

# Boz Scaggs, Jump Street

Dawn came sneaking like a skinny snake  
The harder they go the harder I  
ache  
Get so high got so low  
Somebody tell me 'bout this debt I owe  
West side bomber looked like a comer  
Looked like I'll be back at  
school  
Put two on the nose  
And look how she goes  
Little trained squeeze  
look like a fool  
Rock on..  
And I'm gone  
Stone gone  
Said you can forget about me  
And I'm  
gone  
Stone gone  
Working girls just tryin to get ahead  
Somebody's bound to end up  
dead  
And honey  
You better stop coming down on me  
On me  
Stop  
Jump Street  
Sally comes creeping at the break of dawn  
Can't figure out whose side I'm  
on  
Bomber comes back like a ringin a bell  
Knows a good thing and she knows  
it well  
Well enough best left alone  
Wish your mamma had kept you at home  
Wish  
your mamma had kept the evidence  
Worrying about the Feds has crucified me for  
dead  
She wish I was dead  
Well I wish I was dead  
But I'm gone  
Stone gone  
As gone as I can be  
And I'm gone  
So  
gone  
Don't look much like a Saturday night  
Honey don't look for those flashing  
lights  
But baby you'd better stop coming down on me  
Stop coming down on  
me  
I don't need it  
Stop coming down.. on me  
OW !  
Jump Street  
And I'm gone  
Stone gone  
You can forget about me yeah  
I'm  
gone  
Stone gone  
So long

Workin girls just trying to get ahead  
Somebody's bound to end up  
dead  
Honey.. you better stop coming down on me  
Stop your coming  
down  
Stop coming down on me yeah  
Stop coming down on me  
Look out funk.....  
Jump Street.... etc