

## I Can Feel You

Jump, Little Children

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 has died  
I felt it slip right through my fist  
The ivy on the wrought iron gate  
I'm beginning to like at any rate  
The wind in the trees sing my decrees  
You know of 'another' till 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 yeah yeah  
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 the 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

Ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooooo ahh  
I'll take the quickest way  
Across the river by the rolls of hay  
The local farms are such a charm  
The apple tress and the dapple gray  
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

CHORUS (x2)

Ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo ooo oooahh

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