Jazzman

Steve Tyrell

Lift me, won't you lift me above the old routine
Make it nice, play it clean, JazzmanWhen 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, JazzmanWhen 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 risin' time is near
Jazzman, take my blues away
Make my pain the same as yours
With every change you playOh, lift me, won't you lift me with every turnaround
Play it sweetly, take me down, oh, Jazzman
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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