

# Jeru

## Miles Davis and His Orchestra

Why don't you come over 'bout a quarter to nine  
Bring all of your fam'ly and I will bring mine  
If I should bring my brothers, and you bring the others  
Then I can sing a song like Jeru, just for you

Just for all the lovely people that you see in the road  
We'll sing them a song in Jeruvian mode  
If I can have a pref'rence, I'll even make ref'rence  
To why you write a song like Jeru, just for you

Then if you'd be kind enough to tell me why you  
write these extended bridges  
can it be romance that always  
haunts me in my reverie?

So why not come on over 'bout a quarter to eight  
If you can come early I'll never be late  
And now you're all invited, I hope you're delighted  
To sing a little song like Jeru, just for you  
just for me too

Gather around, tale to be told  
Maybe it's new, maybe it's old, listen my friend

Blowin' away, doin' alright  
Plain' all day, workin' all night, listen again

Movin' along, coverin' ground  
Singin' the song, lovin' the sound, listen and then

blow together birds of a feather  
Out playin' the blues and "I Got Rhythm"  
All at once a moment came without a warning  
Got so hot we had to cool it

Go for glory, tell you the story  
Out payin' our dues until we found we were  
assisting at an unexpected burning  
'twas the birth of the Cool

So now I can tell you why I'm always  
Trying to tell you, listen, come with me,  
New York, and we're together in my reverie

So why don't you come over 'bout a quarter to two  
Forget all the others, just me and just you  
And while we're versifying  
We'd better start trying  
To write another song just for me  
Just for you, one more Jeru

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