

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