

Gino Vanelli

"Jehovah & All That Jazz"

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Hail to the shaman and his cardboard drum and the
riffraff
Dancing in the sun
I sing for thee
Praise to the ugly and the dispossessed and the genius
born of
The vipers nest
You have set me free
Hey, you cranks and you clowns with your heads
hanging down
I bring good tidings to you
For all the talent that he has jehovah don't play jazz like
the devil do

See the rose sprung from the heap of dung
The shafthorse hot and heavy hung shamelessly
Check the star dust oozing in the mud on it pilgrimage
to flesh and blood
Now aint that you and me
Hey, you shakespeares in rags little heretics and hags
To thine own self be true
Well, he may be beautiful and king but jehovah he
don't swing like the devil

Birdman, birdman, what's the word, man
Into the night we go
Billie, billie, knock me silly
Sing to me soft and low
Save me from losing my soul to a heaven as cold as ice
Id sooner be a free man in hell than a prisoner in
paradise

So I toot my toot for the man with roots
Hey, fifer on the e-flat flute play on, play on
All you sinners and you infidels you you artful madmen
bound for hell
Come sing along
Come on, you potty-trained saints spouting isms and
aints
Dig the poetry my man
Well all deference to his throne
Gabriel he don't play no saxophone like coltrane can

Now, save me from losing my soul to a heaven as cold
as ice
Id sooner be a free man in hell than a prisoner in
paradise

Id sooner catch fire than kill my desire

Hail to the shaman and his cardboard drum and the
riffraff
Dancing in the sun
I sing for you
For all the talent he has jehovah don't play jazz like the
devil do
Yeah, the devil do
Must admit he do
Ah, da devil do

Birdman, birdman, what's the word, man
Into the night we go
Billie, billie, knock me silly
Sing to me soft and low

Foll all the talent that he has jehovah don't play no jazz
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