

The Crippled Jazzer

Marnie Stern

Down in the delta
Caught in the valley
Drowned into sunlight
Sunk into holy
Losing minutes
Stuck in composing
Finding an angle
Hell-bent on choosing
Warn all the dead
Losing my vision
Searching for tender
Grounding down slowly
Up in my head
Wanting collision
Rounding out sounds
Nothing is growing

And the heat
And the beat
It was good
It was good
And the beat
And the heat
It went on as it should
And the heat
And the beat
It was good
It was good
And the beat
Yes the beat
It went on as it should