

Underground Elite

Jump, Little Children

Mississippi moonshine's got me doubled over laughing in pain
back at the Chevron the chicken wings made you feel just the same

That bucket of bayou that licked you like a 5 pound block of salt

I through it to the puppy that was yappin' on the hot asphalt
The wisest word I ever heard was written on that bathroom wall
in the mississippi river greasy spoon in southern Arkansas
skimming 'cross the scrawl of the underground elite retorts
I see a beacon to the traveler paraphrased sweet and short

A word to the wise

a breath to the philosopher

a hand to the devil

a gift to the masses

whatever you do don't

whatever you do don't

whatever you do don't take my advice

Mister blister burning on the fumes of a day hard earned

a bullet through the blue highways 'till the whole damn world is turned

we're driving and we're driving until driving it don't feel real

but it's so easy all you do is get some sleep behind the wheel

Take a second to reflect on a peculiarity

every stop we've made has shared a certain similarity

there are juices and there's candies and there's sodas of all brand names

but the message on the walls from town to town has been the same

Permanent marker with a fat tip

scratch off the paint with a dime

grease up the mirror with some lipstick

a revolution is not a crime

Finally before my eyes there it was for me to see

at a truck stop in the lonely hills of eastern Tennessee

I'd tell you how I felt if I could but I just can't

When I happened on that bathroom with a fresh coat of paint