

Slow Boat to China

Frank Loesser, published in 1947



I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China, all to myself alone.



To get you and keep you in my arms evermore.



Leave all your lovers, weepin' on a faraway shore.



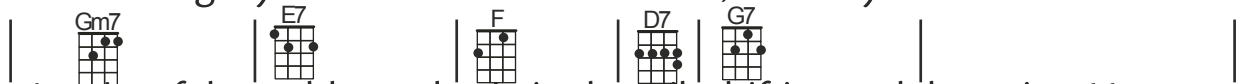
Out on the briny, with the moon big and shiny, melting your heart of stone.



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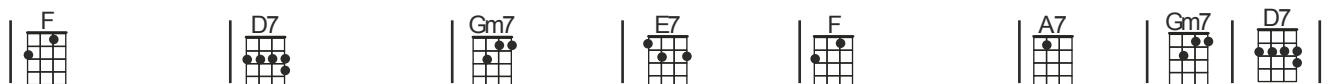
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A twist of the rudder and a rip in the sail, drifting and dreaming, Honey,



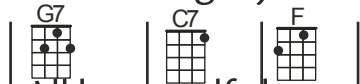
Throw the compass over the rail.



Out on the ocean, far from all the commotion, melting your heart of stone.



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All by myself alone.