

## Jazz

The Church

Sometimes the morning elongates and waits around for you to show

Across the road I watch some episode of some new morning show  
And it shows me how strange life can be if you're really free  
And if you're really free how come you put these chains on me

Why can't you tell me it's alright  
These doubts to lead on my delight  
They took the color from my sight  
I need the real jazz tonight

Still half asleep and not half awake  
Half in the darkness just for your sake  
Roaming the corridors in my mind  
Looking for a door I can never find  
Looking for a war that nobody wins  
Trying to find a Bible when nobody sins  
Searching for a lover who got what you has  
Running from the blues, jonesin' for jazz

Sometimes the evening disappears and steers itself into the past

Across the fields I cool my heels 'cause it feels like it could last  
And it lasts for a lifetime then it's high time to be gone  
And if you're really gone why even sing this song

Why can't you tell me it's alright  
These doubts to lead on my delight  
They took the color from my sight  
I need the real jazz tonight