

**Joefiles 175**

**Music Dreamers Never Leave**

He became a tall /  
Superstar overnight and /  
Acted all normal

Hustle to Cuba /  
For a jazz recording in /  
A bad Hot dream world

When he got Coltrane /  
In a blackbird music tab /  
He flew far away

He serves the music /  
Like a jazz soldier with no /  
Bullets and all notes

In pre-school she said /  
That jazz singing would be her /  
Future golden rush

She found her voice in /  
The very dusty bottom /  
Of the Cracker Jacks

His modern day jive /  
Culture is the cult of old /  
Mingus giving amen



His legend is a /  
Secrecy that he doesn't /  
Even know himself

One bad CD diss /  
Became the jazz flag waving /  
Over his music

Tolliver made him /  
Find all songs and in turn give /  
It back to us all

Not a genius but /  
Willing to be jazz brilliant /  
When all are around

Nirvana led him /  
To a land of jazz as the /  
Larks sing very loud

New York was his big /  
Jazz childhood full of buckets /  
Of pure fresh jazz tunes

He's a lucky /  
Kinda jazz drum cat that is /  
Smiling all the time

His avant jazz bones /  
Are now Swiss with so many /  
Dreams lying around



He's simply a /  
Guy that is happy to be /  
Roaming planet earth

Guitars worship Hans /  
As the sun rests in the lap /  
Of many big stats

At 10 the physics /  
Of jazz molecules reached out /  
To say a short hi

The risk of improv /  
Was the courage Shorter gives /  
Everyone alive

Her gypsy blood was /  
Second to the jazz voice she /  
Would hatch on a whim

Vince is a NYC big /  
Band savior in pauper socks /  
And all golden shoes

Ernie is the big /  
Cleveland moon that hangs over /  
Jazz like pure honor

He saw the Vanguard /  
At 11 and knew it was too /  
Soon to be in heaven



He toured with Jaco /  
When it wasn't cool and saw /  
The begin of cool

Her jazz angel led /  
Her into a spirited /  
Room full of sun windows

McBride Live was the /  
Best idea of his long /  
Childhood of restful

The star of Phil was /  
The wish of millions as the /  
Heads below did sway

She sings to her dog /  
When the audience goes home /  
To dream about next

She loves KC as much /  
As the paints she uses to /  
Make her jazz live big

B. Rich taught him that /  
Our goal to living is /  
Melody in dream

The show made her cry /  
Like a Connick album with /  
No bottom in sight



Alone in Denmark /  
As his jazz reissue puts /  
Folk back on the streets

His French Horn in NYC /  
is a tower of liquid /  
Hydrating all real well

He goes by Goodman /  
And gigging with the big shots /  
Is all he will need

He flies a jazz kite /  
Heavy in KC even on /  
Windless kinda days

His Wrigley clarinet /  
Made the team bolder as the /  
Heat lied gently to all

His funny valentine /  
Was a song only the real /  
Cats could pick up on

Herbie made him say /  
That being a jazz force could /  
Be a miracle

Cuba taught him to /  
Define all our freedoms /  
In the big of jazz



Her name is Champion /  
And a man called Clark gave her /  
Keys to the whole earth

Bobby does what he /  
Wants in a Chicago way /  
As the guitar winks

A kids jazz radio /  
Might be that big Disney film /  
Never ever made

Bill Sears took him ears /  
And made his jazz hands act in /  
Ways that no one knew

They never could get /  
It out in this world as the /  
Echo went all round

He said Aretha /  
May have lived in a spaceship /  
Meant for singing queens

Toronto sits up /  
In our American /  
Skies like needed hope

Dad gave him music /  
And he didn't even know /  
A thing about it



Horns of Israel /  
Will one day wake the jazz that /  
Jesus made for us