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Jive

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Jive

Chloe Miller-Bess

Sing that sin. Sing that life,
jazz that girl til her heart beats
out her chest.

Sing that horn, stroke that ivory
til you forget the woman who
stuck a knife under your chin.

Oh yeah, I knew that woman,
gave up her life in the middle
of the street for a little baby boy.

She didn't know how to temper
her passion in the waves of a bright
alto. The solid fingers plucking a
rhythm like a pulse under the skin.

Decades lost to a new kind of
sin sung all over town. They
don't know that dirty money in
their shoes under the sole came
from the beautiful anger flowing
from my lips.

We laid the red bricks and
brownstones with our own hands.
Our soul soaked in the rock like a
long forgotten ghost.

Yeah I knew that girl, giving up
her life to fly away from the low
hole she calls home. She don't
know a head full of hair straight from
The Congo was once frowned on.

The men who walk slow with a
crooked step talkin' that nonsense
like they know. Like they know the
life inside of them. The deep rivers
we all once spoke. They pump joy
into their veins like our blues meant

nothing.

So I sing life, sing sin all over this
Town. Jazz June til there's nothing
left but the heart beating out her chest.
The rhythm our enduring legacy