

Keep Up

Thea Gilmore

Strip the sky I will hang out of the window
See its pink veneer
Hear the motorway soprano
And the Front Street road pitches to the river bank
The drivers side is hanging off and rusted
And as for me I don't want to get adjusted
So I'll head out of this cage before they shut the gate Keep up oh
Keep up Mr. White boy he's worth a packet
But poor Joe's pickin' fleas off his mohair jacket
Teaching them trapeze every Saturday in the square
And I don't know why she's doing what she's doing
Yeah I'm confused is this rack or is this ruin
Call me when you decide you want her knees up round your ears Keep Up oh
Keep up

Songwriters

Gilmore, Published by

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