

## 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