

# Jump Little Children, Underground Elite

Mississippi moonshine's got me doubled over laughing in pain  
Back at the Chevron the chicken wings made you feel just the same  
The bucket of bayou that licked you like a five pound block of salt  
I threw it to the puppy that was yapping on the hot asphalt.

Wisest word I ever heard was written on that bathroom wall  
In the Mississippi River greasy spoon in southern Arkansas  
Skimming across 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  
Bullet through the blue highways 'til 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 peculiarity  
Every stop we've made has shared a certain similarity  
There's juices and there's candies and there's sodas, all brand names  
But the message on the walls from town to town has been the same.

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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  
In 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.

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