

# Josephine Baker

Sailor

Well, it's Paris again, but this time it's fall  
Misty and cool, but alive  
I've been to the sights from the Louvre to Pigalle  
Just waiting for night to arrive  
For all the papers and posters I've seen  
They talk of nothing else but Josephine  
Down at the Folies Bergere - that lustrous haven

Come, come and see Josephine Baker  
Oh, long live Josephine  
She stunned the world at the Folies Bergere  
Soft lights, they shine all night  
Down on Josephine  
She fills the guys with thrills and sensual delight

Night after night, I'm back in the stalls  
Spending my francs like a fool  
The box office girl knows me by my first name  
And winks at me, just to be cruel  
But everytime that curtain goes up  
To see those legs and her feather fan just drop  
Down from her thighs to the floor - oh boy

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