

## Jazzman

(For Paul Desmond)

Last I heard you Jazzman,  
You was cutting some bad licks on your Ax,  
Alto sax, Man.

Old Tunes  
That have been round longer,  
Than us slow walking Old cats,  
Long before we were young lungs and guts,  
Filled with hash smoke and booze

Didn't know fast flying Quick Time  
Cause we couldn't read it on the charts,  
But it was there,  
Pulling sidemen under  
Same as it painted our hair

Thought you mighta beat it,  
Cause you still had the chops,  
Wailing through the changes,  
With those fingers working the Golden Sax,  
Man, you were out there, tying it up like a pretty bow,  
Twisting in and out of the line anyone can sing.

But later you had to sit down,  
When your thin legs started to shake,  
And some of those bows came undone.  
Quick Time had come stealing in,  
Looking for the Sweet Sound.

And it found you,  
Crying rifts through the tube,  
Wailing and heaving heavy breath,  
Choking on spit thick in your throat,  
Backstage you bent over hacking,

While the piano soloed pretty,  
We saw you were broken,  
Like a needle skipping jukebox,  
But it wasn't just you.

Old Cats near the end of the set  
Heard the Cold One's Mean Screech:

Jazzman is no more than rusty Ax,  
Some short tunes get played through.

Oh, jazzman  
Quick Time picked the Man's pocket now,  
God has no more nickels for you.