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 gateKeep up oh
Keep upMr. 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 earsKeep Up oh
Keep up

Songwriters
Gilmore,Published by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/