

# Oh Yes, I Remember Clifford

## Manhattan Transfer

Clif-----ford

I know he'll never be forgotten

Long as there's still sound

He was a king uncrowned

Not all kings are given crowns

I know I'll always remember Always

The warmth

All his warmth

Of his sound

Was in his sound

Lingers so long I'm sure he's still around

Still around -----Those who've heard

For all those who've heard Truly, they repeat him yet

Even yet So those who hear won't forget

And the ever-present sound

That abounds in his praise

Echos throughout the universe

For endless spans of time uncountable

By days

The pretty little piquant passages

Clifford played

They are with us now

And I'm positive that they will endure

Should time and sacred circumstance allow

Yes, they'll live forever Oh, yes, I remember Clifford now

Seems I always feel that Clifford's spirit's

Hangin' roun' me somehow

We remember Each and every single day

I hear his lovely trumpet tone Such exquisite singing In every horn that seems to have a sound

That's all its own

So somebody tell me how

How can we ever day for certain

Someone that played

Like Clifford Brown could play

Could really be said to have gone away I only know that I hear him now

And I believe that I always will

You've got to believe

I remember Clifford still, yes I hear him still I know he'll never be forgotten

He was a king uncrowned I know I'll always remember

'Member Clifford Brown  
I'll always remember Clifford Brown

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