

Underground Elite

Jump Little Children

Mississippi moonshine's got me doubled over laughing in pain
Back at the Chevron the chicken wings made you feel just the same
That bucket of bayou that licked you like a five pound block of salt
I through it to the puppy that was yappin' on the hot asphalt
The wisest word I ever heard was written on that
bathroom wall
In the Mississippi river Greasy Spoon in Southern Arkansas
Skimming 'cross the scrawl of the underground elite retorts
I see a beacon to the traveler paraphrased, 'Sweet and Short'
A word to the wise
A breath to the philosopher
A hand to the devil
A gift to the masses
Whatever you do, don't
Whatever you do, don't
Whatever you do,
Don't take my advice
Mister blister burning on the fumes of a day hard earned
A bullet through the blue highways 'till the whole damn world is turned
We're driving and we're driving until driving it don't feel real
But it's so easy all you do is get some sleep behind the wheel
Take a second to reflect on a peculiarity
Every stop we've made has shared a certain similarity
There are juices and there's candies
And there's sodas of all brand names
But the message on the walls from town to town has been the same
A word to the wise
A breath to the philosopher
A hand to the devil
A gift to the masses
Whatever you do, don't
Whatever you do, don't
Whatever you do
Don't take my advice
Permanent marker with a fat tip
Scratch off the paint with a dime
Grease up the mirror with some lipstick
A revolution is not a crime
Finally before my eyes there it was for me to see
At a truck stop in the lonely hills of Eastern Tennessee
I'd tell you how I felt if I could but I just can't
When I happened on that bathroom with a fresh coat of paint
A word to the wise
A breath to the philosopher
A hand to the devil
A gift to the masses
Whatever you do, don't
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