

By day  
He's a grease monkey it's true  
A slave  
Fix your transmission like new  
Change oil  
Rotate your tires of course  
He toils  
Under the Flying Red Horse  
And at six he rolls  
Down his sleeves  
Turns his collar up  
When the boss man leaves  
Close up the shop  
Puts away his tools  
Gives the last car keys  
To the gas pump fools  
Then he's home at last  
No more goodwrench scene  
And he scrubs his hands  
Till they're surgeon clean  
Takes a long hot shower  
Some cologne and then  
The change is complete  
He's himself again  
At night he's Doctor Sax  
He's Mister Tenor Virtuoso  
He plays to rhythm tracks on tape  
No one like Doctor Sax  
Not even Trane or Bird could blow so  
The girls have heart attacks, they say  
(He'll put it all on wax one day)  
Some day  
He will live just in his mind  
Some way  
Leave all his misery behind  
His horn  
He will blow breaking the curse  
Reborn  
Under the Flying Red Horse