

# 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