

# Jimmy Buffett, When Salome Plays The Drum

[Chorus:]

When Salome plays the drum  
The crowd goes deaf and dumb  
Swept up by dark sensations

Partially the heat  
More so it's the beat  
She moves in syncopation

Gazelle on the run  
Skirts slit past her thigh  
The boys let out a sigh  
The beat begins to quicken  
Crowd ascends the stairs  
Climbin' on the chairs  
The plot begins to thicken  
Phasers on stun

[Chorus]

Take them to the carnival  
Let them hear the conga  
Tonight the tempo feels so right  
Tomorrow may be wrong

[Instrumental]

Gendarme close her down  
Make her leave the town  
She caught the flight to Rio  
With nothin' to say

Wavin' from the plane  
Pours pink champagne  
She toasts her loyal trio  
It was a lucrative stay

Oh won't you take them to the carnival  
Let them hear the conga  
Tonight the tempo feels right  
Tomorrow may be wrong

Oh won't your take them to the carnival  
Let them play for hours  
Tonight the weather feels so right  
Tomorrow may be showers