

Airegin

Miles Davis Quintet

Wait'll y'dig it on the map - airegin
Spelled backwards
Really're closin' up the gap - airegin
Gone fac'wards
Back long time ago they saw a ghost
Ghost made a boast
Soon that ghost was host
(repeat first 8 bars)Those losing their hue
They goofed 'n got the wrong view
First, things reverse, last is first!
Y' dig it!Whatta' y' think o'that'n get a load a'
What I tell y'
What this place is no one knows it
There's no traces of the kind o'place it was
Before it got discovered by the kind o'
Cat that knows the earth belongs t'him
Back when the world was young
An' man was a living god
An' he walked this earthly sod
This was sod that God would trod on
Till one day a stranger landed
With a line o'jive
Laid it on the natives till he had 'em thinkin'
Maybe that they should really take five
An' he quickly stole the natives' soul
So he could control it
An' he took care of that missionary biz
Till the lan' was hisNever heard a story draggy as that
Tell th' truth I ain't never heard another
That exasperated more
What an exasperating narrative t'play
Upon the sensitive and kindly soul that I am
'way back when I was crawlin' in m'crib
I was doin' all kinds o'thinkin'
Aw'ready I had figured out the 'cut of m'jib'
The kind o'soul that never liked t'tell 'r live a fib
A body who was steadily reachin' up
A min' always thinkin' on high-minded things
Whee! I was always one t'be free

Ain't never had a keeper why don't people
Learn t'git along t'gether stead o'
Meddlin' aroun' 'n fussin' with the fella nearest to 'em
Me, I'm the old fashioned kind
I was never good at follow-the-leader
Real real real real real real real
That's me, as real as a yankee can be
That's me Millions o' years ago
There was a paleolithic age on earth
An' the whole world was young
And full o'the vim of constant rebirth
Brontosauruses 'n dinosaurs 'n pterodactyls
Ever'where abounding that was the case
'n plus the millions o' mammoths here 'n there
An' in addition there were lots o'men everywhere
Who had no hi-tech and no intellect 'nary a speck
But in that spot
Where it was so lush, where it was so hot
Where many animal was roamin'
An' nature was kind, life was thrivin'
There livin' was actual an' the feelin' was natural
I'm tellin' the truth
What-a-benign livin' some livin'
All's forgiven come on home Blew a truly unruly storm
That wrecked a boat in a climate warm
'n full o'ashy-colored cats all lookin'
White like ghosts
'n when the natives checked 'em out
It blew 'em away t'find that they resembled spirits
Long ago there was a legend
'bout a spirit who would someday come A look at these cats
'n y' could see they prob'ly had some
So they welcomed 'em with peace and love
And everything there's plenty of
'n soon the tables had turned to rigormortis
That's when the castaway had his say
Like a dog had his day they told the
People that they were spirits actual
Y'see how perfectly a fable c'n be
Incorporated into what a cat'll think is factual
What was an accident turns int' something
So unbelievably heaven-sent
Everybody falls for it
Right on down t' the militants
'n marchin' 'n the martyrs 'n the murder of lumumba Wait'll y'dig it on the map - airegin

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Y' dig it!

Songwriters
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