

Tonight

David Phelps

Finally found a fella
Almost completely divine
But his vocabulary
Is killin' this romance of mine
We get into an intimate situation
And then begins this Romeo's conversation
He says, "Murder," he says
Ev'ry time we kiss
He says, "Murder," he says
At a time like this
He says, "Murder," he says
Is that the language of love? He says, "Solid," he says
Takes me in his arms
And says, "Solid," he says
Meanin' all my charms
He says, "Solid," he says
Is that the language of love? He says, "Chick, chick, you torture me
Zoot! Are we livin'?"
I'm thinkin' o' leavin' him flat
He says, "Dig, dig, the jumps the old
Ticker is givin'"
Now, he can talk plainer than that
He says, "Murder," he says
Ev'ry time we kiss
He says, "Murder," he says
Keep it up like this
And that's, "Murder," he says
In that impossible tone
It will bring on nobody's murder but his own
He says, "Jackson," he says
And my name's Marie
He says, "Jackson," he says
'Shoot the snoot to me'
He says, "Jackson," he says
Is that the language of love? He says, "Woof, woof," he says
When he likes my hat
He says, "Tsk, tsk," he says
What the heck is that?
He says, "Wooh, wooh," he says
Is that the language of love? He says, "Hep, hep, with helium
Now babe, we're cookin'"
And other expressions to wit

He says, "We're in da groove
And da groove is good lookin'"
He sounds like his uppers don't fitHe says, "Murder"
He says, "Murder"
And the way he says, "Murder"
In that impossible tone
I've told him over and over and over again
That it'll be nobody else's murder but his own

Songwriters

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