

SQUARE ONE (S.Sullivan)

Wasn't it just a while ago, life was unpredictable
Loving you was something new
Maybe that's what I'm needin' now, baby I really don't see how
To break a heart that's always been true, start anew, whaddya do?
Go back to Square One

I gotta go back
Ought to run-a-back-a-to
Square One
You gotta go back
Ought to run-a-back-a-to
Square One
We gotta go back
Ought to run-a-back-a-to
Square One of the game

Somethin' about the way we kissed, love, lust, and tenderness
Sparks became a burnin' flame
Lately I find the fire has died, maybe you feel the same inside
To try to work it out is in vain, don't explain, loves a game
Go back to Square One

(CHORUS)

Didn't we let the love light shine, showed me yours, showed you mine
Woman you were my only one
Knowin' you're still a part of me, hopin' it's not too hard to see
Now that we have had our fun, in the sun, time to run
Back to Square One

(CHORUS)

SUMMER RAIN (S.Sullivan)

In the summer rain
Melt if you can
Into the landscape
Where our love flows

Sweet like sugar cane
Tropical leaves
Floating on the breeze
When the wind blows

Inside we salsa
Wind up to reggae
A lazy samba
See how we sashay
When we are thirsty
We drink mojitos
And then we're soaked to the skin
We feel like children again

In the summer rain
Melt if you can
Into the landscape
Where our love flows

AMERICAN JONES (S.Sullivan)

I'm a fan
Glad to be part of it
New York man
Right in the heart of it
Love that sound
Mood-art of it
Dig it-deep in my bones-American Jones

Uncle Sam wants you all to be
Free to jam
In a democracy
Its not so
But its gonna be
Dig it-deep in your bones-American Jones

Bein' true to the red, white and blue
You do your thing
Shine your little light right on through
When the band begins to swing

Join the club
You will be noodlin'
There's the rub
We're Yankee Doodlin'
Heart and soul
Start usin' 'em
Dig it-deep in your bones-American Jones

WORK SONG

(N.Adderley/Oscar Brown, Jr.)
(Special lyric S.Sullivan)

Searchin' for a gig in the city, workin' on my own kinda sound,
Searchin' for a gig in the city, but the scene can sure bring you down,
Jazz musicians get paid mighty little, US of A is a riddle
Been workin', and workin', but I still got so awfully far to go

Lost my brother while just a young boy, felt the blues reach into my soul
Lost my brother while just a young boy, found the music fillin' the hole
Jazz musicians get paid mighty little, US of A is a riddle
Been workin', and workin', but I still got so awfully far to go

Thinkin' back on my education, had my share of old golden rule
Thinkin' back on my education, you can't learn to swing in a school
Jazz musicians get paid mighty little, US of A is a riddle
Been workin', and workin', but I still got so awfully far to go

Cats who pay their dues play with feelin', lucky if they show you the ropes
Cats who pay their dues play with feelin', you can hear their dreams and their hopes
Jazz musicians get paid mighty little, US of A is a riddle
Been workin', and workin', but I still got so awfully far to go

It's a long hard road
It's an uphill climb
Such a heavy load
Better take your time

ADLIB (S.Sullivan)

Impromptu boogaloo
Gave birth to all that jazz
Blues boppin' out of you
Sounds just like you knew it, let's intuit,
Live and learn to Adlib

Imagination knows
The road to find that rhyme
Just follow where it goes,
You will never lose it, if you use it
And you learn to Adlib

Just when you start to
Up and forget
Rewrite your part without
Missin' a step
Don't get upset!

Instinctive melody
Is never right or wrong
Take us... you and me
Together we can do it, gettin' thru it
If we learn to Adlib

SLIPPIN' DOWN

(Leonhardt/Sullivan)

Lovely to be under it
I fell for your spell
Love me for the fun of it
Right now, who can tell?
Hold real tight-when we're Slippin' Down
Softly on the ground

Life is full of gravity
Forces we can't see
We both knew it had to be
Love's law naturally
Hold real tight-when we're Slippin' Down
Softly on the ground

Fooled around and fell in love and what'd it get 'cha
Fooled around and fell in love there's no way out
I love those legs, dig that pout, those bedroom eyes, knock me out!

ORNITHOLOGY

(C.Parker)

(Special lyric S. Sullivan)

There's every kinda bird on the planet
Some that can walk and some that can fly
Related, tellin' you why
All birds are brothers and it ain't no lie
Birds of a feather 'neath the big blue sky
I'm tellin' you the reason why-
They got wings! Look out! they're droppin' on everything-
If you are walkin' in spring

There's every kinda bird on the planet
Some that are big and some that are small
Related, one and all
Every little birdie learns to have a ball
Hoppin' to the sound of somethin' natural
Boppin' to the mating call
Bird biology is known as ornithology, y' dig?

BLUE BOSSA

(K.Dorham)

(Special lyric by S.Sullivan)

Some will sing the blues in sad refrain
Some will sing the blues to break the chain
Should you get the blues-an antidote for pain
Rhythm helps to drive the blues away

Loneliness is in the melody
Only two begin the harmony
Find a note to play-searching endlessly
Rhythm helps to drive the blues away

Look inside to write a note that's blue
When you find a note that's just like you
Share it with the world-celebrate the truth
Givin' helps to drive the blues away
When your feelin' sad about the dues you pay
A bossa rhythm makes the livin' fine today!

