

Frank Sinatra, On The Road To Mandalay

Writer(s): Kipling/Speaks

By the old Moulmein Pagoda
Looking eastward to the sea
There's a Burma gal a settin'
And I know that she waits for me
And the wind is in those palm trees
And the temple bells they say
Come you back you mother soldier
Come you back to Mandalay, come you back to Mandalay
Come you back to Mandalay
Where the old flotilla lay
I can here those paddles chonkin'
From Rangoon to Mandalay
On the road to Mandalay
Where the flying fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder
Out of China across the bay
Ship me somewhere east of Suez
Where the best is like the worst
And there ain't no Ten Commandments
And a cat can raise a thirst
And those crazy bells keep ringing
'Cause it's there that I long to be
By the egg foo yong pagoda
Looking eastward to the see