

Bill Withers, Soul Shadows

San Francisco morning coming clear and cold
Dont know if Im waking or Im dreaming
Riding with Fats Waller on the Super Chief
He said, musics real, the rest is seeming
Oh, deep pain,
Feeling that wont go away
Theres the sound of his soul in the air
I can hear it up there
And I know he left those soul shadows
On my mind, on my mind, on my mind
Soul shadows on my mind
On my mind, on my mind
Soul shadows on my mind
On my mind, on my mind
Standing by the window as a fog rolls in
I swear I can hear a far-off music
Jelly Roll is playing down in Storyville
And Satchmo is wailing in Chicago
You ought to heard em play
Feelings that wont go away
Left the sound of their souls in the air
I hear out there and I know
They left them soul shadows all on my mind
On my mind, on my mind
They left them soul shadows all on my mind
On my mind, on my mind
They left soul shadows on my mind
They left them shadows on my mind
They left them soul shadows on my mind