

# That's What Jazz is to Me

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Jazz

Fire eating drag-queens dressed as society whores  
Crazy two timing bitches running round  
Ghetto blasting blasters, blasting magnificently  
Blossoms falling from the cherry trees  
That's what jazz is to me

High buildings with crippled backs circle around my dreams  
I clutch at the greasy tails of my dreams  
White blossom falling from the cherry trees  
That's what jazz is to me

Ten bottles standing in a row military style  
With hats pulled low over their brows  
A thousand wasted hours  
Skeletons entwined fucking and braying ? fields  
Blossoms falling from the cherry tree  
That's what jazz is to me

History repeating itself like a  
All the great cars of the world in one massive collision  
All the doctors swallowed up by one incompetence  
All the great theorists and teachers eaten alive ...  
Religious extacy and a blossom falling from a cherry tree  
That's what jazz is to me

Blind fish being used as musical scales  
Sharks puffed for fish and whales  
I long to be by the sea where a blossom falls from a cherry tree  
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That's what jazz is to me

Three forms, four forms, five forms, six forms,  
Seven forms, eight forms, nine forms,  
A blossom falling from the cherry tree  
That's what jazz is to me

As Einstein said about his theory  
I love, I love, I love, I love jazz  
It's in your heart, it's in your soul, it's in your mind  
The colour of death, sweet vanilla essence  
Richard Harris and Donald Pleasance  
And a cherry blossom falling from a cherry tree  
That's what jazz is to me