

The Girl In the Yellow Dress

David Gilmour

She mesmerises with a smile
Dark eyes as compelling as the bourbon
The girl in the canary yellow dress
Says yes She flips a pack of cigarettes
He doesn't smoke but he takes one nonetheless
It helps to keep his motives true
(Gauloise-blue)
What else is the poor boy supposed to do? She dances like a flame
Words unheard
Eyes closed and yellow dress
Whirls and swirls It's late the hour's growing horns
The band seems to draw her ever closer
This girl gets right down in the groove
Woos and moves
Leads him on to where they play the blues She dances like a flame
Has no cares, yellow dress flares
Eyes closed, arms above, she shakes
Swirls and snakes Too late in this folie Ã trois
He sees that her heart is pounding for
Big daddy who falls down to his knees
Begging her please
Lifts his sax, says here's my little tease Her dancing sets the place on fire
Heaven and hell
The flames curl up his spine
As she shakes, whirls and snakes

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