Jump Up

Elvis Costello

Everybody's talking like they can't sit down
And looking like they can't stand up
It must be the lastest style
And they've seen a lot of things that you never seeBack on the mile, up to the hanging tree
Some people can't keep their fingers clean
Just clicking their heels to the beat of the scene
Trying to keep careen until the first edition of last night's obituariesJump up, hold on tight
Can't trust the promise or a guarantee
'Cause the man 'round the curve says
That he's never heard of you or meNo tombstone would ever surprise me
When I'm locked in a room about half the size of a matchbox
Got holes in my socks
They match the ones that I got in my feetI put my feet in the holes in the street
And somebody paved me over
I was a statue standing on the corner
Tell me, how else can a boy get to see those pretty pleats?Candidate talkin' on the radio from the 'Cheaters Jamboree'
It must be their lastest fool
'Cause it's a two-horse race and he changed his bets
Like it was just another brand of cigarettesSome people judge and they just guess the rest
They can't understand that don't mean that you're blessed
They ought to catch the Express Next Stop No Where
That way you can forgetJump up, hold on tight
Can't trust the promise or a guarantee
'Cause the man 'round the curve says
That he's never heard of you or me

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