

# Carole King, Jazzman

Lift me, won't you lift me above the old routine  
Make it nice, play it clean, Jazzman

When the Jazzman's testifyin'  
A faithless man believes  
He can sing you into paradise  
Or bring you to your knees  
It's a gospel kind of feelin'  
A touch of Georgia slide  
A song of pure revival  
And a style that's sanctified

Jazzman, take my blues away  
Make my pain the same as yours  
With every change you play  
Jazzman, oh, Jazzman

When the Jazzman's signifyin'  
And the band is windin' low  
It's the late night side of morning  
In the darkness of his soul  
He can fill a room with sadness  
As he fills his horn with tears  
He can cry like a fallen angel  
When risin' time is near

Jazzman, take my blues away  
Make my pain the same as yours  
With every change you play

Oh, lift me, won't you lift me with every turnaround  
Play it sweetly, take me down, oh, Jazzman