

Benny Goodman

Saint Motel

Benny Goodman

You're gonna see me in the light of the morning
You're gonna feel me in a droplet of rain
You're gonna hear me in icicles forming
You're gonna miss me till your dying day

You'll take a breath and curse what you're breathing
You'll swear you taste me in the salt of your skin
You'll feel your heart pump irregular beatings
The thoughts you blocked out came right back in

Ohh! The one who laughs last
Who waits, until the joke is long dead
At that moment you strike like Benny Goodman

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