

# Tonight

## David Phelps

Finally found a fell  
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 fit  
He 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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