

# The Girl in the Yellow Dress

David Gilmour

She mesmerizes with a smile  
Dark eyes as compelling as the bourbon  
That girl in the canary yellow dress  
Says yes

She flips a pack of cigarettes  
He doesn't smoke, but he takes one nonetheless  
It helps to keep his motives true, the girl was blue  
What else is the poor boy supposed to do

She bounces like a flame, clothes on her  
Eyes closed  
Yellow dress  
Runs and swirls

It's late, the hour's growing horns  
The band seems to draw her ever closer  
This girl gets right down in the groove, grooves a move  
Leads him out to where they play the blues

She dances like a flame  
Has no cares, yellow-dressed flame  
Eyes closed, clouds above  
She shakes pearls and snakes

Too late in this folie a trois  
He sees that the heart is pounding for  
Big daddy who falls down to his knees, begging her please  
Lifts his sax, says "here's my little tease"

Her dancing sets the place on fire  
Heaven and hell  
The flames come up his spine  
As she shakes pearls and snakes