

Lily Wilde And Her Jumpin' Jubilee Orchestra, Jumpin' Jack

Jumpin' Jack, he's got no choice,
He's got to jump right back,
Back where he came from;
Ain't no fun being a Jumpin' Jack.

What a drag, shut up tight,
He's really in the back, waiting for someone,
To come back, and start him jumping jack.

All you've got to do is just one thing,
Touch that vital spot that makes him spring,
Give the little man a happy fling,
Think of all the joy that you can bring to Jumpin' Jack.

He's got no sense,
He's the saddest sap, in all creation.
Just be glad, you're not a jumpin' jack.

Ain't no fun being a Jumpin' Jack.
Just be glad you're not a jumpin Jack.

All you've got to do is just one thing,
Touch that vital spot that makes him spring,
Give the little man a happy fling,
Think of all the joy that you can bring to Jumpin' Jack.

He's got no sense,
He's the saddest sap, in all creation.
Just be glad you're not a Jumpin Jack.

Jumpin' Jack got no choice, what a drag, shut up tight.
Jumpin' Jack he's got no sense.
Just be glad, that you're not a jumpin' jack.