

Bing Crosby, Please

Poinciana, your branches speak to me of love,
Pale moon is casting shadows from above.
Poinciana, somehow I feel the jungle heat,
Within me there grows a rhythmic savage beat.
Love is ev'rywhere, its magic perfume fills the air,
To and fro you sway, my heart's in time, I've learned to care.
Poinciana, though skies may turn from blue to gray,
My love will live forever and a day.