

# Jehovah and All That Jazz

Gino Vannelli

Hail to the shaman and his cardboard drum and the riffraff  
Dancing in the sun  
I sing for thee  
Praise to the ugly and the dispossessed and the genius born of  
The viper's nest  
You have set me free  
Hey, you cranks and you clowns with your heads hanging down  
I bring good tidings to you  
For all the talent that he has Jehovah don't play jazz like the devil  
do  
See the rose sprung from the heap of dung  
The shafthorse hot and heavy hung shamelessly  
Check the star dust oozing in the mud on it pilgrimage to flesh and b  
lood  
Now ain't that you and me  
Hey, you Shakespeares in rags little heretics and hags  
To thine own self be true  
Well, he may be beautiful and king but Jehovah he don't swing like th  
e devil  
Birdman, Birdman, what's the word, man  
Into the night we go  
Billie, Billie, knock me silly  
Sing to me soft and low  
Save me from losing my soul to a heaven as cold as ice  
I'd sooner be a free man in hell than a prisoner in paradise  
So I toot my toot for the man with roots  
Hey, fifer on the E-flat flute play on, play on  
All you sinners and you infidels you you artful madmen bound for hell  
Come sing along  
Come on, you potty-trained saints spouting' isms and ain'ts  
Dig the poetry my man  
Well all deference to his throne  
Gabriel he don't play no saxophone like Coltrane can  
Now, save me from losing my soul to a heaven as cold as ice  
I'd sooner be a free man in hell than a prisoner in paradise  
I'd sooner catch fire than kill my desire  
Hail to the shaman and his cardboard drum and the riffraff  
Dancing in the sun  
I sing for you  
For all the talent he has Jehovah don't play jazz like the devil do  
Yeah, the devil do  
Must admit he do  
Ah, da devil do  
Birdman, Birdman, what's the word, man  
Into the night we go  
Billie, Billie, knock me silly  
Sing to me soft and low  
Foll all the talent that he has Jehovah don't play no jazz ....