

# Ron Sexsmith, Jazz At The Bookstore

Leadbellys in the background  
Being drowned out by the grind  
Hes singing bout Rock Island Line  
Nobody seems to pay him any mind

Bestsellers and bookshelves  
Full of self-help printed word  
Some faint elegance is heard  
Now was that Ellington or Bird?

And has it really come to this?  
Can ignorance be bliss?  
Im waiting for the other shoe to drop  
Jazz at the bookstore  
And Blues in the coffee shop  
Jazz at the bookstore  
And Blues in the coffee shop

Theres a man standing at the crossroads  
With a dark roast in his hand  
Livin in white yuppy hand  
Over by the milk and sugar stand

And have I really come for this  
Cup of caffeinated bliss?

So we browse around  
All over town  
Sipping coffees that we cant pronounce  
And meanwhile in the Blues Cemetery  
All the coffins commence to bounce

Leadbellys in the cold ground  
Rolling over in his grave  
The hard road where so many slaved  
Is now so smooth and paved

And has it really come to this?  
Can ignorance be bliss?  
Im waiting for the other shoe to drop  
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