

## Jedidiah

Hot Hot Heat

Jedidiah, five left one right washed up on Jedidiah  
paperboys got nothing to deliver on  
six feet washed up on the shore  
they used to dance, but maybe not no more

Well I never felt sorry for an oceanographer  
bodies making money like a new pornographer  
these arms and legs won't make it to you like a five star mummy  
in a three striped shoe on Jedidiah  
I need it good I need it cheap, but don't make me beg  
I got the brain of a tramp, but can't feel my legs

they moved to the island to escape the race memorized every nam  
e  
memorized every face  
till one day knock knock knock knock on your door you know who'  
s feet these are?  
who's not gonna dance no more?