

# The Spirit Of Jazz

## The Gaslight Anthem

The cool is dead, baby  
Go on and sleep  
Rest your weary head and love a better me  
And in the morning  
We'll start over again  
That's how they do it up on the screen  
So me and my baby  
We would dance all night  
But I don't know the steps  
In my baby's time  
To do it like they do it  
For the girls uptown  
I hear they light them up like the blues  
So I'm waiting, so I'm waiting  
And she's waiting, and she's waiting  
For us to remember  
Was I good to you, the wife of my youth  
No other soul could love you  
Like my rotten bones do  
So I will wait on the edges in between  
These New York streets  
Where you and I would meet  
For twenty nine years  
We loved that line  
And I would take it easy  
If I had your mind  
But I'm a cannonball to a house on fire  
And you're slow like Motown soul  
So what man wouldn't love her  
With that long black hair  
If I cut you up

Maybe I came to bear  
To bandage your wounds  
With the salt on my tongue  
And I'm the only one not here  
So I'm waiting, so I'm waiting  
And she's waiting, and she's waiting  
For us to remember

So was I good to you, the wife of my youth  
No other soul could love you  
Like my rotten bones do  
So I will wait on the edges in between  
These New York streets  
Where you and I would meet  
And only I can heal your wounds  
Only I can heal your wounds  
When you can't go on  
When you can't go on  
When you can't go on  
When you know, hold on  
So was I good to you, the wife of my youth  
No other soul could love you  
Like my  
So was I good to you, the wife of my youth  
No other soul could love you  
Like my rotten bones do  
So I will wait on the edges in between  
And I will wait on the edges in between  
And I will wait on the edges in between  
These New York streets  
On all these New York streets  
Where you and I would meet

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