

**Costello Elvis****"Jump Up"**

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Everybody's talkin' like they can't sit down  
And lookin' 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 click' their heels to the deal of the scene  
Tryin' to keep coreen ?????  
Until the first edition of last night's obituaries

Chorus:  
Jump up, hold on tight  
Can't trust a promise or a guarantee  
'Cause the man 'round the curve  
Says that he's never heard of you or me

No tombstone would ever suprise me  
When I'm locked inside 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  
He must be their old latest fool  
'Cause it's a two horse race and he changes bets  
Like it was just another brand of cigarettes

Some people judge and then just guess the rest  
They can't understand, it don't mean that you're  
blessed  
They aught to catch the express, next-stop-  
Nowhere, that way you can't forget

-chorus-

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