

Keep Up

Thea Gilmore

Strip the sky, I will hang out of the window
See its pink veneer, hear the motorway soprano
And the Front Street road pitches to the river bank
The driver's side is hanging off and rusted
And as for me I don't want to get adjusted
So I'll head out of this cage before they shut the gate

Keep up oh, keep up
Keep up oh, keep up

Mr. White, boy he's worth a packet
But poor Joe's pickin' fleas off his mohair jacket
Teaching them trapeze every Saturday in the square
And I don't know why she's doing what she's doing
Yeah I'm confused, is this rack or is this ruin?
Call me when you decide you want her knees up round your ears

Keep up oh, keep up
Keep up oh, keep up

Joe shakes his head says he don't know where the bones is
You'll be six feet down before you catch up with the Jones's
And there you are planning your big getaway so
Strip the sky I will hang out of the window
See its pink veneer, hear the motorway soprano
And the Front Street road pitches to the river bank

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Keep up oh, keep up
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