

# Sparks, (When I Kiss You) I Hear Charlie Parker

Out of the doorway, into the morning  
Wish I was a bird that was migratory  
Spoken half in jest, catch the bird that's in my nest  
Out of the doorway, into the morning  
All of them seem to be selling something  
Illegal substances, or an hour with no kisses  
Though I am tempted, they are pre-empted  
You and your rosary are exempted  
From criminality, still there is a duality  
You'll never know it, I'll never show it

Only I hear it, only I know that  
What's apropos for me, may for thee be blasphemy

And the hills are alive with the sound of music

CHORUS:

When I kiss you, when I kiss you  
I hear Charlie Parker playing  
Will I miss you, will I miss you  
When the playing ends one night  
When I kiss you, when I kiss you  
I hear Charlie Parker playing  
Will I miss you, will I miss you  
When I finally see the light

Where are they going, what are they doing  
Who are they chasing, who are they suing  
It all ends up OK in this Tennessee Williams play  
What are they facing, who are they casing  
When you're attacked, tell me, who are you macing  
For me it's all just fine, 'cause she's a Frank Lloyd Wright design  
The finest of material  
A little asymmetrical  
But that's the way it goes, my love for her just grows and grows  
It's bigger than Fuji, bigger than Fuji  
Sometimes she's a little screwy  
But all that is offset when we dispense with etiquette

And the hills are alive with the sound of music

CHORUS

Out of the doorway, into the morning  
Wish I was a bird that was predatory  
Spoken half in jest, catch the bird that's in my nest  
There's rebel advances, labor disputes  
Somebody's shot and somebody shoots  
And hits the bullseye -bam- captured on a portacam

And the hills are alive with the sound of music

CHORUS