

Trader Horne "Sheena"

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Sheena, oh Sheena
Just came in from Monterey
Every night and day
I've been going crazy

Sheena, oh Sheena
Steel guitar and saxophone
Who would like to know
Who she's taking home?

I'm playing the piano
'Til my fingers' like bananas
But I want to go

But I have to keep up playing
Through the day and through the wall
And the through back door home

Sheena, Sheena, oh Sheena
Burgundy and Beaujolais
And when Sheena stay
She throws her pants away

I'm playing the piano
'Til my fingers' like bananas
And it hurts me so

But I have to keep up playing
Through the day and through the wall
And the through back way home

Sheena, oh Sheena
Going back to Monterey
By this time today
I should be far away

No more playing the piano
And my fingers' like bananas
I got up to go

But I have to keep up playing
Through the day and through the wall

And just to end my door

Sheena, oh Sheena

Sheena, oh Sheena

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