

Gaslight Anthem, The "The Spirit Of Jazz"

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The cool is dead, baby, go on and sleep
Rest your weary head and love a better me
And in the morning we'll start over again
That's how they do it up on the screen

See, me and my baby, we would dance all night
But I don't know the steps in my baby's time
To do it like they do it for the girls uptown
I heard they light 'em up like the blues

So I'm waiting
And she's waiting
For us to remember

And was I good to you, the wife of my youth?
Not another soul could love you like my rotten bones do
So I will wait on the edges inbetween
These New York streets where you and I would meet

For twenty-nine years we loved that line
And I would take it easy if I had your mind
But I'm a cannonball to a house on fire
And you're slow like Motown soul

So what now, lover, with your long black hair?
If I cut you open, baby, I can repair
And bandage your wounds with the salt on my tongue
And I'm the only one 'round here

And I'm waiting
And she's waiting
For us to recover

So was I good to you, the wife of my youth?
Not another soul could love you like my rotten bones do
So I will wait on the edges inbetween
These New York streets where you and I would meet

And only I can heal your wounds
Only I can heal your wounds
When you can't go on

When you can't go on
When you can't go on anymore

Was I good to you, the wife of my youth?
Not another soul could love you like my--

Was I good to you, the wife of my youth?
Not another soul could love you like my rotten bones do
So I will wait on the edges inbetween
I will wait on the edges inbetween
And I will wait on the edges inbetween these New York
streets
On all these New York streets where you and I would
meet

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