

Freddie's Yen For Jen

Kurt Elling

Love is wild in her. I confuse her love with the sea.
She is a rare and emerald fantasy told to me
and to me it seems that she lives in a mystery.

But her kisses! I dig her kisses.
While washing the dishes or feeding the fishes.
It's her kisses. Her k-k-k-k-k-k-kisses.
It's her kisses. Kisses that'll make you holler loudly
that you're glad enough to be a man.

Vs. 2

And in the evening - later - after dark
she quietly reveals to me all her miracles
Flying all up around me everywhere,
just like a fountain springing up around my eyes - a
love!
I'm in a shower of a lovely one.
She makes the sun rise and set for me.

Oh, gotta' make her stay
because she's got a wiggle that'll make a clock stop.
I dig her even when we're apart.
Digging on my baby's really getting me high
& making me sigh & helping me fly
back to the woman who could tease old Frankenstein's
suture-boy to living.

Moxie is as moxie does & she is moxie with the kind of
moxie love she's giving.
And I know she'll never ever need forgiving
with kisses that will make you say you're glad enough
to be a man.

Vs. 3

And she giggles when she talks.
And she's happy if we go to the races & party or not.
And she squeezes all the living daylights out of me.
And if I ever should sever the tether that keeps us
together
forever where never a tear or a sorrow could weather
the amorist passion that flashes from in her eyes
- I'd be a dunce -
if i should ever try to walk or try to stray into any
other woman's arms.

Because I dig her kisses -
the kind that I like because they're warm & tasty
and they're good and chewy and I like 'em.
And you would dig them too, if you could ever get
a kiss from my sweet miss.
But we will be kissing and kissing & so you'll never
ever
get a taste of heaven - that I know & guarantee that
you will never see.

A bucket of loving is what she brings to me. She is my
sweetie.

with kissing - loving - hugging that'll make you glad
just to be a man.

Vs. 4, repeat Vs. 1