

Wynton Marsalis "Love And Broken Hearts"

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I don't need good looks
To sell no cars or beer
TVs, or new machines
All you con men can hang up your scheme
Pimps and hustlers Â– put up the Vaseline.
I ain't your bitch I ain't your ho.
And public niggerin' has got to go.
Oh safari seekers and thug life coons.
You modern day minstrels and your
Songless tunes.
Don't take me down your memory lane
I got my own memories Â– just the same...
It's time for the return of romance.
It's time for you and me to slow dance.
For entrancing "I love you"s,
Sweet tender kisses.
It's time for slow, slow dances and
Showing love with no shame
It's time to treat me gently now.
Oh... how did we lose our song?
When... did we forget our dance?
Dances the ancients knew.
Songs country bluesmen blew...
Bout our lives, are love and broken hearts
It's time for me to love and hold you.
It's time for me to tease and scold you.
For dining by candle light
Fun Sunday picnics.
It's time for slow, slow dancing
And showing love with no shame
It's time to treat me gently now.

It's time for moonlit glances and crazy
Playful love games.
It's time for candy roses and silly names
It's time for you to hold me and touch my
Soul
It's time for me to hold you and let you
Know.
We bring the starlit skies
When we're together.
Oh, how did we lose our song?

When did we forget our dance?
Dances the ancients knew.
Songs country bluesmen blew
Bout our lives, are love and broken hearts.
It's time for me to tease and scold you
It's time for you to love and hold me.
For dining by candle light
Fun Sunday picnics

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