

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 oooahh
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