

# Frank Sinatra, The Lady From 29 Palms

She left twenty-nine broken hearts  
Broken in twenty-nine parts  
Now there are twenty-nine fellas complainin' to their moms  
About the lady from 29 Palms  
She got twenty-nine Cadillacs  
Twenty-nine sables from Sach's  
They came from twenty-nine fellas who never had their arms  
Around the lady from 29 Palms  
She's a yip-yip-yippy-eyed dolly  
A new kinda gal of the west  
And yip-yip-yippy by-golly  
Whatever she does, she does her best  
She rides twenty-nine trails to bliss  
Knows twenty-nine ways how to kiss  
She is a gal that you dream of, you'd love to have your arms  
Around the lady from 29 Palms  
She left twenty-nine broken hearts, baby  
Broken in twenty-nine parts were their broken hearts, mmm oy-da doy-da  
Twenty-nine fellas complainin' to their moms  
About the lady from 29 Palms  
She got twenty-nine Cadillacs, baby  
Twenty-nine sables from Sach's and them Cadillacs, mmm boy-da doy-da  
Twenty-nine fellas who never had their arms  
Around the lady from 29 Palms  
(instrumental break)  
She's a yippety-yippety-yippety-eye-oh, what a dolly  
A bronco that no one can break  
And yippety-yippety-yippety-eye-oh, by-golly  
She's never giving, but how she takes  
She's got twenty-nine diamond rings  
Got, got, got 'em without any strings (Wow!)  
A dynamite dream-boat, a load of atom bombs (Who?)  
The lady from 29 palms  
The lady from 29 palms