

Jump Little Children, Johnny Jump Up

From the clan of Macnab in America
My name is Matt, I'm the cat
How are ya'll today?

To the jumping little children
And the kids I need to meet
Check out little homie with his funkalicious beat.

Spinning time, spinning rhymes
Is what I like to do
The crazy energy is like the JLC blues.

Chris and Jay are on the mike and they're about to wail
Come all you lads and lassies
And listen to this tale.

A little story that happened to me
One day as I was walking down the yule by the sea
The sun was very bright, the day was very warm
"Damn", I said, "A Guinness wouldn't do me any harm"

So I slid into the bar and I called for a stout
"I'm sorry", said the barman, "The beer is soldout"
"Take the whiskey that's ten years in the wood"
"No thanks, I'll try the cider 'cause i hear that it's good"

But never, never, and never again
If I live to one hundred, or one hundred and ten
For I fell to the ground and I couldn't get up
After drinking just a quart of that Johnny Jump Up

Johnny Jump Up, Johnny Jump Up, yeah
Johnny Jump Up, Johnny Jump Up, yeah
Johnny Jump Up, Johnny Jump Up, yeah, yeah

After drinking quite a few of those I went into the yard
Where I bumped into Big Goofy, the crispy, nasty guard
"Come here to me boy, don't you know I am the law?"
I upped with me fist, I shattered his jaw!

He fell to the ground with his knees doubled up
And I ran, what a plan, before the sucker got up
I knew that if he got me I'd be in the lock up
But it wasn't me that hit him, it was the Johnny Jump Up

Well the next thing I met at Yule By the Sea
Was a cripple on crutches and he says to me:
"Young man, if you can, please listen for a minute"
"I got me a glass, there's nothing left in it"
"I'm afraid of me life that I'll be hit by a car"
"Won't you help me cross the road to the bar?"
After drinking just a quart of that cider so sweet
He threw down his crutches, he danced in the street

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Well, I went down to the Lee Road, a friend for to see

The call it the madhouse, in Cork by the Lee
But when I arrived, the truth I do tell,
They had the poor bugger locked up in the cell

A man died in the yule by the name of MacNab
They washed him and laid him outside on the slab
And Dr. O'Conner, his measurements to take
His wife took him home to a bloody fine wake

About 12 o'clock and the beer it was high
The corpse sat up and it said with a sigh
"I can't get to heaven, they won't let me up"
"Til I take them a quart of that Johnny Jump Up"

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