

# Elvis Costello, Jump Up

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 career 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

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