

Duke Ellington "Boy Meets Horn"

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In the dark of deepest night
there comes a haunting sigh
floating down from somewhere on high,
oh, what a lonely lullaby
You'll hear a symphony in blue
when ever BOY MEETS HORN,
you'll hear a melody so new when
BOY MEETS HORN;
low and oh,
so sweet that it seems
It's like the mellow music from
another world of dreams;
you'll hear a strange and tender
whenever BOY MEETS HORN,
and when the music in the moonlight
greet's the morn,
you'll see him standing way above
the crowd and rockin on a cloud
whenever BOY MEETS HORN.
You'll hear a symphony in blue
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