

Southshore Jazz

(c) Ras Uhuru 7/21/13

(Dedicated to My Mom)

Load the quilts and coolers in the trunk.
Loaves of bread filled with sandwiches.
All flavors of pop, and many kinds of chips.

Beach towels and swim trunks on.
So hot the car seats burn.
But once we get rolling, in the wind,
It ain't nothing a cool breeze won't cure.

This is a summer ritual
Between family and friends
Southshore is the destination.

Jazz fest, in the old Navy station
Beach wind keep'n the sun in check
Lake Michigan, I'll never forget.
Fishy smells with sweet memories.

Summer ritual between family and friends
Southshore the destination.

Ras Uhuru