

Nick Cave, That's What Jazz Is To Me

Jazz

Fire eating drag-queens dressed as society whores
Crazy two timing bitches running round
Ghetto blasting blasters, blasting magnificently
Blossoms falling from the cherry trees
That's what jazz is to me

High buildings with crippled backs circle around my dreams
I clutch at the greasy tails of my dreams
White blossom falling from the cherry trees
That's what jazz is to me

Ten bottles standing in a row military style
With hats pulled low over their brows
A thousand wasted hours
Skeletons entwined fucking and braying ? fields
Blossoms falling from the cherry tree
That's what jazz is to me

History repeating itself like a
All the great cars of the world in one massive collision
All the doctors swallowed up by one incompetence
All the great theorists and teachers eaten alive ...
Religious extacy and a blossom falling from a cherry tree
That's what jazz is to me

Blind fish being used as musical scales
Sharks puffed for fish and whales
I long to be by the sea where a blossom falls from a cherry tree
That's what jazz is to me

Three forms, four forms, five forms, six forms,
Seven forms, eight forms, nine forms,
A blossom falling from the cherry tree
That's what jazz is to me

As Einstein said about his theory
I love, I love, I love, I love jazz
It's in your heart, it's in your soul, it's in your mind
The colour of death, sweet vanilla essence
Richard Harris and Donald Pleasance
And a cherry blossom falling from a cherry tree
That's what jazz is to me