

Rez Band, Hotfootin'

Summertime daze through blister street haze,
Wing-tipping, fleet-footing, side-stepping,
Ya gimme all your bad talk, boot-pumping,
Brass button shucking and guffin',
Street corner preach to gum pop jive turkey,
Trotting past that Main Street peep show,
Banana-boat Buick blaring stereo can't drown out where he is saying.

Jeremiah, just keep wailing to every junkyard hound,
As long as he's got feet, he'll be hotfootin' around.

Sidewalk stomping, quit your cussing,
This is a bee-bopping, kazoo honking, Salvation Army one man band, hammering guitar in his hand,
Look at that dude with the silver boom box and the bad, red baseball cap; he wears it just so,
He'll take your Seiko and sell it back to you, just like that.

Jeremiah, just keep wailing to every junkyard hound,
As long as he's got feet, he'll be hotfootin' around,
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"Brothers and sisters," he tells then, "This broad way ain't the way to Heaven,
You're so busy dying, you forget you can be born again,"
"Hey, street preacher, let us be," - he don't pay 'em no mind,
In front of the bail and bond, down any heel-romping mean street,
Dude, you can't keep hustling God, no can do,
That smells about as sweet as rose tattoo.

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