

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/2

Four cool cats

(the end of hip and the death of cool)

Four cool cats
and one very hip chick
Were ready
to smoke the joint.

The drummer man
began to beat the
Tom tom, ta-ta, tom, tom.
Tom, tom, ta-ta, tom, tom.

His timpani went
Boom boom bim bim, boom boom
Boom boom bim bim, boom boom

rata tat tat tat,
he said on the rims and
brama bumb bum on the snare

Man that cat was cool.
that junky drummer
got every foot
grooving to the beat.

And just
when you didn't know
where else he could take you
with the beat
Mr. Sax crawled in with a
bawha dip
ba du bi da
wahhhha

Just about then I heard
No, felt
the base
dum dum dum dum de
and Ivory man came in with a
de dele de le de le do

man
they were smoking up that joint
every cool cat was grooving ...
Then it got quiet

Ivory put his hands in the air
So did drums and Mr. Sax.
But the base said

Ba dum dum dum da dum dum dum

From out of the shadows
One very cool kitten
came into the light
Oh my, she had pipes

She was singing the blues
With her soul
And her heart
And her mind
But she didn't have the blues
Nobody does
cause the blues was dead
Drowned in Nawleanes

I was thinking about that
But she kept pulling me back in
In my head and in the music
Man what a grove.

But the blues was dead
Ashes scattered,
some went to Jazz in Chicago
some went to sleep in Nashville
and some went to rock and roll
but the blues was dead.

I was shedding a tear for the blues
when Mr. Sax wiped his brow
and an old man came out of the shadow
and a toothless grin
from the junky drummer
said that cool was dead
it was the end of hip

This was the last party
The last jam
And the joint was smoking
And the rap man said
Step aside old man
And I knew
it was the end of hip
and the death of cool.