

Edith And The Kingpin

Herbie Hancock

The big man arrives
Disco dancers greet him
Plainclothes cops greet him
Small town, big man
Fresh lipstick glistening

Sophomore jive
From victims of typewriters
The band sounds like typewriters
The big man he's not listening

His eyes hold Edith
His left hand holds his right
What does that hand desire
That he grips it so tight?

Edith in the ring
The passed-over girls are conferring
The man with the diamond ring is purring
All claws for now withdrawn

One by one they bring
His renegade stories to her
His crimes and his glories to her
In challenge they look on

Women he has taken
Grow old too soon
He tilts their tired faces
Gently to the spoon

Edith in his bed
A plane in the rain is humming
The wires in the walls are humming
Some song, some mysterious song

Bars in her head
Beating frantic and snow blind
Romantic and snow blind
She says his crime belongs

Edith and the kingpin
Each with charm to sway
Are staring eye to eye
They dare not look away
You know they dare not look away