

Soul shadows

Bill Withers

San Francisco morning coming clear and cold
Don't know if I'm waking or I'm dreaming
Riding with Fats Waller on the Super Chief
He said, "Music's real, the rest is seeming"

Oh, deep pain
Feelings that won't go away
Left the sound of his soul in the air
I can hear it out there and I know

They left those soul shadows
On my mind, on my mind, on my mind
They left a soul shadow
On my mind, on my mind, on my mind

Standing by the window as the fog rolls in
I swear I can hear a far off music
Jelly Roll is playing down in Storyville
And Satchmo is wailing in Chicago

You ought to heard 'em play
Feelings that won't go away
Left the sound of their souls in the air
I can hear it out there and I know

They left those soul shadows
On my mind, on my mind, on my mind
They left a soul shadow
On my mind, on my mind, on my mind