

# Jazz Street

## Timothy B. Schmit

When the feeling is lost I can find it  
I go down to a street I know  
It's a place where they live to unwind it  
They lay back and just keep rolling  
Sax man steps right out  
Doesn't care who hears it  
Gypsy bass picks a place where it's working  
The drummer lays out some real life rhythm  
When this old soul needs clearing  
I stay until they bring me back  
It ain't the radio  
Living to play, you know  
Down on Jazz Street  
(Meet me down on Jazz Street, yeah)  
This ain't your Hollywood  
They really do it good  
Down on Jazz Street  
Down on Jazz Street there's one kind of people  
Love the truth and they hate the jive  
It's a church though it don't have a steeple  
They're the ones who know what this life is  
Down here they step out  
They don't care who feels it  
Every time they set me (to) flying  
Seen them raise up the dead and dying  
When your old heart is weary  
They'll give you everything you lack  
So when your soul needs clearing  
Go down where they can bring you back  
It ain't the radio  
Living to play, you know  
Down on Jazz Street

### Songwriters

GAITSCH, BRUCE / SCHMIT, TIMOTHY B. / JENNINGS, WILL  
Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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