

Jazzman

Carole King

Lift me, won't you lift me above the old routine;
Make it nice, play it clean jazzman. When the jazzman's testifyin' a faithless man believes
He can sing you into paradise or bring you to your knees. It's a gospel kind of feelin', a touch of Georgia slide,
A song of pure revival and a style that's sanctified. Jazzman take my blues away;
Make my pain the same as yours with every change you play.
Jazzman, oh jazzman. When the jazzman's signifyin', and the band is windin' low.
It's the late night side of morning in the darkness of his soul. He can fill a room with sadness as he fills his horn
with tears.
He can cry like a fallen angel when risin' time is near. Jazzman take my blues away;
Make my pain the same as yours with every change you play.
Oh lift me, won't you lift me with ev'ry turn around;
Play it sweetly, take me down, oh jazzman.

Songwriters

Palmer, David / King, Carole Published by

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