

## Nat King Cole "Poinciana"

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(simon/bernier)  
Blow...tropic wind...  
Sing a song...through the trees.  
Trees...sigh to me...  
Soon my love...i will see.  
Poinciana,  
Your branches speak to me of love.  
Pale moon is casting shadows from above.  
Poinciana,  
Somehow I feel the jungle beat  
Within me, there grows a rhythmic, savage  
Beat.  
Love is everywhere, it's magic perfume fills the air.  
To and fro, you sway, my heart's in time,  
I've learned to care.  
Poinciana,  
Though skies may turn from blue to gray,  
My love will live for ever and a day.  
Blow....tropic wind,  
Sing a song through the trees.  
Trees...sigh to me  
Soon my love... I will see.  
Poinciana...

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