

Hank Snow, The Boogie Woogie Flying Cloud

Words & Music by Hank and Blanche Snow

I was singin' the blues and now I'm shoutin' hooray,
'cause I met a pretty mama and I met her today.
Well, her eyes started cheatin', my heart started beatin' aloud,
like the rhythmic motors of the Boogie Woogie Flying Cloud.
Now, the Flying Cloud is a luxury liner,
it flies from San Diego down to Carolina,
then she boogies to Georgia and back to old Alabam.
No use denyin' makin' love when you're flyin' is grand.

She's a silber comet, ev'ry engine in tune;
she boogied us out 'neath the silvery moon.
The stars started blinkin' when my baby started thinkin' aloud.
And told me that she loved me on Boogie Woogie Flying Cloud.
Well, I hugged my baby and we started to kiss;
the Flying Cloud's motors all started to miss.
She jumped in to jive as the crew started singin' a song.
And we headed for Dixie while the Flying Cloud boogied along.

When I told my baby a fortune I'd give 'er,
the big plane trembled and she started to quiver.
She headed for the sky then she swung and came on back down,
but we kept a lovin' as the Flying Cloud boogied around.
Wasn't takin' no chances 'cause I got a bit scary;
thought I'd wait till we landed then I'd ask her to marry,
but changed my mind as we boogied out over the line,
and I popped the question as the big Cloud boogied on time,

Well, she started to truck and then she jumped to hep;
she looped the loop but never lost a step.
When she started descendin' for a boogie woogie landin' I vowed
I'm preparin' my weddin' on the Boogie Woogie Flying Cloud.
When the big propellers they came to a stop,
my old heart inside me went flippity flop.
I took my baby and wandered out through the crowd
When we landed in Dixie on the Boogie Woogie Flying Cloud