

## Hot Hot Heat "Jedidiah"

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Jedidiah five left one right washed up on jedidiah  
paperboys got nothing to deliver on six feet washed up  
on the shore they used to dance, but maybe not no  
more Well I never felt sorry for an oceanographer  
bodies making money like a new pornographer there  
arms and legs won't make it to you like a five star  
mummy in a three striped shoe on jedidiah I need it  
good I need it cheap, but don't make me beg I got the  
brain of a tramp, but can't feel my legs they moved to  
the island to escape the race memorized every name  
memorized every face till one day knock knock knock  
knock on your door you know who's feet these are?  
who's not gonna dance no more?

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