

Trippin'

George Duke

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I grew up in a small town
World War II housing
For people of color Now when I was a kid round 8 years old
My bedroom wall was next to a single guy
A thin wall away from mine Was that a sign Trippin' Trippin' on a memory You know I'm
trippin' Memories Nearly every weekend the guy played music
That I later found out was jazz The bass funkythe sax player
The trumpet soloed
maybe Ray Charles or Les McCann The sound was oh so soaked
with a lot of blues Maybe it was Miles The music really drew me in
I love the way it made me feel
Made me hope this dream Just trippin'
Trippin' on a memory
A memory The music would play as he got dressed
The groove that they do at the club When the DJ turned off the music
They're leaving home with some girl to rub The music would start up again
Surrounded by the sex
the blues
the knocks on the wall
Mama was always screaming
Is somebody hurt Or did somebody fall backgroud
I never knew ,you'd draw me in foreground. I loved the music
Loved the way it drew me in
Loved the way it made me feel
Made me hope and dream that day I dreamed of
Playing on the records
Being at the gig
Knockin on the thin wall Later I found that music could mean
What you want it to mean
Its the yen and the yang As Cannon used to say Ahuuuummm ! THE BALL USED TO SAY
AAAHUUUMMM ! As the ball, used to say AAAAHUUUMMM !

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>