

Jump Little Children, Habit

Scene one.

Curtain up.

See the couple, coffee shop
Beatniks beating out beebop
Rainy day, skies are grey
But the couple feeling gay
Boy is laughing at her joke
Girl, embarrassed, takes a smoke
She should quit, yes she knows
But she's happy as she blows
Down the cafe, through the bar
Pass the hippies and the jars
Of the bean that they drink
Everyday, every week
They should quit, coffee's bad
Makes you crazy, fucking mad
But they say in defense:
(With a pause for suspense)
"It's the stuff of the gods
Sexy smart hot rods!
Roller coaster! Hurricanes!
Super-sonic jet planes!"
They should quit, yes they know
But where the hell would they go?
They're like me, in a bind...
Don't you see?
Love ain't blind

I could make a habit out of you

Scene two.

Same play
Same people
Different day
In a car with no top
No speed limits, no cops
Girl is driving, she's the queen
In control of this machine
She is talking much too loud
Excited by the sound
They are screaming, buzzing hard
Open road, super car
What they need is some speed
105 is the key
Life is short, so they say
Carpe diem, seize the day
Unlike me, in a bind
I don't get it, love ain't blind

I could make a habit out of you

Scene three.

City streets
Buying shit, selling too
Need a fix or some food?
Or some sex? There's a whore
Looking beautiful but bored
Like to drink?
There's a bar
Need a lift?
Take my car
A stop for every whim
Your heart's desire lets you in
In this city, in this scene

At this party you are queen
You're addicted to the lights
To the sounds, to the sights
To the pleasure, to the pain
The hot nights, the cold rain
To the smoke, to the drink
To the buzz, don't think
To danger to the fear
To the speed, it's fifth gear
All the time, night or day
There is no choice, it's just the way
You should quit, yes you know
But where the hell would you go?
You're like me, in a bind
Now you see
Love ain't blind

I could make a habit out of you