

Holly Palmer, Sal The Gardener

Singing songs Sinatra sang
Sal the gardener is drunk again
She is gone but he remembers
Polka dots and breathing hard
He dances with an angel in the yard

Shapes his cracking lips around her favorite parts and dips her down
And you can hear him singing songs Sinatra sang into her ear

Stepping left and turning right
Their fingers laced together well
And he can smell her sweetness if he's still

Sunflower wallflower wait in vain, he tips his cap and starts again
And you can hear him singing songs Sinatra never sang so dear

Car horn blow from time to time
Barking dog or a lazy chime
Any Friday's band will do just fine