

Jump Little Children, I Can Feel You

Born to the red rising sun
A silver ring and a bottle of rum
The lonesome coup is nothing new
I'll toast it anyway just for fun.

How could we know about this?
She gave that little ring a twist
She swelled up and cried as if something had died
I felt it slip right through my fist.

The ively on the wrought iron gate
I'm beginning to like it at any rate
The wind in the trees sing my decrees
You know of a lover til we wait.

CHORUS:

I can feel you
When you're 500 miles away or if you're in the next room
I can feel you.

A flat bed on a dusty road
A rusty red and a heavy load
Sometimes it's fast and sometimes it's trash
But it's as loud as a rooster crows.

It goes ahead a mile
In that cigarette redneck style
Across the line on highway 9
I haven't seen you in quite a while.

CHORUS:

I can feel you
When you're 500 miles away or if you're in the next room
I can feel you.

I'll take the quickest way
Across the river by the rolls of hay
The local farms are such a charm
The apple trees and the dapple gray.

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