

Agents Of Good Roots, The Ballad of Hobby and

Lyrics: Jones

Music: Jones

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Hobby was an only child
He couldn't see or hear or read.
But heard a voice inside his head
Hobby was the deaf kid.

Started playing toy piano
Practiced morning, noon and night
Got a gig and stole the show
Hobby was a virtuoso.

Now he's playing bop jazz
A Debussy in neck tie.
Wynton came and couldn't speak
When Hobby played "A Love Supreme";

(chorus):
I know you hear something free
Hobby was the bomb inside me
Ears don't feel
Eyes can't see
Hobby was the deaf
King of swing

Saw him on Arsenio
You knew that he could really blow
For Hobby had completely floored us
By the time he hit the second chorus

Now he's playin' out shit.
Shaved his hair and started smokin'
Met a girl as sweet as honey
She robbed him blind and stole his money

But found some peace inside a thought
Where his music never stopped.
And out of nowhere came a light
His ears could hear his eyes had sight.

(chorus)

Now Hobby don't play no more
Can't hear the chords that used to move him
He opened up a record shop
The specialty is hip-hop