

David Gilmour, The Girl In The Yellow Dress

She mesmerizes with a smile
Dark eyes as compelling as the bourbon
That girl in the canary yellow dress
Says yes

She flips a pack of cigarettes
He doesn't smoke, but he takes one nonetheless
It helps to keep his motives true, the girl was blue
What else is the poor boy supposed to do

She bounces like a flame, clothes on her
Eyes closed
Yellow dress
Runs and swirls

It's late, the hour's growing horns
The band seems to draw her ever closer
This girl gets right down in the groove, grooves a move
Leads him out to where they play the blues

She dances like a flame
Has no cares, yellow-dressed flame
Eyes closed, clouds above
She shakes pearls and snakes

Too late in this folie a troix
He sees that the heart is pounding for
Big daddy who falls down to his knees, begging her please
Lifts his sax, says "here's my little tease"

Her dancing sets the place on fire
Heaven and hell
The flames come up his spine
As she shakes pearls and snakes