

Ebony Rhapsody

Nat King Cole

There's rhythm down in Martinique isle
That has any minuet beat a mile for
Low-down quality, and they call it
The ebony rhapsody

Instead of playing music like you do
They supply a little classical voodoo
They keep swingin' that thing
And singin' that ebony rhapsody

It's got those licks, it's got those tricks
That Mr Liszt would never recognise
It's got that beat, that tropic heat
They shake until they make the old thermometer rise

Oh brother yes, they all have bandanas
They go to market singing happy hosannas
Swaying to that ebony rhapsody

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That has any minuet beat a mile, for
Low-down quality, and they call it
The ebony rhapsody

Instead of playing music like you do
They supply a little classical voodoo
They keep swingin' that thing
While singing that ebony rhapsody

It's got those licks, it's got those tricks
That Mr Liszt would never recognise
It's got that beat, that tropic heat
They shake until they make the old thermometer rise

Brother yes, they all have bandanas
They go to market singing happy hosannas
Swaying to that ebony rhapsody
Twisting to the ebony rhapsody