

Song for Duke

Judy Collins

I didn't even know the man
I didn't know the man himself
Even though his music filled my life
As it has so many others I knew that he had died that week
After fighting death a year or more
But I had, had a rule before
That funerals were a waste of flowers But something said, I had to go
To be a witness to his gift of love
A man who never once gave up on life
Until death took him in his tracks The people stood around the church
Ten thousand people there, they say, or more
Black and white, rich and poor
Together they were there to say farewell In New York city it had rained that day
The streets were silver and the sky was grey
But in the church the music soared and sang
And seemed to fill the air with shining sun The man was a hero
He played the music of our souls
He knew that we all have in us
A place where beauty always grows Outside in the streets again
The people wandered through the falling rain
They waved their hands and dried their tears
And turned to go about their lives again But none of us will be the same
If we hear the things his music says
That loving is the gift of life
And making music was his way of love The man was a hero
He played the music of our souls
He knew that we all have in us
A place where beauty always grows

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