

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?
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

Jazz at the bookstore
And Blues in the coffee shop