Jump Little Children, Habit

Scene one. Curtain up. See the couple, coffee shop Beatniks beating out beebop Rainy day, skies are grey But the couple feeling gay Boy is laughing at her joke Girl, embarrassed, takes a smoke She should quit, yes she knows But she's happy as she blows Down the cafe, through the bar Pass the hippies and the jars Of the bean that they drink Everyday, every week They should quit, coffee's bad Makes you crazy, fucking mad But they say in defense: (With a pause for suspense) "It's the stuff of the gods Sexy smart hot rods! Roller coaster! Hurricanes! Super-sonic jet planes!" They should quit, yes they know But where the hell would they go? They're like me, in a bind... Don't you see? Love ain't blind

I could make a habit out of you

Scene two. Same play Same people Different day In a car with no top No speed limits, no cops Girl is driving, she's the gueen In control of this machine She is talking much too loud Excited by the sound They are screaming, buzzing hard Open road, super car What they need is some speed 105 is the key Life is short, so they say Carpe diem, seize the day Unlike me, in a bind I don't get it, love ain't blind

I could make a habit out of you

Scene three.
City streets
Buying shit, selling too
Need a fix or some food?
Or some sex? There's a whore
Looking beautiful but bored
Like to drink?
There's a bar
Need a lift?
Take my car
A stop for every whim
Your heart's desire lets you in
In this city, in this scene

At this party you are queen
You're addicted to the lights
To the sounds, to the sights
To the pleasure, to the pain
The hot nights, the cold rain
To the smoke, to the drink
To the buzz, don't think
To danger to the fear
To the speed, it's fifth gear
All the time, night or day
There is no choice, it's just the way
You should quit, yes you know
But where the hell would you go?
You're like me, in a bind
Now you see
Love ain't blind

I could make a habit out of you