces  
Gently to the spoon Edith in his bed  
A plane in the rain is humming  
The wires in the walls are humming  
Some song-some mysterious song  
Bars in her head  
Beating frantic and snow blind  
Romantic and snow blind  
She says-his crime belongs  
Edith and the Kingpin  
Each with charm to sway  
Are staring eye to eye  
They dare not look away

Songwriters

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