



Stanford Jazz Workshop, Vocal Program

FOUR

Miles Davis/Jon Hendricks

Of the wonderful things that you get outta life, there are four
And they may not be many, but nobody needs any more
Of the many facts making the list of life
Truth takes the lead
And to relax, knowing the gist of life
It's truth you need

Then the second is honor and happiness makes number three
When you put them together you'll know what the last one must be
Baby so the truth, honor and happiness
And one thing more
Meaning only wonderful, wonderful love that'll make it four.

[lyrics for solo verses on next page]



Stanford Jazz Workshop, Vocal Program

[Mile's Solo]

Don't you know the score? Well, people, when they're younger,
never realize the pleasure-treasure life's got
But, as they grow older, realize a lot
They got their minds on all the wrongest scenes
An things that cost a lotta' money, but it's really very funny;
they fade away and don't' amount to a hill o' beans
Funny how the things in life we really should adore
We forget, or ignore - end up poor-
Spent a lot o' time on money and madness and end up in sadness
Youth is the time when we should see the light
Cause when we're old wasted, the dues for what we've tasted run so high
That we pay 'till we die-then we know that youth
that made us strong is wasted on the young,
So-enjoy it gaily!
Love life! And live it daily
You'll find a lot of things to bring you joy and give peace of mind
Get it while the gettin's good, 'cause every body, if they only
would, life would be a set-
Live would be a groovy set-groovy as a movie
Wail! Wail! Let your voice be heard. Spread the work!
Every body's hear's got ears
Only gotta' teach em' how to use em-not abuse 'em
So take a tip from me: the world's everything
it oughta' be as long as you can be sure
There is no more to life than same ol' four.

[Horace's Solo]

Hard to believe, I know, but time will show
That even though you think it's boresome, two-and-two together constitute a foursome!
That's all -four is the figure-that's all!
Ain't gonna be gettin' any bigger, doesn't matter how you slice it up,
you'll never change it
You count everything that fate throws into life pot-
still really four is all you've got.
Haven't they told you about he little pleasures that are part of all the rest
You live a little and love a little
And take a little and give a lot-still the total is happiness
But that's only one -you've just begun; there's gonna be more
After this are truth and honor shinin'
And love combinin' to make it four-no more. ■



Stanford Jazz Workshop, Vocal Program
