

# 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

There's a 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  
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