

# PLAY ME YOUR SAXOPHONE

By  
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Tell me your lies.  
And, by the way, I don't  
care how many flowers there are in your bed.  
Tell me your lies. You can do no wrong.

Play it to me softly, tenderly.  
Let's sway with the rhythm  
soar with the high notes  
slowly come off with the low ones  
envelope ourselves in the steam of  
excitement that you'll blow through our bodies.

Play me your saxophone. Tell me your lies.  
Looking at you I'll be enjoying your sexy, fun loving,  
well build, muscled body. And as we sway with  
the music, keeping in step with you will be a pleasure.

Tell me your lies.  
But if you say it with flowers, with music,  
it'll be a relief. It'll be a pleasure.  
They'll be scented and  
wrapped in swinging rhythm.

Play me your saxophone.  
Tell me your lies.  
And, by the way, I don't  
care how many flowers there are in your bed.