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

Under the Flying Red Horse