

# Soul Shadows

San Francisco morning coming clear and cold  
*San Fran cisco*  
Don't know if I'm waking or I'm dreaming  
*am I waking, dreaming or*  
Riding with Fats Waller on the Super Chief  
*Waller said*  
He said, music's real, the rest is seeming  
*music's real, not seeming*

Oh he played  
feelings that won't go away  
There's a sound of his soul in the air  
I can hear it out here  
and I know, yes, I know  
*and I know his soul is there yes, I know his soul is there*

He left those Soul Shadows  
on my mind, on my mind, on my mind

He left those Soul Shadows  
on my mind, on my mind, on my mind

Standing by the window as the fog rolls in  
*By the window*  
I swear I can hear a far-off music  
*I hear far-off music of*  
Jelly Roll is playing down in Storyville  
*Jelly Roll*  
Satchmo wailing somewhere in Chicago  
*Satchmo wailing somewhere*  
Coltrane reaching for those notes his mind can hear  
*Coltrane sounds*  
They remain a part of all that I know  
*part of all that I know*

Oh he played  
feelings that won't go away  
There's a sound of his soul in the air  
I can hear it out here  
and I know, yes, I know  
*and I know his soul is there yes, I know his soul is there*

He left those Soul Shadows  
on my mind, on my mind, on my mind

He left those Soul Shadows  
on my mind, on my mind, on my mind