

# Jump Up (Honky Tonk demo)

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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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