

Billy Joel, Christie Lee (Unreleased Version)

One, two, a-one two three

Let me tell you a story about a woman and a man
Maybe you will find familiar, maybe you won't understand
The man's name I don't remember, he was always Joe to me
But I can't forget the woman, she was always Christie Lee
Well he was working in a night club, that's where he played the saxophone
He used to fake to stock arrangements, he left the customers alone
But one night before the last song about a quarter after three
He saw her standing at the coat check, he made his move on Christie Lee...solo

She was a nice piece of music, she had a rhythm all her own
He blew a solo like a blind man, she really dug his saxophone
She wanted more than just an encore and he could play in every key
He left the stage and packed his alto and he took it home with Christie Lee...bridge

Oh I heard the man knew "the Bird" like the bible
You know the man could blow an educated axe
He couldn't see that Christie Lee was a woman
Who didn't need another lover, all she wanted was the sax

It took a while for him to notice (second ending) It took a while for him to see
He was never in control here, it was always Christie Lee...solo

Second bridge...Oh I guess the man took a calculated gamble
Yes the man had the power to perform
But Christie Lee was more than he knew how to handle
She didn't want him as a man all she needed was the horn

They say that Joe became a wino, they say he always drinks alone
They say he stumbles like a blind man, they say he sold his saxophone
So even the band must face the music, that's what the moral is to me
The only time he hit the high note is when he played for Christie Lee...sax!

Christie Lee, Christie Lee, Christie Lee, Christie Lee, oh oh oh, Christie Lee
Guitar! □ Piano! □ Sax!
Ah, Christie Lee, Christie Lee, Christie Lee, Christie Lee
The only time you hit the high note is when he played for Christie Lee...guitar!