

# Jump Little Children, Someone's In The Kitchen

I spent Sunday afternoon just hanging around  
Hanging by my nails two miles up and falling down  
Checking out the weather  
With my strung out feathers  
Holding up a singer  
By my good luck finger.

Oh, I'm hanging on  
Come back tomorrow to see if I'm gone  
Oh, I'm hanging on  
Come back tomorrow to see if I'm gone

I missed the train by a second or two  
Screaming through my fist, screaming out, "please love me do"  
Hanging with a Haitian  
At the ticket station  
Talking about money  
How it sure is funny.

Oh, I'm hanging out  
If ever you need me just give me a shout  
Oh, I'm hanging out  
If ever you need me just give me a shout.

Woke up this morning, my guitar was on fire  
Smoke it up jimi, I thought that you had long retired  
Charcoal smoke and red hot ember  
Smell like Christmas in September.

Oh, I'm waking up  
The sugar plum fairy's in my coffee cup  
Oh, I'm waking up  
The sugar plum fairy's in my coffee cup.

Oh, someone's in the kitchen  
Oh, smells like suppertime  
Oh, someone's in the kitchen  
And they're popping a bottle of wine.

I got a letter from a long lost sis  
Jumping in the lily, jumping in the sunshine kiss  
"I'm dying and I'm dying on a hospital bed  
Come, come kiss me just before I'm dead."

Oh, long ago  
Someone figured that I would just know  
Oh, long ago  
Someone figured that I would just know.

I caught a ferry across the lonely bay  
and I bussed up to Boston and I bought a ticket just one way  
I jumped upon a plane  
A coal-black stallion  
I crossed the finish line  
and I grabbed the medallion.

Oh, I'm finally home  
Promise me that you won't go  
Oh, I'm finally home  
Promise me that you won't go.

Oh, someone's in the kitchen  
Oh, smells like suppertime  
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And they're popping a bottle of wine.

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