

Kim Nalley

"Fine brown frame"

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He's got a fine brown frame
I wonder what could be his name
He looks good to me and all I can see
Is his fine brown frame

How long have you been around
Mister, when did you hit this big town
I wanna scream 'cos I've never seen
Such a fine brown frame

Now, all that I have is a broken down chair
But I would gladly make him king of my throne
Don't be a square, why don't you come over here
Together we could be gone

Well, he got a fine brown frame
Honey, won't you tell me your name
He is solid with me and I wanna be
With his fine brown frame

AAhhh, he's got such a fine brown frame
A-honey, won't you tell me your name
He looks good to me, and all I can see
Is his fine brown frame

Well, how long have you been around
Mister, when did you hit this big town
I wanna scream, Wooh, 'cos I've never seen
Such a fine brown frame

Well now, all that I have is a broken down chair
But I would gladly make you king of my throne, Yeah
Said-a don't be a square, why don't you come over
here
Together we could really be gone

He's got such a fine brown frame
A-honey, won't you tell me your name
He is solid with me and I wanna be
With his fine brown frame

(Saxophone/Piano Solos)

Now, I'd rather tell a young Clark Gable
Wool is fine as mountain sable
You may not be classed with the elite
You may not be hep with all that jive-like hoofin', all reet

Woh-woh-woh-woh, Baby, look like Hercules done in
bronze
And I act like a clown whenever you're around
Because I'm crazy 'bout, wild about, mad about
Your fine brown frame

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