

## Uptown Vocal Jazz Quartet "He Was The Cat"

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There was a fellow named Jefferson who  
Would tear it up with the band  
A vocalizinâ€™™ phenomenon who they used to call the  
Main Man  
He would think like a sage, sing like a horn  
And there on the stage somethinâ€™™ special was born  
He would swing, â€™œedit nâ€™™ doo datâ€™  
He was The Cat.  
He sang with Moody in â€™~57  
He put a lyric to bop  
When little Benny came down from Heaven  
He put it over the top  
Jazz was hot in the East, cool in the West  
But his vocalese it was simply the best  
Because man, couldnâ€™™ t he scat  
He was The Cat.  
Eddie was hip but wise as an old man  
Takinâ€™™ that trip to celebrate Coleman  
Lettinâ€™™ it rip on â€™œBody and Soulâ€™™ man  
And oh what heâ€™™ d do, the poetry flew  
A founding father was Jefferson but  
He never got the acclaim  
Weâ€™™ re here to tell you that heâ€™™ s the one that  
Put vocalese in the game  
He would dig sittinâ€™™ in, blowinâ€™™ the hit  
And then he would spin out a story to fit  
He was some acrobat  
He was The Cat.  
There was a time when there was jazz cookinâ€™™ up on  
every corner  
Everybody would sit and listen as they blew  
Tellinâ€™™ stories they knew in each his own way  
Tellinâ€™™ the news, bop to blues  
Set the moods any way theyâ€™™ d want to  
Innovation was always there  
Electrifyinâ€™™ the air everywhere youâ€™™ d be, let me  
tell ya  
All around youâ€™™ d hear the sound of life abounding  
free  
Cominâ€™™ out of a horn, beinâ€™™ born a new way  
Never knew what youâ€™™ d hear  
First we heard from The Bean

Then the word on the scene was so choice:  
Eddie Jefferson's voice, what a beautiful noise  
Master of a lyric and what an inventor  
Singing with the spirit of jazz at the center  
Anyone who'd hear it knew that he was a mentor  
Enter for the love the sound  
You found the rhythm town where you can marry  
vocabulary  
To every melody that you hear  
For when Eddie would sing, the story was king  
He'd talk about a thing, then be sockin it like the  
swing of a bat  
He sang it like that!  
He would embrace his lyrical zen to  
Tickle those phrases like he was meant to  
Take us to places nobody'd been to  
An Everest climb, the cleverest kind!  
When Charlie Parker and Moody played it  
There was a hush in the crowd  
And then when Eddie would elevate it  
The jazz community bowed  
He'd evoke what we heard on the solo in rides  
And make every word tell a story besides  
And we're all tippin' our hat!  
He Was The Cat.

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