

HIP TREE

(To be read in a heavy ponderous accent against a slow blues, Bb here)

1. Hey man -

Ahm your real hip tree

Always on the scene, uh-huh,
Like the chairs, the tables, the floor -
They're all part of me.

So if ya wanna dig where it's at...
Jus' come along and see.

2. Now, Ah like that earthy feeling,

Well, Ah got deep roots, ya know...amongst others.

Ya heard of Woody Herman? Cedar Walton? Al Cohn? Quincy Jones? -
They're all ma soul brothers,

An' Ah can trace ma family tree back to Trunk Johnson...
'Fore he changed his name to Benny Woodman, twig me?

3. Now all that Bark and Poplar music's not ma bag, uh-uh,
It's rotten to ma core,

For when it comes to real sounds
It's your's truly who knows the score,

'Cause let me tell ya, Bird once roosted high up on ma tree
And what's more, that's where he got Dizzy.

4. Now Ah'm quite a performer ma'self,
No use beatin' round the bush, in ma state of health.

Ah jus' swing with the best of 'em,
Yeah, Ah'm always blowin' in the wind,

An' to quote what an old chestnut once told me...
:Ev'ry little breeze seems to whisper...Louis".

SOLOS

5. Like Ah said before

Ah'm your real hip tree

An' don't give a monkey's-puzzle for your productivity.

But all this acid rain's gettin' far too much for me
An' someday, Ah'll jus' have to cool it and let it be.

TAG

So take a leaf outta <u>ma</u> anthology	Bb7	
An' whatever turns <u>you</u> on, remember...	Eb7	F7
Don't medlar with me	Bb7	

(Arranged so that each 4 bars is bracketed together.)

After each section - horn fills, at which time the following calls might be uttered:

Branch out!
Sap it, like it is!
Shoot!