

Comadre

"Count Basie Box Set"

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Rifflifters of the world, unite, and bend over,
Now that the horse is gone, who's left to sing his
songs?

The perfect beat does not exist.
I resonate the sound of ashes engulfing your lungs.
I steal, I feel, I breathe.
Bad artists copy but the good ones steal.

The right sound, the right measure,
Throw out your chest just to feel this pressure
And it beats back, and it beats back
And it beats back, and it beats back

The right sound, the right measure,
Throw out your chest just to feel this pressure
And it comes pouring in, and it comes pouring in
And it comes pouring in, and it comes pouring in

The right sound, the right measure,
Throw out your chest just to feel this pressure
And it beats back, and it beats back
And it beats back, and it beats back

The right sound, the right measure,
Throw out your chest just to feel this pressure
And it comes pouring in, and it comes pouring in
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