

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 the risin' time is near Jazzman, take my blues away
Make my pain the same as yours with every change you play
Jazzman, oh Jazzman Oh lift me, won't you lift me with every turn around?
Play it sweetly, take me down, oh Jazzman

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