

Victrola Gramophone Evening

Echo Orbiter

The dirt that makes up this street is soaked to mud
And the rain endures
The Ford is broken down and the city's far
From this front door
Duke Ellington is not restricted to
The Cotton Club
Stylus to the wax on the gramophone

Proves this fact; Piano from the horn
This talking machine; cackles music back
At any given time; and trumps the hush
Of silent motion shows; and secluded evenings

Evening
Evening
Evening

Lyrics submitted by Cab.

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