

Joe files 174

Jazz is the Superhero that Won't Die

He won't define /
Music for his teachers looked /
Him in the eye right

Jack got a bass in /
His hands as the sin melted /
And myth turned to bird

Spain is his home and /
Jazz is his birth right in the /
Rumor of all bound

His UK roots were firm /
As music shifted like a /
Liquid all around

Growing up in Old /
Russia loving Ella made /
The future right now

Nerves on the singing /
Stage helped her lay down in bed /
With pure simple ease

Mom told Bill he did /
Not have to take piano /
Lessons as earth stops

Clare told him to fall /
For jazz to help him hold on /
To a true lover

A huge jazz LP /
Collection is a holy /
Sort of living grail

Joe found Lester on /
A flight to NYC and a big /
Career lingered him

He doesn't feel he /
Is a jazz master as the /
Cats gather abound

He learned to swing hard /
For walking light is a myth /
He couldn't deed in

In all the Dizzy /
Laughs he was serious in /
The jazz majesty

Mr. Cherry is /
A master because the group /
Is more important

Victor & Penny don't /
Have to sing about love as /
They catch their eyes wide

Gaggle of older /
Cats spin the jazz like a good /
Dryer fulla music

That old Marsalis /
Swagger in full view said that /
The jazz reign is safe

His trombone with a /
Stained glass sheen sparkled in that /
Wintery blue room

His jazz is always /
An airport away as trails /
If mist tail behind

Voices of that old /
Berklee joint cram this earth with /
All kinds of jazz tuff

The old guys told him /
That survival is the big /
Jazz song never ending

Ellington made him /
Dance into next week like a /
Good song without end

Guns and jazz hang on /
His rack of a soul as the /
Kid grows into kid

The Dr. Billy jazz /
Truck carts so many hopes that /
Everyone will hear

Jazz poetry is /
Our DNA in a /
Way we feel always

Frank Foster did a /
Wink that went all global in /
The cats's walking

Don Cherry on a /
Pair of roller skates is the /
Best thing in living

He only defined /
Jazz because he thought the earth /
Was going to end

Herlin in a crib /
As big uncles nailed jazz in /
His brain like pure air

His dream come true was /
A stage where the song would go /
Reach into heaven

His subconscious head /
Made the song his hands would be /
Wondering about

Always at ease on /
The stage because Stitt told him /
It would all be so

He never listens /
To his own records so that /
The truth remains that

Tony Bennett gave /
Him a compliment that will /
Ignite the big world