# Body And Soul

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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 pay no 'ttention to the saxophone
'Til 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 try to 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 USA
I've heard 'em say ol' 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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