

The Jamie Saft Trio

"Ballad Of A Thin Man"

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You walk into the room
With your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked and you
you say, "Who is that man?"
You try so hard
But you don't understand
Just what you'll say
When you get home
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
You raise up your head
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
And somebody points to you and says "It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?"
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"
But something is happening here
and you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
You hand in your ticket
And you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you
When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel
to be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible"
As he hands you a bone
And something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
You have many contacts
Among the lumberjacks
To get you facts
When someone attacks your imagination
But nobody has any respect
Anyway they already expect you
To just give a check
To tax-deductible
Charity organizations
You've been with the professors

And they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have
Discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through
All of F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read
It's well known
But something is happening here
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
Well, the sword swallower
He comes up to you
And then he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
He asks you how it feels?
And he says, "Here is your throat back
Thanks for the loan"
And you know something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
Now you see this one-eyed midget
Shouting the word "NOW"
And you say, "For what reason?"
And he says, "How?"
And you say, "What does this mean?"
And he screams back, "You're a cow!
Give me some milk or else go home"
And you know something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
Well, you walk into the room
Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And your nose on the ground
There ought to be a law
Against you comin' around
You should be made to wear earphones
But something is happening here
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

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