

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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