

Joefiles 186

Sometimes when I walk into the room I need to figure out if it's really the radio or the jazz playing in my head

Ella & Count were to /

Pound the future of her art /

Statement in pure air

Jazz is not about /

The myth as the real hearts of /

The audience pound

A curse is something /

That jazz will kills like Cupid /

In the full open

His Jerusalem /

Dreams of America came /

In a big jazz tuba

McPherson was the /

Jazz confetti that blew all /

Over his future

KC is his new home /

As the rest of the world looks /

I'm in jazz awe

A childhood of being /

A bar jazz soul has make her /

A music Gypsy

The poet dad of /

Jazz cool taught his girl how to /

Breathe into the mic

Jazz can make him do /

Anything and if you see /

It you'll be free

Vanguard Coltrane is /

The way magic can be shown /

In dictionary

Chambers & a natural /

Walked by the ocean with a /

Loudly laid bass line

McBride told him from /

Long ago that he could make /

The echo bigger

A timeless voice from /

Canada from idyllic /

Kid hood reigns as queen

She hasn't worked a /

Day in her adult like as /

A timeless vice goes

Sonny Rollins is /

His real saint looking on like /

A big gentile bull

His jazz walk told him /

To be nice as his brilliance /

Helps the elderly

Her love of this KC /

Is the fuel the kindles /

All the flickers now

Her pipes make the small /

Crowds remember what love is /

Supposed to sound like

Her vision of the /

Past is ideology /

In jazzy motion

Bird is the glow of /

Purity that made his dad /

Teach him the big horn

The Weather Report /

Was his jazz forecast that had /

No rain & all the sun

B. Goodman played the /

Education that would make /

His future wonder

The cops pulled him over /

On the way to his magical /

Studio moment q

He composed a big /

Human jazz motion that will /

Alter your future

Chuck M. was the earth /

Rotation that made her dance /

All the way to now

Mehldau put her in /

A spell that makes hypnotists /

Whistle in jealousy

He dug deep into /

NYC to keep the rumor of /

Ghosts hidden away

R. Cole wants the fan /

To soak up his jive like bread /

Mopping up great juice

His Verve is a tall /

Momentum reviving jazz /

And getting click clack

A stage is his safe /

Place in a world of placid /

Sound & attempted ire

If he could be there /

With Herbie was Watermelon /

Was cut and dreams alive

Weather Channel jazz /

Was the only forecast that /

He would need ever

His humble Jewish /

Mind has dug being behind /

The bright jazz lore lights

F. Hubbard's full /

Intensity wore him to /

Ride the moonlight hard

He saw B. Rich live /

And it flowered his humor /

Of the rim shot comics

KC is the home of /

Receptive souls and it makes /

Him play to angels

His band director /

Bones became the skin of KC /

Jazz luster of now

