Elvis Costello, Jump Up (Honky Tonk Demo)

Everbody's talking like they can't sit down
And looking like they can't stand up
It must be the latest style
And they've seen a lot of things that you never see
Back on the mile up to the hanging tree
Some people can't keep their fingers clean
Just clicking their heels to the beat of the scene
Trying to keep careen until the first edition of last night's obituaries

Jump up -- hold on tight
Can't trust the promise or a guarantee
'Cause the man 'round the curve says that he's never heard
Of you or me

No tombstone would ever surprise me
When I'm locked in a room about half the size of a matchbox
Got hole in my socks
They match the ones that I got in my feet
I put my feet in the holes in the street and somebody paved me over
I was a statue standing on the corner
Tell me, how else can a boy get to see those pretty pleats?

Candidate talkin' on the radio from the "Cheaters Jamboree"
It must be their latest fool
'Cause it's a two-horse race and he changed his bets
Like it was just another brand of cigarettes

Some people judge and they just guess the rest
They can't understand that don't mean that you're blessed
They ought to catch the Express Next Stop No Where
That way you can forget

Jump up -- hold on tight
Can't trust the promise or a guarantee
'Cause the man 'round the curve says that he's never heard
Of you or me