

## Jazz At The Bookstore

Ron Sexsmith

Lead Belly's in the background  
Being drowned out by the grind  
He's singing 'bout 'Rock Island Line'  
Nobody seems to pay him any mind

Bestsellers and bookshelves  
Full of self-help printed word  
Some faint, elegance is heard  
Now was that Ellington or Bird?

And has it really come to this?  
Can ignorance be bliss?  
I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop  
Jazz at the bookstore  
And Blues in the coffee shop  
Jazz at the bookstore  
And Blues in the coffee shop

There's a man standing at the crossroads  
With a dark roast in his hand  
He's livin' in white yuppy land  
Over by the milk and sugar stand

And have I really come for this  
Cup of caffeinated bliss?

So we browse around all over town  
Sipping coffees that we can't pronounce  
Meanwhile in the Blues Cemetery  
All the coffins commence to bounce, bounce

Lead Belly's in the cold ground  
Rolling over in his grave  
The hard road where so many slaved  
Is now so smooth and paved

And has it really come to this?  
Can ignorance be bliss?  
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