

Frank Sinatra

"The Lady from 29 Palms"

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She left twenty-nine broken hearts
Broken in twenty-nine parts
Now there are twenty-nine fellas complainin' to their
moms
About the lady from 29 palms
She got twenty-nine cadillacs
Twenty-nine sables from sach's
They came from twenty-nine fellas who never had their
arms
Around the lady from 29 palms
She's a yip-yip-yippy-eyed dolly
A new kinda gal of the west
And yip-yip-yippy by-golly
Whatever she does, she does her best
She rides twenty-nine trails to bliss
Knows twenty-nine ways how to kiss
She is a gal that you dream of, you'd love to have your
arms
Around the lady from 29 palms

She left twenty-nine broken hearts, baby
Broken in twenty-nine parts were their broken hearts,
mmm oy-da doy-da

Twenty-nine fellas complainin' to their moms
About the lady from 29 palms
She got twenty-nine cadillacs, baby
Twenty-nine sables from sach's and them cadillacs,
mmm boy-da doy-da
Twenty-nine fellas who never had their arms
Around the lady from 29 palms
(instrumental break)
She's a yippety-yippety-yippety-eye-oh, what a dolly
A bronco that no one can break
And yippety-yippety-yippety-eye-oh, by-golly
She's never giving, but how she takes
She's got twenty-nine diamond rings
Got, got, got 'em without any strings (wow!)
A dynamite dream-boat, a load of atom bombs (who?)
The lady from 29 palms
The lady from 29 palms

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