

# The Manhattan Transfer, Airegin

Wait'll y'dig it on the map - Airegin  
Spelled backwards  
Really're closin' up the gap - Airegin  
Gone fac'wards  
Back long time ago they saw a ghost  
Ghost made a boast  
Soon that ghost was host  
(Repeat first 8 bars)

Those losing their hue  
They goofed 'n got the wrong view  
First, things reverse, last is first!  
Y' dig it!

Whatta' y' think o'that'n get a load a'  
What I tell y'  
What this place is no one knows it  
There's no traces of the kind o'place it was  
Before it got "discovered" by the kind o'  
Cat that knows the earth belongs t'him  
Back when the world was young  
An' man was a living god  
An' he walked this earthly sod  
This was sod that god would trod on  
Till one day a stranger landed  
With a line o'jive  
Laid it on the natives till he had 'em thinkin'  
Maybe that they should really take five  
An' he quickly stole the natives' soul  
So he could control it  
An' he took care of that missionary biz  
Till the lan' was his

Never heard a story draggy as that  
Tell th' truth I ain't never heard another  
That exasperated more  
What an exasperating narrative t'play  
Upon the sensitive and kindly soul that I am  
'Way back when I was crawlin' in m'crib  
I was doin' all kinds o'thinkin'  
Aw'ready I had figured out the 'cut of m'jib'  
The kind o'soul that never liked t'tell 'r live a fib  
A body who was steadily reachin' up  
A min' always thinkin' on high-minded things  
Whee! I was always one t'be free  
Ain't never had a keeper why don't people  
Learn t'git along t'gether stead o'  
Meddlin' aroun' 'n fussin' with the fella nearest to 'em  
Me, I'm the old fashioned kind  
I was never good at follow-the-leader  
Real real real real real real real  
That's me, as real as a Yankee can be  
That's me

Millions o' years ago  
There was a Paleolithic age on Earth  
An' the whole world was young  
And full o'the vim of constant rebirth  
Brontosauruses 'n dinosaurs 'n pterodactyls  
Ever'where abounding that was the case  
'N plus the millions o' mammoths here 'n there  
An' in addition there were lots o'men everywhere  
Who had no hi-tech and no intellect 'nary a speck  
But in that spot

Where it was so lush, where it was so hot  
Where many animal was roamin'  
An' nature was kind, life was thrivin'  
There livin' was actual an' the feelin' was natural  
I'm tellin' the truth  
What-a-benign livin' some livin'  
All's forgiven come on home

Blew a truly unruly storm  
That wrecked a boat in a climate warm  
'N full o'ashy-colored cats all lookin'  
White like ghosts  
'N when the natives checked 'em out  
It blew 'em away t'find that they resembled spirits  
Long ago there was a legend  
'Bout a spirit who would someday come

A look at these cats  
'N y' could see they prob'ly had some  
So they welcomed 'em with peace and love  
And everything there's plenty of  
'N soon the tables had turned to rigormortis  
That's when the castaway had his say  
Like a dog had his day they told the  
People that they were spirits actual  
Y'see how perfectly a fable c'n be  
Incorporated into what a cat'll think is factual  
What was an accident turns int' something  
So unbelievably heaven-sent  
Everybody falls for it  
Right on down t' the militants  
'N marchin' 'n the martyrs 'n the murder of Lumumba

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