

The Manhattan Transfer, Oh Yes, I Remember Clifford

Clif-----ford
I know he'll never be forgotten
Long as there's still sound
He was a king uncrowned
Not all kings are given crowns
I know I'll always remember

Always
The warmth
All his warmth
Of his sound
Was in his sound
Lingers so long I'm sure he's still around
Still around -----Those who've heard
For all those who've heard

Truly, they repeat him yet
Even yet

So those who hear won't forget
And the ever-present sound
That abounds in his praise
Echos throughout the universe
For endless spans of time uncountable
By days
The pretty little piquant passages
Clifford played
They are with us now
And I'm positive that they will endure
Should time and sacred circumstance allow
Yes, they'll live forever

Oh, yes, I remember Clifford now
Seems I always feel that Clifford's spirit's
Hangin' roun' me somehow
We remember

Each and every single day
I hear his lovely trumpet tone

Such exquisite singing

In every horn that seems to have a sound
That's all its own
So somebody tell me how
How can we ever day for certain
Someone that played
Like Clifford Brown could play
Could really be said to have gone away

I only know that I hear him now
And I believe that I always will
You've got to believe
I remember Clifford still, yes I hear him still

I know he'll never be forgotten
He was a king uncrowned

I know I'll always remember
'Member Clifford Brown
I'll always remember Clifford Brown