

Yardbird

—*Charlie Parker*

I knew a yardbird who did
the most unusual thing:
he used his gift and was able
to sing.

He chirped like we talk.
He sang what we say.
He took his instrument
and played away.

He was
Not like any old yardbird
who walks his restricted path:
assigned one chord as his menial task.

All the yardbirds play B^b (flat).
Give 'em some jazz and they give it back.

Assigned to a yard they are.
Even take the gate away
and they won't go far.

That's how yardbirds are.

But I knew a yardbird who was different.
Yeah, In some ways he *was* restricted.
Addicted to the yard.

But, he was soooo different.

He did the most unusual thing:
He used his gift and was able
to sing.

He chirped like we talk.
He sang what we say.
He took his instrument
and played away.