

# Body and Soul

## Manhattan Transfer

Don't you know, he was the king of saxophones?  
Yes, indeed he was  
Talkin' 'bout the guy that made it sound so good  
Some people knew him by the Bean  
But Hawkins was his name He sure could swing and play pretty too  
Sounds good to me, should sound good to you  
I love to hear him playing Body and Soul  
Very pleasing to the ear When I first heard it on the record  
I just stopped right there  
Sounded like a band of angels in the sky  
And I have never ever heard a sweeter tone In fact I payed no attention to the saxophone  
Till Coleman Hawkins came along  
And spoke to everyone  
Saying better listen, won't you hear me  
While I play for you? Sometimes it's hot, then again it's blue  
My soul just seems to wander  
Pleasing each and everyone  
It's what I've long been craving for The doors have not been always open  
But I am trying to please you  
Please don't stop me  
Hope you like it folks And then he started cookin'  
Every time he played  
Some melodic melody fast or slow  
You could tell that it was Hawkins No other one ever has quite captured his tone  
Just he alone has the sound that penetrates  
It will sure go right through you, yes it will  
And every chorus gives you just another thrill Then along came Eddie Jefferson  
He sang the melody like Hawkins played it  
He sang it true, he sang it blue  
Made words for it too All his fans in New York loved him  
There's no one above him  
Here in the U.S.A  
I've heard 'em say old Eddie was the man Oh how he could sing  
Man did he swing  
Sang on the wing, did his own thing  
Yes he did Throughout the country  
Music lovers are still wiggin' on Eddie's singin'  
All around the world, he is known  
Rhythm was his special joy, he swung it like a horn He must have been born to be a singer

'Cause his lyrics were so sincere and true  
Funny sad or blue, oh yeah!  
And we've got to remind you, many years it took him  
Singing every day to achieve his first claim to fame  
He was twenty years ahead of his time  
And he knew it but he kept right on a singing  
He went all around the world making rhythm  
'Cause music sure was in him and he knew it was  
Sang with Moody and Richie Cole  
He could sing it just like Bird  
But his forte was the words he wrote to  
Music that he sang  
So he sang, and he sang  
And he sang his words so clever  
And I know they'll silence him never  
'Cause he cut this masterpiece  
And now we're trying to sing it for you  
Hope the Bean and Eddie both would still approve  
There we go, we didn't mean to reminisce  
You can surely bet that we won't forget  
'Cause we hear them yet, goodbye

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