

Trippin'

George Duke

I grew up in a small town
World War II housing
For people of color
Now when I was a kid round 8 years old
My bedroom wall was next to a single guy
A thin wall away from mine
Was that a sign
Trippin'
Trippin' on a memory
You know I'm trippin'
Memories
Nearly every weekend the guy played music
That I later found out was jazz
The bass funkythe sax player
The trumpet soloed
Maybe Ray Charles or Les McCann
The sound was oh so soaked
With a lot of blues
Maybe it was Miles
The music really drew me in
I love the way it made me feel
Made me hope this dream
Just trippin'
Trippin' on a memory
A memory
The music would play as he got dressed
The groove that they do at the club

When the DJ turned off the music
They're leaving home with some girl to rub
The music would start up again
Surrounded by the sex
The blues
The knocks on the wall
Mama was always screaming
Is somebody hurt
Or did somebody fall
Background
I never knew ,you'd draw me in
Foreground
I loved the music
Loved the way it drew me in
Loved the way it made me feel
Made me hope and dream that day
I dreamed of
Playing on the records
Being at the gig
Knockin on the thin wall
Later I found that music could mean
What you want it to mean
Its the yen and the yang
As Cannon used to say Ahuuuummm !
THE BALL USED TO SAY AAAHHUUUMMM !
As the ball,used to say AAAAAHHUMMMM !