

Eleni Mandell, Normandie

I'd rather Normandie
I'll take the hill
This salt and pepper tree
To set up on my window sill
He's sure to call on me

We'll Alameda down
Our way to Chinatown
Oh, wish me luck
I'm gonna take the train
It must be South bound
He's sure to call on me

I'll climb all the way up
To the tops of the palms
And go barrelling down
'til I'm caught in your arms

I'd rather Normandie
I'll take the hill
See from the tallest tree
That falling down is such a thrill
He's sure to call on me