

Line for Lyons

Chet Baker

Listen to them play our song
How they shock my poor brain with that electric refrain
I hear a buzzin', just like a dozen doorbells

Everytime I hear our song
I get weak in the knees my heart pumps up a breeze
Sending a stream to every extremity

Parts of my anatomy are not controlled by me
The music's magic spell
Leaves me a mess of quivering jelly

Even on a violin
How those sweet dulcet tones pull marrow out of my bones

I must confess, it leaves me a mess, our song

[sax solo] [bass solo]
Parts of my anatomy are not controlled by me
The music's magic spell
Leaves me a mess of quivering jelly

Even on a violin
How those sweet dulcet tones pull marrow out of my bones
I must confess, it leaves me a mess, our song does
I love to hear our song 'cause
It grooves me so our song