

# Jump Up

Words & Music:  
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.