

## Benny Goodman

Saint Motel

Benny Goodman

You're gonna see me in the light of the morning  
You're gonna feel me in a droplet of rain  
You're gonna hear me in icicles forming  
You're gonna miss me till your dying day

You'll take a breath and curse what you're breathing  
You'll swear you taste me in the salt of your skin  
You'll feel your heart pump irregular beatings  
The thoughts you blocked out came right back in

Ohh! The one who laughs last  
Who waits, until the joke is long dead  
At that moment you strike like Benny Goodman

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