Jive

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Jive

Chloe Miller-Bess

Sing that sin. Sing that life,

crooked step talkin’ that nonsense

jazz that girl til her heart beats
do they know the life inside of them. The deep rivers

out her chest.

they pump joy

Sing that horn, stroke that ivory
til you forget the woman who

in their shoes under the sole came

stuck a knife under your chin.

from the beautiful anger flowing

Oh yeah, I knew that woman,
gave up her life in the middle

from my lips.

of the street for a little baby boy.

She didn’t know how to temper

Decades lost to a new kind of

her passion in the waves of a bright

sin sung all over town. They
do know that dirty money in

alto. The solid fingers plucking a

don’t know that dirty money in

their shoes under the sole came

rhythm like a pulse under the skin.

from the beautiful anger flowing

from my lips.

and

they pump joy

Our soul soaked in the rock like a

with our own hands. Our soul soaked in the rock like a

long forgotten ghost.

Yeah I knew that girl, giving up

We laid the red bricks and

her life to fly away from the low

brownstones with our own hands.

hole she calls home. She don’t

Our soul soaked in the rock like a

know a head full of hair straight from

long forgotten ghost.

The Congo was once frowned on.

The men who walk slow with a

Yeah I knew that girl, giving up

crooked step talkin’ that nonsense

into their veins like our blues meant

her life to fly away from the low

like they know. Like they know the
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