

Trusting in the breeze I fled my way to this hotel Uh huh  
The sundown on my spirits  
where the needles on the trees love hissing  
at a king uncrowned Uh huh. As he flounders toward the sound  
of the Big Band Lounge  
care to see me sway like a windshield wiper?  
then the big hand hits the six  
That