

# Frank Sinatra, Poinciana

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 everywhere, it's magic perfume fills the air  
To and fro you sway, my heart's in time, I've learned to care!

Poinciana, from now until the dawning day,

I'll learn to love forever, come what may

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Poinciana!