

Timothy B. Schmit, Jazz Street

(t. b. schmit/w. jennings/b. gaitsch)

When the feeling is lost I can find it
I go down to a street I know
It's a place where they live to unwind it
They lay back and just keep rolling

Sax man steps right out
Doesn't care who hears it

Gypsy bass picks a place where it's working
The drummer lays out some real life rhythm

When this old soul needs clearing
I stay until they bring me back

It ain't the radio
Living to play, you know
Down on jazz street
(meet me down on jazz street, yeah)
This ain't your hollywood

They really do it good
Down on jazz street

Down on jazz street there's one kind of people
Love the truth and they hate the jive
It's a church though it don't have a steeple
They're the ones who know what this life is

Down here they step out
They don't care who feels it

Every time they set me (to) flying
Seen them raise up the dead and dying
When your old heart is weary
They'll give you everything you lack
So when your soul needs clearing
Go down where they can bring you back

It ain't the radio
Living to play, you know
Down on jazz street