

# BIRDLAND

Words by JON HENDRICKS  
Music by JOSEF ZAWINUL

Moderately fast

Guitar Tacet

1,2

*mf*

3

Five thousand light years from Bird - land, but I'm still preach - in' the rhy -  
 from the land of the Bird - land, An' I'm still feel - in' the spir -

- thm. Long - gone up tight years from Bird - land, An' I'm still teach - in' it with  
 - it. Five thousand light years from Bird - land, but I know peo - ple can hear

1 2

em. Years - it. Bird named it, Bird made it. Bird

**Gm** **F/G** **F/Bb** **Eb/Bb** **Dm7**

er played in Bird - land. Yes indeed he real - ly did, Char - lie Par -

ker played in Bird - land. Bird named it, Bird made it. Bird

Gm F/G F/Bb Eb/Bb Dm7

heard it, then played it. Well stat-ed! Bird - land,

F/C Cm7 F/B Em C9 F/Eb

it hap - pened down in Bird - land. Ev - 'ry - bo -

Em F Gb G Em Gm F

Guitar Tacet

- dy dug that beat ev-'ry bo - dy stamped their feet Ev-'ry bo-

Vocal ad lib

Ddim



Dbdim



Cdim



Bdim



1-6

Bbdim



Adim



Abdim



Gdim



7 on cue

How well those cats remember their first Birdland gig. To play in Birdland is an honor we still dig. Yeah, that club was like- in another world sure enough- Yeah, baby, all o' the cats had the cookin' on. People just sat on they was steady lookin' on. Then Bird, he came 'n spread the word. Bird - land.

Yes, in-deed he did, yes, in-deed he did, yes, in-deed he did.

yes, in-deed he real - ly did,  
 yes, in-deed he did. Pork - er played at Bird - land. yes, in-deed, told the

truth way down in Bird - land. Yes, in - deed he did Char - lie Park-

Am7 D7sus G Bm Em Am C#m7-5 D7sus Cmaj7

Down in Bird - land. To Miles tal swing, bop was king there, Down in Bird - land. Miles came through, Trane came, too. There,

1 Am Cmaj7 Am7 2 Am Cmaj7 Am7 G Bm Em G C#9-5 C9-5 Bm7

down in Bird - land. down in Bird - land. Ba - sie blew, Blak - ey, too. Where?

E7 Am D7sus Bm Em Am C#9-5 C9-5 Bm7

Down in Bird - land. Can - non - ball played that hall. There,

E7 Am7 D7sus Last Time To Coda G

down in Bird - land. Yeah.

Vocal ad lib (Repeat as needed)

G

There may never be nothin' such as that no mo', no mo'. Down in Birdland, that's where it was at. I know, I know. Back in them days bop was ridin' high. Hello! 'n' goodbye!

||: a ||: a ||: a ||: a

1 2

ty ner sec of - ond the Street. Ev-'ry - bo - world. And the cats they gigged in

there were be - yond com - pare. Bird - land, I'm sing - in' Bird - land.

G C G

Bird - land, ol' swing - in' Bird - land.

C G Bm7-5

G Bm Em G/B Cmaj7 C#m7-5 Bm7 E7

{ Down them stairs, lose them cares. Where?  
Bird would cook, May would look. Where?

F/C Cm7 F/B Em C9 F/Eb

heard it then played it. Well stat-ed! Bird-land,

Em F Gb G Em Gm F G

it hap-pened down in Bird-land.

Guitar Tacet

In the mid - dle of that hub I re - mem  
dy heard that word, that they named

ber one jazz club where we went to put feet down on Fif-  
it af-ter Bird. Where the rhy - thm swooped and swirled, the jazz cor-

D.S. al Coda

dy digs be bop an' they'll nev er stop.

**CODA**

Down them stairs, lose them cares. Yeah, down in Bird - land. To-  
 Bird would cook, May would look. Yeah, down in Bird - land. Miles  
 Ba - sie blew, Blak - ey, too. Yeah, down in Bird - land. Can-

Bm Em Am C#m7-5 D7sus Cmaj7 Am7 D7sus Repeat and Fade

tal swing, bop was king. Yeah down in Bird - land.  
 came through, 'Trane was came, too. Yeah down in Bird - land.  
 non - ball played that hall. Yeah down in Bird - land.

(Solo Scat Sing ad lib during Repeat and fade)

Pay the gate, don't be late. It's a date. Whatlay' know.  
 If y' dig, then you'll dig it's a groove. Quite a groove,  
 'Cause y' t' move. Come in twos, pay your dues. What can you lose?  
 Just your blues! So lose them! The band swingin' one and all and  
 what a ball! Yeah! Music is good, music is better than good. Pretty good,  
 very nice, really very good. Things are being like they should. Very good,  
 very good, very good. All y' gotta do is lend an ear an' listen to it.  
 Then you dig a little sooner than soon. You'll be diggin'  
 everything - diggin' all the music. What a ball!  
 How y' gonna figure out a way t' bring it all about amid a  
 lot o' other music on the set'n on the scene, know what I mean?  
 How y' gonna separate the music from the scene?  
 Gonna have t' keep the memory clean. Y' gonna hear  
 a lotta' sound- a lotta' soun'...