

Gino Vannelli, Jehovah & All That Jazz

Hail to the shaman and his cardboard drum and the riffraff
Dancing in the sun
I sing for thee
Praise to the ugly and the dispossessed and the genius born of
The viper's nest
You have set me free
Hey, you cranks and you clowns with your heads hanging down
I bring good tidings to you
For all the talent that he has Jehovah don't play jazz like the devil do

See the rose sprung from the heap of dung
The shaffhorse hot and heavy hung shamelessly
Check the star dust oozing in the mud on it pilgrimage to flesh and blood
Now ain't that you and me
Hey, you Shakespeares in rags little heretics and hags
To thine own self be true
Well, he may be beautiful and king but Jehovah he don't swing like the devil

Birdman, birdman, what's the word, man
Into the night we go
Billie, billie, knock me silly
Sing to me soft and low
Save me from losing my soul to a heaven as cold as ice
I'd sooner be a free man in hell than a prisoner in paradise

So I toot my toot for the man with roots
Hey, fifer on the e-flat flute play on, play on

All you sinners and you infidels you you artful madmen bound for hell
Come sing along
Come on, you potty-trained saints spouting' isms and ain'ts
Dig the poetry my man
Well all deference to his throne
Gabriel he don't play no saxophone like Coltrane can

Now, save me from losing my soul to a heaven as cold as ice
I'd sooner be a free man in hell than a prisoner in paradise

I'd sooner catch fire than kill my desire

Hail to the shaman and his cardboard drum and the riffraff
Dancing in the sun
I sing for you
For all the talent he has Jehovah don't play jazz like the devil do
Yeah, the devil do
Must admit he do
Ah, da devil do

Birdman, birdman, what's the word, man
Into the night we go
Billie, billie, knock me silly
Sing to me soft and low

Foll all the talent that he has Jehovah don't play no jazz