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In Jazzmen's eyes I couldn't see
66 FM7 (repeat)
For Sunny Rollins / 10/22
Ron Carter + M. J. Taylor

In jazzmen's eyes I couldn't see
but lay in ~~litter~~ ^{litter} the pools & read
of and always
Am7 D7 G7 ~~Am7~~ D7 C7 Am7 D7 C7
like ~~the~~ pools & read ~~of~~ ^{of} always like
I know who ~~litter~~ ^{litter} these pools - she ~~only~~ ^{only} play
In those great small clubs
For folks in back streets and hot subs
I don't know how or wonder why?
I love to lay in jazzmen's eyes

In jazzmen's ears are sizeless tubes we enter
when their fingers move and in shade covers putumbers
Investigate relationships that blind there
Dressed modestly and comfy
Nice to look at really something
cult like the nervous screaming
Brittle maniac rock ~~litter~~ ^{litter} the jumpers
and in the ~~stamped~~ ^{stamped} of the steers
we run and jump in jazzmen's ears

In jazzmen's eyes of course I lay
We rip ~~the~~ ^{the} must and sip the foggy dew
The clearly falling pebbles lister I
Migrations continue down
Continents slide smoothly around
Closing no doors to the evening winds
We visit times these fine jazzmen
A 66 FM7 (repeat)