

Jump, Little Children "Georgia Concrete Revival"

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Ten years he said from the front seat,
Heading south on Georgia concrete,
With time runnin' short in a white Escort,
We had the end of the world to beat.
Believe me there's no denying,
That the earth is rapidly dying,
Heading 95 south with a Camel in his mouth
My eyes were burning but not crying.

Ten minutes east of Conyers Town,
We hit a massive fuss wearing cherry brown,
He said, "Expect ten thou with a govern brow
You can park on the northern grounds."

And it's Nancy the suburban prophetess,
Pushing two hundred pounds of prowess,
RV's and long chairs and choppers in the air
A complication and a stadium best.

There's got to be something,
Must be something,
Got to be something going on.

Pale, and two packs of insense,
The powder and the wood but the rose is too intense,
A bottle of joo-joo and I think that'll do,
Here's five dollars and 50 cents.

Hold on he said holding up his hand,
I'm afraid there's something I must demand,
His breathe came out as a quiet shout,
"Your future: it has been planned."

He drew four quarters down to his feet,
And he cursed at the design now on the street,
He looked up with a scowl and said with a growl
"You got the end of the world to beat."

There's got to be something,
Must be something,
Got to be something going on.

It's the spiritual part of a miracle,
The masses are getting hysterical,
Blue blooded steel with the meditative zeal,
I can feel the oncoming miracle.
It's just the spiritual part of a miracle,
The masses are getting hysterical,
Rapture of strings with red white and blue seals,
I can feel the oncoming miracle,
It's the spiritual part of a miracle.
Ease up come on let's take it slow.

You're moving out cause you feel like it's time to go.
Brotherly love is a push and shove,
Like a shove right out the door.
You have a family now and you know it's right,
Even if the dress code's not your type,
A man in a beard has something he fears,
But relax you're out of sight.

Cause the end of the world is coming soon,
Meanwhile you're just playing tunes,
"Hurry up," you say "You better find your way,
Ten years this coming June."

There's got to be something,
Must be something ,
Got to be something going on.

I said the signs are easy to come by,
Sore thumbs and an oblong pie,
UPC is the Devil seal,
And the numbers they just don't lie.
Cause it's written in grafitti concrete,
It's in the mumbles of the drunks on the city streets,

So sweaty now with your proverbial plow,
You got the end of the world to beat.

Ya de ya de, yah yah yah

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