

# Jazz Torn

*by* Tim G. Young

Jazz torn born from

The womb of a saxophone  
In the smoky black room  
Back room through a tangle  
Of beads, seeds potions  
Shot down like shots  
Lungs bursting in the alleyways  
Trying to keep with the beat  
Big sticks falling hard on drums  
Walking proud loud  
Nobody ever says nothing about  
Shutting it down

Morning is night when the time  
Is right the moon don't know  
Which way to turn  
The sun is asleep  
And nobody keeps watch  
While the rest of the stars  
play in the twilight and burn

Someone was saying how long is the song  
How long does this song intend to go on  
Because the song is long and never complete  
so no way was this tune ever gonna peak  
before another dawn had the chance to  
sit down and eat  
With the night who would soon be gone

In my dreams I still see his fingers moving  
Like fireflies across them buttons on the horn  
The riff repeats with the syncopated beat

Long after the drums have made their retreat  
the piano perfect black and white  
Croons like my baby in the jazz blast heat

Saxophone you shine like the sun  
Perfect in your golden glare  
Flaring at the end  
Where all the notes bend  
You call my name  
Put my lame voice to shame  
But lord knows how I love you  
All the same.

