

Jazz

Mike G

I play jazz on the saxophone
With your love I couldn't ask for more
They'll never get me back I'm gone
I tell em my girl waiting for me back at home

Cold nights you sat back at my side
Cold nights now passion lack in my eyes
Summer days driving with the top taken off
Some are days forgotten other moments that are lost
Pictures of you painted on my wall
Now it's pictures I can't delete though it's pain seeing them all
Falling in love behind closed doors
I'm just falling behind doors closing more and more
Moments I told myself that I would leap for
Now it's days in my room it's like time springs forward
Times we wanted to tell everyone about each other
Now it's moments in time I can't ever tell to another

I play jazz on the saxophone
My girl waiting for me back at home
Play jazz on the saxophone
Always good in the beginning that's a fact that's known
I know I couldn't ask for more
Then girls come around and it's back old me
Take her back to my room
Should I tell her that I gotta girl back at home

Read your messages in your voice every time
Red flags every time you rewind in your mind
May I remind you times of blue skies
Couldn't lie cover revealed I blew the disguise
Though it's clear how the tears would stream from your eyes
No clearer decision than when you no longer want to try
And I can't lie it was the green that would tempt me
At the same time I seen my greed cause your envy
I was thinking simply lay it down gently
Student of the game with no proof to a theory
Perfect came slower than a purple tape
Though I started fighting for your love like a Purple Heart soldier
Know I lost focus
It's starting to seem hopeless
Chances I lost outweigh the chances I took
I'm rambling feel like I tried everything in the book
I'm not as good as I look
I'm rappin into the hook

I play blues on the saxophone
With the news you would never come back I'm torn
And now I'm coming back alone
And she just up and left, nothing packed or gone
I play jazz on the saxophone
Did you bad you ain't ask for none
And now I'm coming back alone
And she just up and left, nothing packed or gone

I play jazz on the saxophone
My girl waiting for me back at home

Play jazz on the saxophone
Always good in the beginning that's a fact known

Whether she leave or stay one of them gon' be the best thing for you
Just make sure it's the right choice man