

Nica

Frank Turner

Calm down Nica
You don't have to wait outside
Of the Stanhope for the doctor
Charlie Parker woke up in
Your apartment, on the sofa
And he'll be fine, once he's walked it off
And he'll meet you, in the front row
Of the Five Spot around midnight
So load up the Bentley
And bring the hollowed-out bible
With the whiskey, 52nd Street
No phone calls from the cops or from
Your family, can reach you
They all know you, you're famous in
Your fur coat, with Thelonius
The high priest and the baroness

The cats all called you a butterfly
But that's not quite right
Pannonica is a moth
Known to come alive in the dark of night
She might flutter by your table
She might whisper something secret in your ear
"You only need to hear one piece of advice
Each of us only gets one life"

So calm down Nica
You don't have to drive on down
to Baltimore, anymore
The Cabaret Card's waiting
in the morning mail, your mercy missions
for musicians didn't fail
The unyears, they are over
You're forever black, brown, beige
The bebop baroness

The cats all called you a butterfly
But that's not quite right
Pannonica is a moth
Known to come alive in the dark of night
She might flutter by your table
She might whisper something secret in your ear
"You only need to hear one piece of advice
Each of us only gets one life"
Nica spent hers flying
She was freer than the French
She always said,
"Just listen to the music, man,
And throw your heart over the fence,
And the rest will follow"