

# 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