

Joe Ely, Jazz Street

He was a canvas back'd scatter brain from jazz street
He had a 65 chevy and a surfer shirt full a parakeets
It's a dead-end road by Love Canal where the moon eyed dream
He was hot to trot and he beat a lot on his drum machine

She had a sweet-scented cool hotel on jazz street
Where the company girls and the go betweens are known to meet
Her younger sister runs the desk - she rings a little brass bell
And if the truth were known she liked to drink alone and it was just as well

He was the King of Trash, he could sling it around
on Jazz Street
She was the Angel of Poverty, she followed him down
on Jazz Street

They were happy together, all their dice seemed to turn up seven
With a love like this, who could wish
for anything better than heaven...

on Jazz Street
on Jazz Street
on Jazz Street

lead

He had a fuzzy dash and a steering wheel made out of loggers chain
His stereo had remote control that was made in Spain
He left his sister behind, she was doin time in the Federal Pen
Times were rough, but just tough enough for a man like him

She had a mobile phone in her mobile home that she loved to use
She'd been inspired by the girls that she hired at the interviews
She'd seen the ropes and her only hope was to play the bluff
Make believe that he had a fantasy that was big enough

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He was the King of Trash, he could sling it around
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She was the Angel of Poverty, she followed him down
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They were movin their feet tryin' to make ends meet
on Jazz Street
All the little birdies go tweet tweet tweet on Jazz Street

on Jazz Street
on Jazz Street
on Jazz Street