

Jill Sobule, The Jig Is Up

If I had a lot of money
I'd move to another country
I'd disappear, not tell a soul, I'd change my name
Or maybe I'd go back to school
Major in something foolish
And I could do it cause I'd have a lot of money
Here I am holding on to childhood's dream
Sitting in my apple tree
Swaying as the branches tremble under me

The jig is up, it's all been played
The well is dry, the bed's been made
The jig is up, the jig is up

Maybe I could jump,
Jump off the Brooklyn Bridge
But I don't live in Brooklyn
And I don't know how to swim
Or I could find religion
go on some kind of mission
Feed the poor, and then I would go to heaven
if I believed in heaven

Here I am, holding on to childhood's dream
Standing on the balcony
Waiting for someone to come and rescue me

The jig is up, the dance is done
The record skips, the song's been sung
The troops have dwindled down to one
The jig is up
The jig is up, the sun has set
The train is wrecked, the sheets are wet
And like I said, the jig is up

Well I can't really disappear
Cause I don't have a lot of money
And I don't really think I wanna
go back to school
But maybe I'm just in a bad mood
And I need to change my attitude
And when I wake up tomorrow
I'll believe in heaven

Here I am, holding on to childhood's dream
Climbing down the apple tree
Waking as you pull the covers off of me
The jig is up

The jig is up, yes it's been tough
The punch is drunk, the shrink is shrunk
It's time to get the baby up
It's off to work let's start the car
We'll turn it over in its grave
And start again its soul to save
The jig is up but so what
We'll fill again this empty cup
The jig is up, the point's been made
Elvis has just left the stage
The story needs another twist
And I have had enough of this