

Sparks, Big Bands

(Ron & Russel Mael)

I smile like Herbert Hoover when they play
I dream of banker's daughters, better days

Care to dance my lady
Live near here?
They certainly sound in fine form, do you care?

I am quite partial
Broke, spent, I still marshal (all my strenght when big bands play)

Follow me my lady to my home
See my large collection, some on loan

Of every big band record ever made
I had to sell my heater, so don't shake

I am quite partial
Broke, spent, I still marshal all my strength when big bands blare

I smile like Herbert Hoover when the big bands play
I dream of banker's daughters, better days

For I am quite partial
Broke, spent, I marshal all my strength when big bands play

Knowing of their flare for filling empty
stomachs, empty hearts, they're not so
far apart, they're not so far apart
And if you can't sleep late one night,
It's not your coffee, it's the bunk

I am quite partial
Broke, spent, I still marshal all my strength

I smile like Herbert Hoover when the big bands play
I frequent the dance halls most every night into the day
I know the name of every trombone player that exists
They don't know I used to blow before the Crash had hit our land

Before the Crash

I find it so much warmer in the ballroom than at home
A common bond unites us so we're really not alone
Sure we've got some problems, but tonight we won't admit it
Take my hand my lady friend, we'll make it seem like we were there tonight