

# Blue Avenue

Setting: Hot summer night, heat of the city steams the brick buildings making them shine in the moonlight. Old Black men, with sparse white beards. Their entire being radiates the evidence of a tough life.

It's at the end of a street  
'round the corner, outta view  
known for it's harmony, it's,  
Blue Avenue.

With their well worn faces  
and slow shuffled shoes  
they bring all their troubles to,  
Blue Avenue

They all get together  
with instruments tuned.  
There's harmony and rhythm on,  
Blue Avenue.

Their clothing is ragged  
they got nothing new  
except for the feeling on,  
Blue Avenue.

There's a honky tonk piano  
and an old upright bass,  
that is missing a string  
and has a crack in the case.

A gold dented high top  
and a brown speckled drum  
Harmonica and juice harp  
just to round out the fun

As one plays a trumpet  
another a sax  
the others just clap  
that's all one can ask.

The city soon rocks,  
the buildings now sway.  
And the beat of the bass  
can be felt miles away.

And the Man on the Moon  
looks down as he smiles.  
And says, "It just feels good,  
to feel good, for awhile"

When you're feeling like me,  
you got to do what I do,  
You bring all your troubles to,  
Blue Avenue.

Bring me all your troubles  
Bring me your Blues  
We'll sing them away on,  
Blue Avenue.

(and the men are all singing....)  
Bring me all your troubles  
Bring me your Blues  
We'll sing them away on,  
Blue Avenue.  
on Blue Avenue.  
on Blue Avenue.  
on Blue Avenue.