

# Goodbye Pork Pie Hat

## Marcus Miller

When Charlie speaks of Lester  
You know someone great has gone  
The sweetest swinging music man  
Had a Porkie Pig hat on  
A bright star in the dark age  
When the bandstands had a thousand ways  
Of refusing a black man admission, black musician  
In those days they put him in an underdog position  
Cellars and chittlins'  
When Lester took him a wife  
Arm and arm went black and white and some saw red  
And drove them from their hotel bed  
Love is never easy  
It's short of the hope we have for happiness  
Bright and sweet love is never easy street  
Now we are black and white  
Embracing out in the lunatic New York night  
It's very unlikely we'll be driven out of town  
Or be hung in a tree that's unlikely  
Tonight these crowds are happy and loud  
Children are up dancing into the streets  
In the sticky middle of the night  
Summer serenade of taxi horns and fun arcades  
Where right or wrong under neon every feeling goes on  
For you and me the sidewalk is a history book  
And a circus dangerous clowns  
Balancing dreadful and wonderful perceptions  
They have been handed day by day  
Generations on down  
We came up from the subway on the music midnight mix  
To Charlie's bass and Lester's saxophone in taxi horns and brakes  
Now Charlie's down in Mexico with the healers  
So the sidewalk leads us with music to two little dancers  
Dancing outside a black bar  
There's a sign up on the awning  
It says, 'Pork Pie Hat Bar'  
And there's black babies dancing tonight

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