

Franks Michael

"Doctor Sax"

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By day

He's a grease monkey it's true

A slave

Fix your transmission like new

Change oil

Rotate your tires of course

He toils

Under the Flying Red Horse

And at six he rolls

Down his sleeves

Turns his collar up

When the boss man leaves

Close up the shop

Puts away his tools

Gives the last car keys

To the gas pump fools

Then he's home at last

No more goodwrench scene

And he scrubs his hands

Till they're surgeon clean

Takes a long hot shower

Some cologne and then
The change is complete
He's himself again
At night he's Doctor Sax
He's Mister Tenor Virtuoso
He plays to rhythm tracks on tape
No one like Doctor Sax
Not even Trane or Bird could blow so
The girls have heart attacks, they say
(He'll put it all on wax one day)
Some day
He will live just in his mind
Some way
Leave all his misery behind
His horn
He will blow breaking the curse
Reborn
Under the Flying Red Horse

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