

Jedidiah

Hot Hot Heat

Jedidiah, five left one right washed up on Jedidiah
paperboys got nothing to deliver on
six feet washed up on the shore
they used to dance, but maybe not no more

Well I never felt sorry for an oceanographer
bodies making money like a new pornographer
these arms and legs won't make it to you like a five star mummy
in a three striped shoe on Jedidiah
I need it good I need it cheap, but don't make me beg
I got the brain of a tramp, but can't feel my legs

they moved to the island to escape the race memorized every nam
e
memorized every face
till one day knock knock knock knock on your door you know who'
s feet these are?
who's not gonna dance no more?