

## Jazzman

Eric Burdon

58 in Paris in the pouring rain  
I saw the sweet life going down the drain  
The Adonis of the horn standing in the door way  
Bayonet fixed waiting for the dealer  
And his current trick  
Chet was god and I was just 15  
And he was already dead inside his dream

Jazz man, Jazz man  
Blowing the blues away  
Jazz man, Jazz man  
Don't blow yourself away

On Broadway New York  
When I was being re-burn  
At the Copper Rail  
With Philly Joe on the drums  
Rapping about how he could stop the war

You know the one that's still going on  
Up in Harlem and Vietnam  
Nothing changed as far as I can see  
They just upped the tempo  
And changed the melody

Within the tiny room  
In which this child grew up  
The family we got our dreams  
From a silver cup  
Live from the Paladium  
Sunday night TV  
Billie I believe you were singing just for me  
She was dying a little everyday  
You touched me in my solitude Lady Day  
Keep a talking