

# When Salome Plays The Drum

Jimmy Buffett

When salome plays the drum

By: jimmy buffett

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For salome, freddo and clauvis

When salome plays the drum

Crowd goes deaf and dumb

Swept up by dark sensations

Partially the heat

More so it's the beat

She moves in syncopation

Gazelle on the run

Skirts slit past her thigh

Boys let out a sigh

The beat begins to quicken

Crowd ascends the stairs

Climbin' on the chairs

The plot begins to thicken

Phasers on stun

Chorus:

Take them to the carnival (take them to the carnival)

Let them hear the conga

Tonight the tempo feels so right

Tomorrow may be wrong-a

(instrumental)

Gendarme close her down

Make her leave the town

She caught the flight to rio

Nothin' to say

Wavin' from the plane

Pourin' pink champagne

She toasts her loyal trio

It was a lucrative stay

Ooh take them to the carnival (take them to the carnival)

Let them hear the conga

Tonight the tempo feels so right

Tomorrow may be wrong-a

Oh won't you take them to the carnival (take them to the carnival)

Let them play for hours

Tonight the weather feels so right  
Tomorrow (tomorrow) feels like showers

- notes:

Gut string guitar by barry chance

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