

Michael Franks, Doctor Sax

By day
He's a grease monkey it's true
A slave
Fix your transmission like new
Change oil
Rotate your tires of course
He toils
Under the Flying Red Horse
And at six he rolls
Down his sleeves
Turns his collar up
When the boss man leaves
Close up the shop
Puts away his tools
Gives the last car keys
To the gas pump fools
Then he's home at last
No more goodwrench scene
And he scrubs his hands
Till they're surgeon clean
Takes a long hot shower
Some cologne and then
The change is complete
He's himself again
At night he's Doctor Sax
He's Mister Tenor Virtuoso
He plays to rhythm tracks on tape
No one like Doctor Sax
Not even Trane or Bird could blow so
The girls have heart attacks, they say
(He'll put it all on wax one day)
Some day
He will live just in his mind
Some way
Leave all his misery behind
His horn
He will blow breaking the curse
Reborn
Under the Flying Red Horse