

Jumping Jacks

Duke Special

Coffee on the breadline, town looks like a goldmine
Jumping like a flea from the suburbs to the sea
Widows and old couples sometimes courting trouble
A farmer with a rifle tried to sell him
all these bibles
Then I moved to kitchenware, much less controversial
Cleaning products for your stairs you saw in that commercial
I ain't Jehovah's Witness, the smile betrays a grimace
A suitcase is a store with a foot stuck in the door

Jumping Jacks' bric-a-brac
Won't you help a salesman out? Jumping Jacks' tit for tat
I'm a good man so help me out

Convinced this is the good life, I cheated with a housewife
Her husband's in the police, keep it quick, make it discreet
The road, it has me hooked, convinced I'm not a crook
With an eye on the prize, got to lie just to survive
Oh my soul is hollow as an empty six pack
An act that's hard to follow for poor old Jumping Jacks
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Help me out