

# Don Johnson Big Band, Jass

space is the place  
to be  
on this hot and humid summer night  
lost myself where?  
a slight return  
mistress midsummer's eve  
and I cannot conceive what it is they want from me  
my lost and wandering soul  
cut half from whole  
which black hole can I get lost in?  
and double-crossed in life  
like midnight frost in my window  
this flow cannot make amends  
as time restlessly twists and bends  
sends my indifferent hope into one corner of the universe  
while I curse another  
where the noise is too much  
too much violent noise in my silent corner  
on my planet  
where is the space in this place  
and who could understand it?