

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 latest style
And they've seen a lot of things that you never see
Back 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 obituaries
Jump 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
No 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 feet
I 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 latest fool
'Cause it's a two-horse race and he changed his bets
Like it was just another brand of cigarettes
Some 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 forget
Jump 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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