

Jimmy Buffett, When Salome Plays The Drum

[Chorus:]

When Salome plays the drum
The crowd goes deaf and dumb
Swept up by dark sensations

Partially the heat
More so it's the beat
She moves in syncopation

Gazelle on the run
Skirts slit past her thigh
The boys let out a sigh
The beat begins to quicken
Crowd ascends the stairs
Climbin' on the chairs
The plot begins to thicken
Phasers on stun

[Chorus]

Take them to the carnival
Let them hear the conga
Tonight the tempo feels so right
Tomorrow may be wrong

[Instrumental]

Gendarme close her down
Make her leave the town
She caught the flight to Rio
With nothin' to say

Wavin' from the plane
Pours pink champagne
She toasts her loyal trio
It was a lucrative stay

Oh won't you take them to the carnival
Let them hear the conga
Tonight the tempo feels right
Tomorrow may be wrong

Oh won't your take them to the carnival
Let them play for hours
Tonight the weather feels so right
Tomorrow may be showers