

Jazzman

Eric Burdon

58 in Paris in the pouring rain
I saw the sweet life going down the drain
The Adonis of the horn standing in the door way
Bayonet fixed waiting for the dealer
And his current trick
Chet was god and I was just 15
And he was already dead inside his dream

Jazz man, Jazz man
Blowing the blues away
Jazz man, Jazz man
Don't blow yourself away

On Broadway New York
When I was being re-burn
At the Copper Rail
With Philly Joe on the drums
Rapping about how he could stop the war

You know the one that's still going on
Up in Harlem and Vietnam
Nothing changed as far as I can see
They just upped the tempo
And changed the melody

Within the tiny room
In which this child grew up
The family we got our dreams
From a silver cup
Live from the Paladium
Sunday night TV
Billie I believe you were singing just for me
She was dying a little everyday
You touched me in my solitude Lady Day
Keep a talking