

I Can Feel You

Jump Little Children

Born to the red rising sun
A silver ring and a bottle of rum
The lonesome coup is nothing new
I'll toast it anyway just for funHow could we know about this?
She gave that little ring a twist
She swelled up and cried as if something has died
I felt it slip right through my fistThe ivy on the wrought iron gate
I'm beginning to like at any rate
The wind in the trees sing my decrees
You know of a lover till we waitI can feel you
When you're 500 miles away
Or if you're in the next room
I can feel you yeah, yeahA flat bed on a dusty road
A rusty red and a heavy load
Sometimes it's fast and sometimes it's trash
But it's as loud as the rooster crowsIt goes ahead a mile
In that cigarette redneck style
Across the line on Highway 9
I haven't seen you in quite a whileI can feel you
When you're 500 miles away
Or if you're in the next room
I can feel you yeah, yeahI'll take the quickest way
Across the river by the rolls of hay
The local farms are such a charm
The apple tress and the dapple grayBorn to the red rising sun
A silver ring and a bottle of rum
The lonesome coup is nothing new
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